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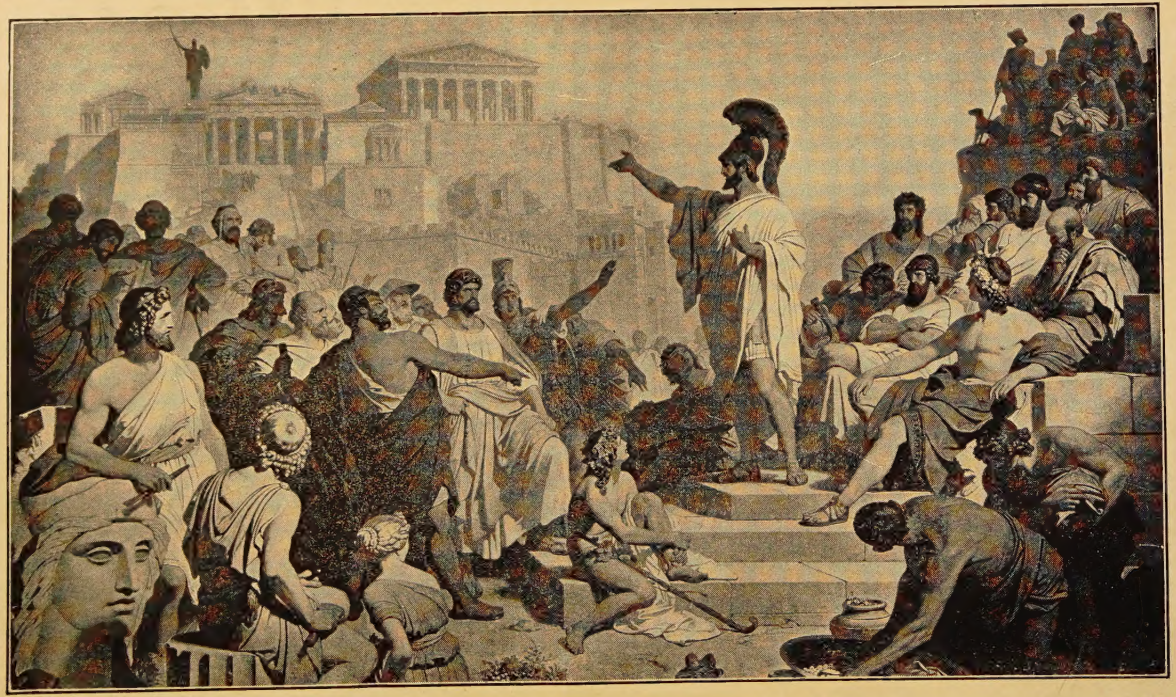

PERICLES ADDRESSING AN ATHENIAN ASSEMBLY

Pericles is one of the most famous of the Grecian Orators, and lived about 450 B. C. In this picture we see the orator addressing a vast assembly within sight of the great citadel or Acropolis at Athens. His oratory possessed the intellectual grandeur and artistic finish so characteristic of the highest Eloquence

The World's Great Orators And Their Orations

CONTAINING

THE LIVES OF THE GREATEST ORATORS AND THEIR BEST ORATIONS FROM EARLIEST TIMES TO PRESENT DAY WITH AN ACCOUNT OF PLACE AND TIME OF DELIVERY OF EACH ORATION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES ON OBSCURE PASSAGES

ARRANGED IN EIGHTEEN GREAT EPOCHS OR BOOKS

By Charles Morris

Author of 'Manual of Classical Literature," "Half-Hours with Best American Authors," "History of Triumphs of the Nineteenth Century," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated

PHILADELPHIA
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THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ORATORY

—AND THE—

END, AIM AND PURPOSE OF THIS WORK

ORATORY is, in its essential elements, the oldest of the arts, for it is one that requires, for its ordinary exercise, no other equipment than fluency of speech and some degree of self-confidence on the part of the speaker. It has, therefore, been practiced for ages past, as well among savage and barbarous tribes as among civilized peoples, in evidence of which may be mentioned the striking examples of native oratory attributed to the American Indians. This being the case, it might naturally be conceived that the literature of civilization would be overflowing with oratorical productions of high merit. Yet such a conclusion would be by no means a safe one. When we come to consider the abundant examples of oratory on record, it is to find the pure gold of eloquence often sadly alloyed. The orations of supreme merit, those which have won a position in the world's best literature, are few in number, and the list of world-famed orators is less extended than in almost any other field of human art.

From this fact we can but conclude that the necessary equipment for the higher type of oratory demands far more than mere readiness in speech, grace in gesture, and fluent command of language. Back of these accomplishments must rest superior powers of thought, logical consistency in reasoning, quickness and brilliancy of conception, control of rhetorical expedients, and much of what is known as personal magnetism,

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decision of his own intellect, taken captive by the personal powers of the speaker. To learn what the oration really contains, and what force it has as a pure expression of human thought, it must be read and weighed by the mind of the auditor when in a cool and critical state. Under such conditions the verdict is often changed and the weakness and emptiness of what may have seemed irrefutable arguments are exposed. For this reason it may be held that no one should decide as to the true merit of an oration until he has read it, and the really great orations can be enjoyed by the reader centuries even after they were delivered.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS WORK

In the present work an effort has been made to do justice to the orator, as far as possible, from both points of view. While carefully chosen selections from notable speeches have been made, in evidence of the quality of thought and mode of expression of each person dealt with, there has also been an endeavor to give a living impression of his personality. For this purpose a detailed portrait gallery of orators has been presented to the reader, that he may see them "in their habit as they lived"; the special occasion which gave rise to each oration is cited; and a sketch is given in the instance of each orator of the qualities and circumstances to which he owes his fame and his characteristics as a man. It is hoped in this way to give a degree of vital personality to each of the several persons dealt with, and as fully as possible to put them on the stage before the reader; enabling the latter, while enjoying the eloquence of each member of our galaxy of orators, at the same time, in some measure, to behold him in person, to catch him, as it were, in the act of delivery.

Aside from the endeavor here indicated, it is the purpose of the editor of this work to offer examples of oratory selected from the choicest orations on record in every field; chosen alike from the stars of the first magnitude in this art and those

SAMUEL ADAMS AND JAMES OTIS ORATORS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Both belonged to the Revolutionary period of American History, and boldly advocated the American principle of self-government, and taxation with representation. The former was the leading spirit in the "Boston Tea Party" and the latter led in the opposition to the "Writs of Assistance."

PATRICK HENRY'S GREAT SPEECH

The Orator electrifies his audience by boldly declaring that the Colonists would not endure the oppression of the Home Government and boldly declares for Independence.

of lesser yet considerable brilliancy. It need scarcely be said that oratorical efforts of the finest quality exist in several of the leading fields of human thought, such as those of the parliamentary chamber, the political rostrum, the bar, the pulpit, the lecture platform and the social hall. But many of these lack interest to the general reader. In making selections from the store at command the subject as well as the manner needs to be carefully considered, matters of local or temporary character losing their force and potency as time goes on, however effective they may have seemed when the occasion served. The legal oration, for example, is usually of passing interest, rarely appealing even at the time to more than a few persons, and seldom having a message to deliver to the world. The parliamentary oration, on the contrary, which deals with the great questions of government, political and national relations and the inherent rights of man, is apt to have a perennial hold upon the human mind, keeping its interest fresh even after centuries have passed. These are the two extremes between which it is necessary to choose.

A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF THIS BOOK

It may further be said that in many cases the orator owes his fame largely to some one supreme effort, some grand display of his powers which throws all others into the shade, and yields us the product of his intellect and force of expression at their highest elevation. This is, as a rule, a result of the incitement of some stirring contingency, some mighty crisis which can be justly dealt with only by the highest powers of thought and which is apt to arouse the orator to the utmost exercise of his faculties. In our selections we have been guided in a measure by this fact, choosing from the more famous examples of oratory, for the double reason that these present the orator at his best, and usually deal with subjects of permanent interest in themselves—those great occasions or events of history which never grow dull or stale, but retain their freshness through the ages.

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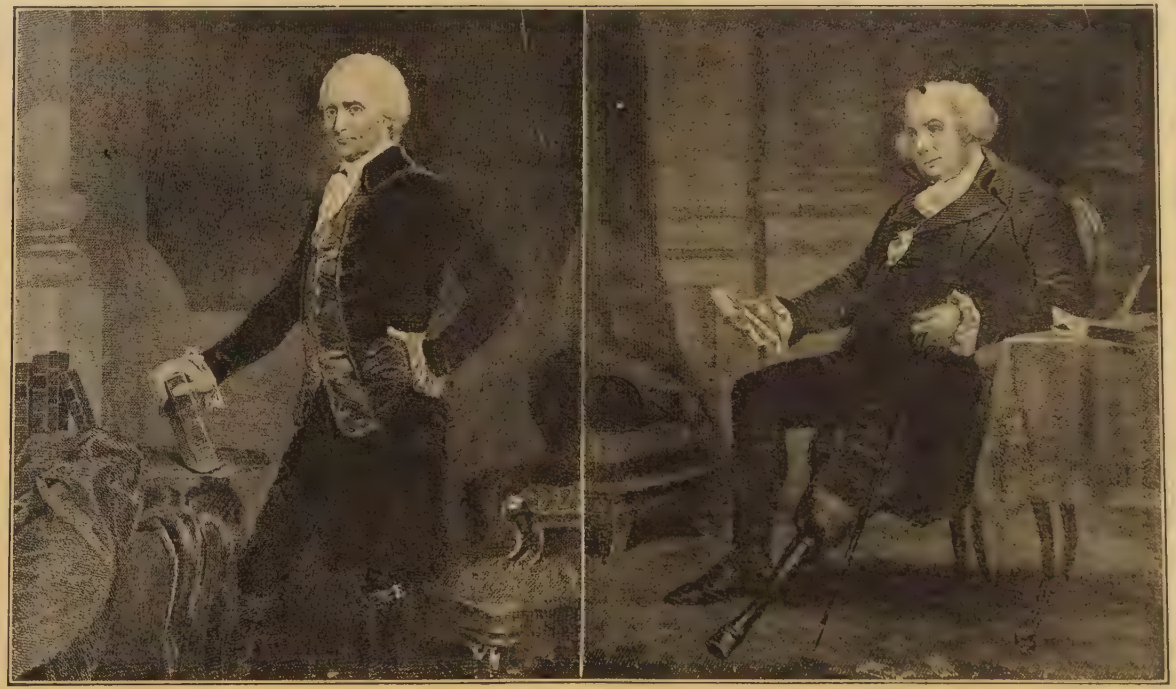

RICHARD HENRY LEE AND GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

The former is usually known as Henry Lee, who delivered the famous panegyric on Washington. Gouverneur Morris was distinguished as an eloquent member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. His wooden leg did not interfere with his success as a speaker.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND EDWARD EVERETT

Names famous in American Oratory for scholarship and elegant diction as well as models of the most distinguished oratory. Both were uncompromising in their advocacy of popular rtghts. Their printed orations occupy many volumes and cover all the great questions of nearly a century.

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BOOK I.

Orators of the American Revolution

GREAT occasions bring forth great men and lead to great events. What would have been known of Washington but for the struggle for American Independence, of Napoleon but for the French Revolution, of Grant but for the American Civil War? Men like these would, no doubt, have made their mark under any circumstances, but their fame would have been limited by the lack of opportunity for the display of their special powers, and the history of their achievements would not have stirred the world It is the same with oratory as with other branches of human effort, its great triumphs have been dependent upon great exigencies in human affairs. While orators have been as numerous almost as autumn leaves, world-famous orations seem as few as the planets of our solar system. The orator who would win fame must have, not only fine powers of thought and expression, but the impulse of momentous events, some vast stir in the tide of history to call forth his genius to the uttermost and to give his words a living force and a permanent vitality.

The first such occasion in American history was that exciting era which gave birth to the American Republic. It is the stirring events of this history-making epoch that produced the earliest outburst of American oratory, due to such masters of the art as Henry, Otis, Ames, Hamilton and their contemporaries, and it is from this epoch, therefore, that our first selections are drawn.

PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799)

THE BEACON-LIGHT OF THE REVOLUTION

LET us view a great historical picture. Its scene is the Assembly hall of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, its date the year 1765, its occasion the effort of the King and Parliament of England to tax the American colonies without their consent. The Burgesses had met in protest and talked weakly about the Stamp Act, which was stirring up America to its depths, but were on the point of adjourning without taking any action, when a tall and slender man whom few of them knew arose in their midst. It was a new member, a lawyer from Louisa County, Patrick Henry by name. The old and influential members looked with displeasure on the raw newcomer, who ventured to address them on a topic which they had feared to deal with themselves. They were the more annoyed and amazed when he offered a set of resolutions setting forth that the Stamp Act and all acts of Parliament affecting the Colonies were contrary to the Constitution, and therefore null and void, and that the Burgesses and Governor alone had the right to levy taxes upon the people of Virginia.

This daring declaration startled the more timid members and a storm of protests arose, but they failed to silence the young orator, who quickly showed himself master of the situation. Never had the old walls of Virginia's legislative hall rung with such mighty words as those by which he supported his resolution, and his address ended with a thunderbolt of defiant eloquence that startled the world. His vibrant voice rang out with "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—Loud cries of "Treason! Treason!" from the frightened Burgesses interrupted the speaker. Heedless of them he completed his sentence, "MAY PROFIT BY THEIR EXAMPLE.

If this be treason, make the most of it." His words carried the hall by storm; the resolutions were adopted; and from that day to this Patrick Henry has been hailed as one of the greatest of American orators.

Henry was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress, which he electrified with his noble oratory. During most of the Revolution he was Governor of Virginia and again from 1784 to 1786, poverty forcing him to decline other elections and return to his legal practice. In 1788 he opposed the new Constitution, being a strong advocate of State independence. His speeches in this cause were very eloquent, but the Constitution was adopted. In 1795 President Washington offered him the position of Secretary of State, which he declined. The following year he was again elected Governor of Virginia, which position he also declined. During the exciting events of 1798 and 1799 he once more entered the political field, made his final public address, and was elected to the Assembly. He died before he could take his seat.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

[As Patrick Henry had hurled the first defiance against Great Britain in 1765, he was the first to make an open appeal to arms in 1775. This was on March 23d, three weeks before the fight at Lexington precipitated the Revolution. Henry had returned from the Continental Congress and was now a member of the Virginia Convention, with Washington for one of his colleagues. Here he offered a resolution that the Colony should be "put into a state of defence," and sustained it by the most brilliant speech to which the Revolution gave rise.]

MR. PRESIDENT:

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at the truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and

we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make the proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

JAMES OTIS (1725-1783)

FREEDOM'S PIONEER ADVOCATE

WE cannot more effectively introduce James Otis than in the words of President John Adams, who thus describes his famous speech on the "Writs of Assistance." "Otis was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he carried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away as I did, ready to take arms against Writs of Assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain."

Otis, a native of Massachusetts, was a hard student in youth and became one of Boston's leading lawyers. He had a taste for literature also, and wrote as well as spoke ably. When opposition to the tyranny of King and Parliament began in Massachusetts, he was among its prominent advocates, and in 1761 was selected to defend the merchants against the Crown lawyers on the legality of the Writs of Assistance. This was the occasion of the great speech above eulogized. He afterwards became active in the legislature, but in 1769 was attacked by an enemy and so severely injured that his reason was shattered and his usefulness to his country destroyed. He lived to see the end of the Revolution.

THE WRITS OF ASSISTANCE.

[Hardly had George the Third come to the throne in 1760 when acts of oppression against the Colonies began. The severe and unjust commercial laws had roused much opposition, and smuggling had become so common that the duties on imports yielded little to the crown. The new king issued orders that gave the revenue officers

power to compel sheriffs and constables to search any man's house which they thought might contain smuggled goods, by issuing what were called "Writs of Assistance." This tyrannous right of search was bitterly resisted, and gave occasion to Otis's brilliant speech.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONORS:

I was desired by one of the Court to look into the books, and consider the question now before them concerning Writs of Assistance. I have accordingly considered it, and now appear not only in obedience to your order, but likewise in behalf of the inhabitants of this town, who have presented another petition, and out of regard to the liberties of the subject. And I take this opportunity to declare, that whether under a fee or not (for in such a cause as this I despise a fee), I will to my dying day oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me all such instruments of slavery on the one hand, and villany on the other, as this Writ of Assistance is.

It appears to me the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty and the fundamental principles of law, that ever was found in an English law book. I must therefore beg your honors' patience and attention to the whole range of an argument, that may perhaps appear uncommon in many things; as well as to points of learning that are more remote and unusual: that the whole tendency of my design may the more easily be perceived, the conclusions better discerned, and the force of them be better felt. I shall not think much of my pains in this cause, as I engaged in it from principle. I was solicited to argue this cause as Advocate General; and because I would not, I have been charged with desertion from my office. To this charge I can give a very sufficient answer. I renounced that office, and I argue this cause, from the same principle; and I argue it with the greater pleasure as it is in favor of British liberty, at a time when we hear the greatest monarch upon earth declaring from his throne that he glories in the name of Briton, and that the privileges of his people are dearer to him than the most valuable prerogatives of his crown; and as it is in opposition to a kind of power, the exercise of which in former periods of history cost one king of England his head and another his throne. I have taken more pains in this cause than I ever will take again, although my engaging in this and another popular cause has raised much resentment. But I think I can sincerely declare, that I cheerfully submit myself to every odious name for conscience' sake; and from my soul I despise all those whose guilt, malice, or folly has made them my foes. Let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to proceed. The only principles of public conduct that are worthy of a gentleman or a man, are to sacrifice estate,

ease, health and applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of his country. These manly sentiments, in private life, make the good citizen; in public life, the patriot and the hero. I do not say, that when brought to the test I shall be invincible. I pray God I may never be brought to the melancholy trial, but if ever I should, it will be then known how far I can reduce to practice principles which I know to be founded in truth. . . . .

I admit that special Writs of Assistance, to search special places, may be granted to certain persons on oath ; but I deny that the writ now prayed for can be granted, for I beg leave to make some observations on the writ itself, before I proceed to other acts of Parliament. In the first place, the writ is universal, being directed "to all and singular justices, sheriffs, constables, and all other officers and subjects;" so that, in short, it is directed to every subject in the King's dominions. Every one with this writ may be a tyrant; if this commission be legal, a tyrant in a legal manner also may control, imprison, or murder any one within the realm. In the next place, it is perpetual, there is no return. A man is accountable to no person for his doings. Every man may reign secure in his petty tyranny, and spread terror and desolation around him, until the trump of the archangel shall excite different emotions in his soul. In the third place, a person with this writ, in the daytime, may enter all houses, shops, etc., at will, and command all to assist him. Fourthly, by this writ, not only deputies, etc., but even their menial servants, are allowed to lord it over us. What is this but to have the curse of Canaan with a witness on us; to be the servant or servants, the most despicable of God's creation? Now one of the most essential branches of English liberty is the freedom of one's house. A man's house is his castle; and whilst he is quiet, he is as well guarded as a prince in his castle. This writ, if it should be delcared legal, would totally annihilate this privilege. Custom-house officers may enter our houses when they please; we are commanded to permit their entry. Their menial servants may enter, may break locks, bars and everything in their way; and whether they break through malice or revenge, no man, no court, can inquire. Bare suspicion without oath is sufficent. . . . .

The words are, "It shall be lawful for any person or persons authorized, etc." What a scene does this open! Every man prompted by revenge, ill-humor, or wantonness, to inspect the inside of his neighbor's house, may get a Writ of Assistance. Others will ask for it from self-defence. One arbitrary exertion will provoke another, until society be involved in tumult and in blood.

JOSEPH WARREN (1741-1775)

THE MARTYR OF BUNKER HILL

AMONG the pathetic events of the Revolutionary War there are none that have appealed more to the sympathy of the American people than the death of Dr. Joseph Warren, one of the patriots, at the battle of Bunker Hill. Warren, a native of Roxbury, Massachusetts, had made himself eminent as a physician, and in those exciting years at Boston that ushered in the American Revolution was one of the most earnest advocates of the people's rights, supporting the cause of the Colonies by pen and voice. Of his orations, the most fervent and brilliant was that delivered in Boston on March 6, 1775, in commemoration of the "Boston Massacre" of five years before. On April 18th it was he who sent out Paul Revere, on his memorable night ride to warn the patriots at Concord of the coming of the British soldiers. With the events of the next day the Revolution began. Warren threw himself with his whole soul into the contest. As President of the Provincial Congress, he displayed an eminent fitness to meet the emergencies of the time. On June 14, 1775, he was appointed a major-general, and two days afterwards took an active part in the occupation of Bunker Hill. "As surely as you go there you will be slain," said Elbridge Gerry to him. Warren replied with a Latin quotation, signifying, "It is pleasant and honorable to die for one's country." On the morning of the fight he rode to the field. Colonel Prescott, the veteran commander, offered him the command, but Warren declined, saying that he had come as a volunteer and to learn the art of war from an able soldier. Borrowing a musket, he plunged into the thick of the fight, encouraging the troops by his courage and daring. After the Americans had fired their last bullet and turned to retreat, Warren was one of the very last to leave the field. As he

reluctantly retired a bullet struck him in the head, and he fell, the first illustrious victim to the patriots' cause. His death was mourned with the deepest sorrow, and added to the determination of the colonists to fight to the end for their liberties.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

[All readers of history are probably familiar with the event of March 6, 1770, when a body of British soldiers, irritated by the taunts of a throng of Bostonians, fired upon them, a number falling dead and wounded. This event, which became known as the "Boston Massacre," produced an intense sensation in city and country. Dr. Warren delivered two anniversary orations on it, one in 1772 and the other in 1775. The latter was in defiance of the British soldiery, who had threatened to shoot anyone who dared speak on the subject. Warren contemned their threats and delivered at Old South Church an impassioned address, from which we make the following selection.]

Could it have been conceived that we should have seen a British army in our land, sent to enforce obedience to acts of Parliament destructive to our liberty? But the royal ear, far distant from this western world, has been assaulted by the tongue of slander; and villains, traitorous alike to king and country, have prevailed upon a gracious prince to clothe his countenance with wrath, and to erect the hostile banner against a people ever affectionate and loyal to him and his illustrious predecessors of the House of Hanover. Our streets are filled with armed men; our harbor is crowded with ships of war: but these cannot intimidate us; our liberty must be preserved; it is far dearer than life—we hold it even dear as our allegiance; we must defend it against the attacks of friends as well as enemies; we cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us.

No longer could we reflect with generous pride on the heroic actions of our American forefathers; no longer boast our origin from that far-famed island whose warlike sons have so often drawn their well-tried swords to save her from the ravages of tyranny; could we, but for a moment, entertain the thought of giving up our liberty. The man who meanly will submit to wear a shackle contemns the noblest gift of heaven, and impiously affronts the God that made him free.

It was a maxim of the Roman people, which eminently conduced to the greatness of that state, never to despair of the commonwealth. The maxim may prove as salutary to us now as it did to them. Short-sighted mortals see not the numerous links of small and great events, which form the chain on which the fate of kings and nations is suspended. Ease and prosperity, though pleasing for a day, have often sunk a people into effeminacy and sloth. Hardships and dangers, though we forever strive to shun them, have frequently called forth such virtues as have commanded the applause and reverence of an admiring world. Our country

loudly calls you to be circumspect, vigilant, active and brave. Perhaps (all gracious Heaven avert it), perhaps the power of Britain, a nation great in war, by some malignant influence may be employed to enslave you; but let not even this discourage you. Her arms, 'tis true, have filled the world with terror; her troops have reaped the laurels of the field; her fleets have rode triumphant on the sea: and when, or where, did you, my countrymen, depart inglorious from the field of fight? You too can show the trophies of your forefathers' victories and your own; can name the fortresses and battles you have won; and many of you count the honorable scars of wounds received whilst fighting for your king and country.

Where Justice is the standard, Heaven is the warrior's shield: but conscious guilt unnerves the arm that lifts the sword against the innocent. Britain, united with these colonies by commerce and affection, by interest and blood, may mock the threats of France and Spain, may be the seat of universal empire. But should America, either by force, or those more dangerous engines, luxury and corruption, ever be brought into a state of vassalage, Britain must lose her freedom also. No longer shall she sit the empress of the sea; her ships no more shall waft her thunders over the wide ocean; the wreath shall wither on her temples; her weakened arm shall be unable to defend her coasts; and she, at last, must bow her venerable head to some proud foreigner's despotic rule. . . . .

But my fellow-citizens, I know you want not zeal or fortitude. You will maintain your rights, or perish in the generous struggle. However difficult the combat, you never will decline it when freedom is the prize. An independence of Great Britain is not our aim. No, our wish is that Britain and the colonies may, like the oak and ivy, grow and increase in strength together. But whilst the infatuated plan of making one part of the empire slaves to the other is persisted in, the interests and safety of Britain, as well as the colonies, require that the wise measures, recommended by the honorable the Continental Congress, be steadily pursued; whereby the unnatural contest between a parent honored and a child beloved may probably be brought to such an issue, as that the peace and happiness of both may be established upon a lasting basis. But if these pacific measures are ineffectual, and it appears that the only way to safety is through fields of blood, I know you will not turn your faces from your foes, but will undauntedly press forward, until tyranny is trodden under foot, and you have fixed your adored goddess Liberty on the American throne.

SAMUEL ADAMS (1722-1803)

LEADER OF THE BOSTON PATRIOTS

FROM 1760 to 1775 Boston was the hotbed of resistance to British oppression. On it the hand of George III. descended with crushing weight, and a stalwart group of patriots defied the efforts of those whom they deemed their mortal enemies. Foremost among these was Samuel Adams, who led in all the movements against "taxation without representation," and by his fervid oratory kept the spirit of resistance alive. Poor though he was, he could not be bought, though more than once an effort to bribe him to desert the cause of the people was made. "Come, friend Samuel," said to him Mather Byles, a Tory clergyman of Boston, "let us relinquish republican phantoms and attend to our fields." "Very well," he replied, "you attend to the planting of liberty and I will grub up the taxes. Thus we shall have pleasant places."

He was the leading spirit in the celebrated "Boston Tea Party." On December 16, 1773, when the tea-ships lay in the harbor, a great town meeting was held, in which Adams and others took prominent part. When night had fallen he rose and said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." These words seemed a signal, a war-whoop was heard at the door, and a party of men disguised as Indians rushed impetuously to the wharf, boarded the ships, and flung the tea to the fishes of the harbor. This event and the action of the king in response thereto, had a great deal to do with precipitating the Revolution.

Adams became a member of the Continental Congress and was one of the most earnest and unflinching of those who labored for the Declaration of Independence. The signing of the Declaration gave occasion for the delivery of the only example we possess of his fervent

oratory. Adams continued in Congress during the war, and afterwards remained a prominent figure in Massachusetts politics, being Governor from 1795 to 1797. He died in 1803 at a good old age.

THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

[The only extant speech of Samuel Adams was delivered at the State House in Philadelphia, to a very numerous audience, on the 1st. of August, 1776, its subject being American Independence. We give its eloquent and inspiring peroration.]

If there is any man so base or so weak as to prefer a dependence on Great Britain, to the dignity and happiness of living a member of a free and independent nation, let me tell him that necessity now demands what the generous principle of patriotism should have dictated. We have now no other alternative than independence, or the most ignominious and galling servitude. The legions of our enemies thicken on our plains; desolation and death mark their bloody career; whilst the mangled corpses of our countrymen seem to cry out to us as a voice from heaven: "Will you permit our posterity to groan under the galling chains of our murderers? Has our blood been expended in vain? Is the only reward which our constancy, till death, has obtained for our country, that it should be sunk into a deeper and more ignominious vassalage?" Recollect who are the men that demand your submission; to whose decrees you are invited to pay obedience! Men who, unmindful of their relation to you as brethren, of your long implicit submission to their laws; of the sacrifice which you and your forefathers made of your natural advantages for commerce to their avarice, formed a deliberate plan to wrest from you the small pittance of property which they had permitted you to acquire. Remember that the men who wish to rule over you are they who, in pursuit of this plan of despotism, annulled the sacred contracts which had been made with your ancestors; conveyed into your cities a mercenary soldiery to compel you to submission by insult and murder, who called your patience, cowardice; your piety, hypocrisy.

Countrymen! the men who now invite you to surrender your rights into their hands are the men who have let loose the merciless savages to riot in the blood of their brethren, who have taught treachery to your slaves, and courted them to assassinate your wives and children. These are the men to whom we are exhorted to sacrifice the blessings which Providence holds out to us—the happiness, the dignity of uncontrolled freedom and independence. Let not your generous indignation be directed against any among us who may advise so absurd and maddening a measure. Their number is but few and daily decreases; and the spirit which can render them patient of slavery will render them contemptible enemies.

Our Union is now complete; our Constitution composed, established, and approved. You are now the guardians of your own liberties. We may justly address you, as the Decemviri did the Romans, and say—"Nothing that we propose can pass into a law without your consent. Be yourselves, O Americans, the authors of those laws on which your happiness depends."

You have now in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies and their base and mercenary auxiliaries. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom—they are animated with the justice of their cause, and, while they grasp their swords, can look up to Heaven for assistance. Your adversaries are composed of wretches who laugh at the rights of humanity, who turn religion into derision, and would, for higher wages, direct their swords against their leaders, or their country. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future. For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery—it is, that these American States may never cease to be free and independent.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1757–1804)

THE CREATOR OF THE AMERICAN REVENUE

IN a noble speech by Daniel Webster we read the following passage: "How he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived with delight and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva, from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden and more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton."

We can add little to this splendid outburst of poetic oratory. In 1789, when the Government of the United States under the Constitution was organized and Alexander Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury by President Washington, the finances of the new republic were in a deplorable state. The country was drowned in debt and practically bankrupt. The expenses of the Revolution had been mainly met with paper money, which had become more worthless than the paper on which it was printed. During the years after the war the government had been carried on almost without money. It was obliged to beg the states for every penny it needed, and it often begged in vain. The new government began with an empty purse and a ruined credit. All this was reversed by Hamilton's magic touch. Within a year's time the country's credit was restored, its purse was filled, and its great financial career had fairly begun. This is the work which Webster so highly eulogized. Its details may be found in the financial history of the United States.

Alexander Hamilton was a man brimful of talents, in his way as remarkable as Washington himself. Coming from his birthplace

in the West Indies to the United States in 1772, a boy of fifteen, he soon began to make his power felt, and in 1774, still a small, slender lad, he made a striking speech before a great meeting in New York, in which he denounced Great Britain, called upon the colonies to resist, "and described the waves of rebellion sparkling with fire, and washing back upon the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory."

This wonderful boy grew into a remarkable man. When the war broke out, he entered the army and fought with distinguished valor in the battles from Brooklyn to Trenton and Princeton. He afterwards became military secretary to Washington, and showed that he could write as ably as he could fight. At Yorktown he was in arms again, and made a brilliant attack on the British works. The war ended, he took an active part in striving to adjust the wrecked finances of the country, aiding Robert Morris in this work. The first bank of the United States was suggested by him. No man was more active than he in bringing about the convention to form a new Constitution, and no man aided it more with voice and pen. His papers, published in the *Federalist*, are the most valuable parts of our Constitutional history. His speeches on the same subject are welcome additions to our oratory. His work as a member of Washington's cabinet was beyond praise. As a lawyer, he was among the ablest the country possessed. And when, in 1804, he fell a victim to the bullet of Aaron Burr, the whole land put on sackcloth and ashes for the loss of its ablest statesman and financier. His name will always stand high in the list of those eminent citizens to whom this country owes its greatness and its prosperity.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION

[Hamilton's work for the Constitution was not confined to his labors leading up to it and on the floor of the Convention, and his brilliant writings in its defence. Still more able were his efforts to overcome the bitter opposition in the State of New York to the ratification of the new Constitution. Day after day, and week after week he worked in the New York Convention, fighting the enemies of that invaluable state paper with voice and pen, showing the fatal defects of the old Confederation and the ruin that would come upon the country if the Constitution were not adopted and the Union formed, and finally winning against the marshalled forces of its foes. From his many speeches on this subject we are obliged to content ourselves with a brief extract in illustration of his style.]

MR. CHAIRMAN: The honorable member, who spoke yesterday, went into an explanation of a variety of circumstances to prove the expediency of a change in our national government, and the necessity of a firm union; at the same time, he described the great advantages which this State, in particular, receives from the Confederacy, and its peculiar weaknesses when abstracted from the Union. In doing this, he advanced a variety of arguments, which deserve serious consideration. Gentlemen have this day come forward to answer him. He has been treated as having wandered in the flowery fields of fancy; and attempts have been made to take off from the minds of the committee that sober impression which might be expected from his arguments. I trust, sir, that observations of this kind are not thrown out to cast a light air on this important subject, or to give any personal bias on the great question before us. I will not agree with gentlemen who trifle with the weaknesses of our country, and suppose that they are enumerated to answer a party purpose, and to terrify with ideal dangers. No; I believe these weaknesses to be real, and pregnant with destruction. Yet, however weak our country may be, I hope we shall never sacrifice our liberties. If, therefore, on a full and candid discussion, the proposed system shall appear to have that tendency, for God's sake let us reject it. But let us not mistake words for things, nor accept doubtful surmises as the evidence of truth. Let us consider the Constitution calmly and dispassionately, and attend to those things only which merit consideration. . . . .

Sir, it appears to me extraordinary, that while gentlemen in one breath acknowledge that the old Confederation requires many material amendments, they should in the next deny that its defects have been the cause of our political weakness, and the consequent calamities of our country. I cannot but infer from this, that there is still some lurking, favorite imagination, that this system, with corrections, might become a safe and permanent one. It is proper that we should examine this matter. We contend that the radical vice in the old Confederation is, that the laws of the Union apply only to States in their corporate capacity. Has not every man who has been in our legislature experienced the truth of this position? It is inseparable from the disposition of bodies who have a constitutional power of resistance, to examine the merits of a law This has ever been the case with the federal requisitions. In this examination, not being furnished with those lights which directed the deliberations of the general government, and incapable of embracing the general interests of the Union, the States have almost uniformly weighed the requisitions by their own local interests, and have only executed them so far as answered their particular convenience or advantage. Hence there

have ever been thirteen different bodies to judge of the measures of Congress—and the operations of government have been distracted by their taking different courses. Those which were to be benefited have complied with the requisitions; others have totally disregarded them. Have not all of us been witnesses to the unhappy embarrassments which resulted from these proceedings? Even during the late war, while the pressure of common danger connected strongly the bond of our Union, and incited to vigorous exertions, we felt many distressing effects of the impotent system. . . . .

From the delinquency of those States who have suffered little by the war, we naturally conclude that they have made no efforts; and a knowledge of human nature will teach us that their ease and security have been a principal cause of their want of exertion. While danger is distant, its impression is weak; and while it affects only our neighbors, we have few motives to provide against it. Sir, if we have national objects to pursue, we must have national revenues. If you make requisitions and they are not complied with, what is to be done? It has been well observed, that to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. A failure of compliance will never be confined to a single State. This being the case, can we suppose it wise to hazard a civil war? Suppose Massachusetts, or any large State, should refuse, and Congress should attempt to compel them; would they not have influence to procure assistance, especially from those States who are in the same situation as themselves? What picture does this idea present to our view? A complying State at war with a non-complying State: Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another: this State collecting auxiliaries and forming perhaps a majority against its federal head. Here is a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well disposed towards a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself—a government that can exist only by the sword? Every such war must involve the innocent with the guilty. This single consideration should be sufficient to dispose every peaceable citizen against such a government.

But can we believe that one State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream; it is impossible; then we are brought to this dilemma: either a Federal standing army is to enforce the requisitions, or the Federal treasury is left without supplies, and the government without support. What, sir, is the cure for this great evil? Nothing, but to enable the national laws to operate on individuals in the same manner as those of the States do. This is the true reasoning of the subject, sir. The gentlemen appear to acknowledge its

force; and yet, while they yield to the principle, they seem to fear its application to the Government.

What then shall we do? Shall we take the old Confederation as the basis of a new system? Can this be the object of the gentlemen? Certainly not. Will any man who entertains a wish for the safety of his country, trust the sword and the purse with a single assembly organized on principles so defective, so rotten? Though we might give to such a government certain powers with safety, yet to give them the full and unlimited powers of taxation, and the national forces, would be to establish a despotism; the definition of which is, a government in which all power is concentrated in a single body. To take the old Confederation, and fashion it upon these principles, would be establishing a power which would destroy the liberties of the people.

THE STABILITY OF THE UNION

[The following extract bears upon the same general subject, but is from a speech delivered in February, 1787, before the Constitutional Convention met. The Congress of the Confederacy, being dependent for funds upon the small sums doled out to it by the seperate States, wished to lay an impost or general tax to supply it with the much needed funds. This the States opposed. The speech from which we quote was delivered before the Assembly of New York. It depicts strongly the weakness and the peril of the feeble Union that then existed.]

Is there not a species of political knight-errantry in adhering pertinaciously to a system which throws the whole weight of the Confederation upon this State, or upon one or two more? Is it not our interest, on mere calculations of State policy, to promote a measure, which, operating under the same regulations in every State, must produce an equal, or nearly equal, effect everywhere, and oblige all the States to share the common burthen?

If the impost is granted to the United States, with the power of levying it, it must have a proportionate effect in all the States, for the same mode of collection everywhere will have nearly the same return everywhere.

What must be the final issue of the present state of things? Will the few States that now contribute, be willing to contribute much longer? Shall we ourselves be long content with bearing the burthen singly? Will not our zeal for a particular system soon give way to the pressure of so unequal a weight? And if all the States cease to pay, what is to become of the Union? It is sometimes asked, Why do not Congress oblige the States to do their duty? But where are the means? Where are the fleets and armies; where the Federal treasury to support those fleets and armies, to enforce the requisitions of the Union? All methods short of coercion have repeatedly been tried in vain. . . . .

Having now shown, Mr. Chairman, that there is no constitutional impediment to the adoption of the bill; that there is no danger to be apprehended to the public liberty from giving the power in question to the United States; that in the view of revenue the measure under consideration is not only expedient but necessary—let us turn our attention to the other side of this important subject. Let us ask ourselves, what will be the consequence of rejecting the bill? What will be the situation of our national affairs if they are left much longer to float in the chaos in which they are now involved?

Can our national character be preserved without paying our debts? Can the Union subsist without revenue? Have we realized the consequences which would attend its dissolution?

If these States are not united under a Federal Government, they will infallibly have wars with each other; and their divisions will subject them to all the mischiefs of foreign influence and intrigue. The human passions will never want objects of hostility. The Western Territory is an obvious and fruitful source of contest. Let us also cast our eye upon the map of this State, intersected from one extremity to the other by a large navigable river. In the event of a rupture with them, what is to hinder our metropolis from becoming a prey to our neighbors? Is it even supposable that they would suffer it to remain the nursery of wealth to a distinct community?

These subjects are delicate, but it is necessary to contemplate them, to teach us to form a true estimate of our situation. Wars with each other would beget standing armies—a source of more real danger to our liberties than all the powers that could be conferred upon the representatives of the Union. And wars with each other would lead to opposite alliances with foreign powers, and plunge us into all the labyrinths of European politics.

The Romans, in their progress to universal dominion, when they conceived the project of subduing the refractory spirit of the Grecian republics, which composed the famous Achaian League, began by sowing dissensions among them and instilling jealousies of each other, and of the common head, and finished by making them a province of the Roman Empire.

The application is easy: if there are any foreign enemies, if there are any domestic foes to this country, all their arts and artifices will be employed to effect a dissolution of the Union. This cannot be better done than by sowing jealousies of the Federal head, and cultivating in each State an undue attachment to its own power.

JAMES MADISON (1751-1836)

THE FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION

OUR national title, the United States of America, has been in use since the Declaration of Independence. But this title meant very little until after the adoption of the Constitution in 1788. Before that date the Union of the States was a very disjointed affair. The old Confederacy was as weak as a string of beads held together by a spider's web. Congress had almost no power and the Union was simply a temporary league of independent States. Washington told the exact truth when he said, "We are one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow." Congress had no money except what the States chose to give it; if it needed an army it had to ask the States for soldiers; it could make treaties, but could not enforce them; it could borrow money, but could not repay it; it could make war, but could not enlist a man to fight its battles.

A change was necessary if the whole affair was not to fall to pieces. There must be a stronger union or soon there would be none at all. Hamilton and Madison were among the first to see this, and Madison had so much to do in bringing about the Constitutional Convention, called to form a real Union of the States, that he is spoken of as "The Father of the Constitution." And we know of what took place in that Convention mainly by the notes which Madison took while it went on, and which he left to be published after his death.

James Madison was born near Port Royal, Virginia, in 1751. He grew to be one of those active and able statesmen of whom Virginia gave so many to the service of the country at the critical period of the birth of the new nation. Feeble health prevented him from fighting for his country, but he was active in legislative service and afterwards was one of the ablest members of the Convention that

framed the Constitution, which he aided Hamilton in supporting in that splendid series of essays published under the title of "The Federalist." After serving in Congress and in the Virginia Legislature, Madison became Secretary of State under Jefferson, and in 1809 took his seat as President. He continued in this high office for eight years, of which three were years of war. The remainder of his life was spent in rest and quiet.

Madison was one of the most illustrious of the early American statesmen, an able thinker, a skillful writer, and a brilliant orator. He took an active part in the debates on the Constitution, and afterwards in the Virginia Convention called to ratify it. Here he had to contend against the vehement oratory of Patrick Henry and the persuasive eloquence of George Mason; yet he gained his cause, the Constitution was adopted, and Virginia entered the Union.

THE AMERICAN FEDERAL UNION

[While Hamilton in New York was delivering that brilliant series of speeches on the Constitution from which we have given an extract, and which carried New York for the Union, his colleague, Madison, was engaged in the same good work in Virginia. Hamilton had the able party leader George Clinton, to contend against, and Madison had the brilliant orator Patrick Henry, yet they both carried their point. They had much the stronger side of the argument, and were able to show the people that there was no middle course between the Constitution and anarchy. To reject it would have been the death of the Union and the ruin of the States. This is what Madison sought to demonstrate in his series of speeches given in June, 1788. We offer from these an illustrative extract describing the character of the proposed new government.]

Give me leave to say something of the nature of the government, and to show that it is perfectly safe and just to vest it with the power of taxation. There are a number of opinions; but the principal question is, whether it be a federal or a consolidated government. In order to judge properly of the question before us, we must consider it minutely, in its principal parts. I myself conceive that it is of a mixed nature; it is, in a manner, unprecedented. We cannot find one express prototype in the experience of the world; it stands by itself. In some respects it is a government of a federal nature; in others, it is of a consolidated nature. Even if we attend to the manner in which the Constitution is investigated, ratified and made the act of the people of America, I can say, notwithstanding what the honorable gentleman [Patrick Henry] has alleged, that this government is not completely consolidated; nor is it entirely federal. Who are the parties to it? The people: not the people as composing

one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties. Were it, as the gentleman asserts, a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment, and as a majority have adoped it already, the remaining States would be bound by the act of the majority, even if they unanimously reprobated it. Were it such a government as is suggested, it would be now binding on the people of this State, without having had the privilege of deliberating upon it; but, sir, no State is bound by it, as it is, without its own consent. Should all the States adopt it, it will be then a government established by the thirteen States of America, not through the intervention of the legislatures, but by the people at large. . . . .

But it is urged that its consolidated nature, joined to the power of direct taxation, will give it a tendency to destroy all subordinate authority; that its increasing influence will speedily enable it to absorb the State governments. I cannot bring myself to think that this will be the case. If the general government were wholly independent of the governments of the particular States, then, indeed, usurpation might be expected to the fullest extent; but, sir, on whom does this general government depend? It derives its authority from these governments, and from the same sources from which their authority is derived. The members of the federal government are taken from the same men from whom those of the State legislatures are taken. If we consider the mode in which the federal representatives will be chosen, we shall be convinced that the general never will destroy the individual governments; and this conviction must be strengthened by an attention to the construction of the Senate. The representatives will be chosen, probably under the influence of the members of the State legislatures; but there is not the least probability that the election of the latter will be influenced by the former. One hundred and sixty members representing this commonwealth in one branch of the legislature, are drawn from the people at large, and must ever possess more influence than the few men who will be elected to the general legislature. Those who wish to become federal representatives must depend on their credit with that class of men who will be the most popular in their counties, who generally represent the people in the State governments; they can, therefore, never succeed in any measure contrary to the wishes of those on whom they depend. So that, on the whole, it is almost certain that the deliberations of the members of the Federal House of Representives will be directed to the interests of the people of America. As to the other branch, the senators will be appointed by the legislatures, and, though elected for six years, I do not conceive they will so soon forget the source from whence they derive their political existence. This

election of one branch of the Federal by the State legislatures, secures an absolute dependence of the former on the latter. The biennial exclusion of one-third will lessen the facility of a combination, and preclude all likelihood of intrigues. I appeal to our past experience, whether they will attend to the interests of their constituent States. Have not those gentlemen who have been honored with seats in Congress often signalized themselves by their attachment to their States? Sir, I pledge myself that this government will answer the expectations of its friends, and foil the apprehensions of its enemies. I am persuaded that the patriotism of the people will continue, and be a sufficient guard to their liberties, and that the tendency of the constitution will be, that the State governments will counteract the general interest, and ultimately prevail. . . . .

If we recur to history, and review the annals of mankind, I undertake to say that no instance can be produced by the most learned man, of any confederate government that will justify a continuation of the present system; or that will not, on the contrary, demonstrate the necessity of this change, and of substituting to the present pernicious and fatal plan the system now under consideration, or one equally energetic. The uniform conclusion drawn from a review of ancient and modern confederacies is, that instead of promoting the public happiness, or securing public tranquillity, they have, in every instance, been productive of anarchy and confusion—ineffectual for the preservation of harmony and a prey to their own dissensions and foreign invasions.

The Amphictyonic league * resembled our confederation in its nominal powers; it was possessed of rather more efficiency. The component States retained their sovereignty, and enjoyed an equality of suffrage in the federal council. But though its powers were more considerable in many respects than those of our present system, yet it had the same radical defect. Its powers were exercised over its individual members in their political capacities. To this capital defect it owed its disorders and final destruction. It was compelled to recur to the sanguinary coercion of war to enforce its decrees. The struggles consequent on a refusal to obey a decree, and an attempt to enforce it, produced the necessity of applying to foreign assistance; by complying with that application and employing his wiles and intrigues, Philip of Macedon acquired sufficient influence to become a member of the league; and that artful and insidious prince soon after became master of their liberties.

The Achæan league †, though better constructed than the Amphictyonic in material respects, was continually agitated with domestic dissensions, and driven to the necessity of calling in foreign aid; this also

* An early form of Grecian confederacy. † A league formed in later Grecian days.

eventuated in the demolition of their confederacy. Had they been more closely united, their people would have been happier; and their united wisdom and strength would not only have rendered unnecessary all foreign interpositions in their affairs, but would have enabled them to repel the attack of any enemy. If we descend to more modern examples, we shall find the same evils resulting from the same sources.

The Germanic system * is neither adequate to the external defence or internal felicity of the people; the doctrine of quotas and requisitions flourishes here. Without energy, without stability, the empire is a nerveless body. The most furious conflicts, and the most implacable animosities between its members, strikingly distinguish its history. Concert and cooperation are incompatible with such an injudiciously constructed system.

The Republic of the Swiss is sometimes instanced for its stability; but even there dissensions and wars of a bloody nature have been frequently seen between the cantons. A peculiar coincidence of circumstances contributes to the continuance of their political connection. Their feeble association owes its existence to their singular situation. There is a schism in their confederacy, which, without the necessity of uniting for their external defence, would immediately produce its dissolution. The confederate government of Holland is a further confirmation of the characteristic imbecility of such governments. From the history of this government, we might derive lessons of the most important utility. . . . .

These radical defects in their confederacy must have dissolved their association long ago, were it not for their peculiar position—circumscribed in a narrow territory; surrounded by the most powerful nations in the world; possessing peculiar advantages from their situation; an extensive navigation and a powerful navy—advantages which it was clearly the interest of those nations to diminish or deprive them of. The late unhappy dissensions were manifestly produced by the vices of their system. We may derive much benefit from the experience of that unhappy country. Governments, destitute of energy, will always produce anarchy. These facts are worthy the most serious consideration of every gentleman here. Does not the history of these confederacies coincide with the lessons drawn from our own experience? I most earnestly pray that America may have sufficient wisdom to avail herself of the instructive information she may derive from a contemplation of the sources of their misfortunes, and that she may escape a similar fate, by avoiding the causes from which their infelicity sprung.

* The league, then existing, of independent German States

FISHER AMES (1758-1808)

RHETORICIAN AND ORATOR

FISHER AMES, not the least among the distinguished orators of the era of the Constitution, was, in the words of Dr. Charles Caldwell, "Decidedly one of the most splendid rhetoricians of the age. Two of his speeches, that on Jay's treaty and that usually called his 'Tomahawk' speech (because it included some resplendent speeches on Indian massacres) are the most brilliant and fascinating specimens of eloquence I have ever heard, yet I have listened to some of the most celebrated speakers in the British Parliament." Dr. Priestly also said that "The speech of Ames, on the British Treaty, was the most bewitching piece of parliamentary oratory I have ever listened to."

The orator thus highly eulogized was of Massachusetts birth and training, Harvard College being his *alma mater*. He became widely familiar with the best literature, studied law, and wrote ably on the political problem of 1784 and later, in papers signed *Brutus* and *Camillus*. These gave him wide renown, and won him election to the first Congress in 1789. He continued a member of the House until 1797, when failing health obliged him to withdraw from political labors. In 1804 he was chosen President of Harvard College, but declined on the plea of wasting strength. Four years afterward, in 1808, he died, shortly after the completion of his fiftieth year.

THE OBLIGATION OF TREATIES

[The treaty with Great Britain in 1783, which was the final event in the American Revolution, was, unfortunately, not fully carried out in the States. Trouble arose about the harsh treatment of the Tories, who were forced by thousands to leave the country. Also the old debts due British merchants were not paid. England looked on this as bad faith, and refused to give up Detroit and other posts on the lakes. And as a result of its war with France, it began to seize American ships trading with that country, and to take seamen from American vessels on the pretense that they were

British subjects. An effort to adjust these difficulties led in 1795 to a new treaty, negotiated by John Jay, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This treaty settled all the questions in dispute except that of the seizure of American sailors. But some of its features, this one in particular gave rise to intense excitement and determined opposition. Jay was burned in effigy, the British minister was insulted, and Hamilton, who spoke in favor of the treaty, was stoned. But Washington also favored it and it was carried through Congress against all opposition. With all its defects, no better could be had at the time, and it averted a possible war. Ames spoke earnestly in favor of the appropriation for the treaty, his address being full of such pathos and eloquence, that at its close one member moved to adjourn, on the ground that the House was in too great a state of excitement to consider the question impartially. We quote some telling passages from this celebrated speech.]

The treaty is bad, fatally bad, is the cry. It sacrifices the interest, the honor, the independence of the United States, and the faith of our engagements to France. If we listen to the clamor of party intemperance, the evils are of a number not to be counted, and of a nature not to be borne, even in idea. The language of passion and exaggeration may silence that of sober reason in other places, it has not done it here. The question here is, whether the treaty be really so very fatal as to oblige the nation to break its faith. I admit that such a treaty ought not to be executed. I admit that self-preservation is the first law of society, as well as of individuals. It would, perhaps, be deemed an abuse of terms to call that a treaty which violates such a principle. . . . .

The undecided point is, shall we break our faith? And while our country and enlightened Europe await the issue with more than curiosity, we are employed to gather piecemeal, and article by article, from the instrument a justification for the deed by trivial calculations of commercial profit and loss. This is little worthy of the subject, of this body or of the nation. If the treaty is bad, it will appear to be so in its mass. Evil to a fatal extreme, if that be its tendency, requires no proof; it brings it. Extremes speak for themselves and make their own law. What if the direct voyage of American ships to Jamaica with horses or lumber might net one or two *per centum* more than the present trade to Surinam; would the proof of the fact avail anything in so grave a question as the violation of the public engagements?

It is in vain to allege that our faith, plighted to France, is violated by this new treaty. Our prior treaties are expressly saved from the operation of the British treaty. And what do those mean who say, that our honor was forfeited by treating at all, and especially by such a treaty? Justice, the laws and practice of nations, a just regard for peace as a duty to mankind, and the known wish of our citizens, as well as that self-respect which required it of the nation to act with dignity and moderation,

all these forbade an appeal to arms before we had tried the effect of negotiation. The honor of the United States was saved, not forfeited, by treating. The treaty itself, by its stipulations for the posts, for indemnity, and for a due observation of our neutral rights, has justly raised the character of the nation. Never did the name of America appear in Europe with more lustre than upon the event of ratifying this instrument. . . . .

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die with him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows; if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would, therefore, soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow. . . . .

Let us not hesitate, then, to agree to the appropriation to carry it into faithful execution. Thus we shall save the faith of our nation, secure its peace, and diffuse the spirit of confidence and enterprise that will augment its prosperity. The progress of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and, some will think, too rapid. The field for exertion is fruitful and vast, and, if peace and good government should be preserved, the acquisitions of our citizens are not so pleasing as the proofs of their industry as the instruments of their future success. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vast crop of our neutrality is all seedwheat, and is sown again to swell, almost beyond calculation, the future harvest of prosperity. And in this progress, what seems to be fiction is found to fall short of experience.

I rose to speak under impressions that I would have resisted if I could. Those who see me will believe that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, almost equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate, by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the resolution I had taken to sit silent was imposed by necessity, and would cost me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and sinking, as I really am, under a sense of weakness, I imagined the very desire of speaking was extinguished by the persuasion that I had nothing to say. Yet when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I start back with dread from the edge of the pit into which we are plunging. In my view, even the minutes I have spent in expostulation have their value, because they protract the crisis, and the short period in which alone we may resolve to escape it.

I have thus been led by my feelings to speak more at length than I had intended. Yet I have, perhaps, as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should rise, as it will, with public disorders, to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the Government and Constitution of my country.

HENRY LEE (1756-1818)

LIGHT HORSE HARRY

THE name of Lee is of high distinction in American history, and especially in the military annals of the United States. This applies almost wholly to a single family, of which Robert Edward Lee, the Confederate hero of the Civil War, is the most famous member. Two of his sons and one nephew became Generals in the Civil War, the latter, Fitzhugh Lee, becoming prominent both as a soldier and statesman. But we are here concerned with the first famous representative of the family, Henry Lee, the father of Robert Edward, and the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution, in which conflict he was the most dashing of cavalry commanders. We have in the record of this family a circumstance without parallel in our history, in the fact that one of the famous soldiers of the Revolution left a son who became one of the two great commanders in the Civil War, eighty years afterward.

General Lee, a native of Virginia, was made a captain of cavalry early in the war for independence. His exploits were numerous and brilliant, especially in 1780 and 1781, when he commanded a cavalry corps under General Greene in the Carolinas. Of his later career it must suffice to say that he was Governor of Virginia in 1794, and that he served several terms in Congress, where the soldier showed that he had gifts of oratory also. In the latter field he was selected by Congress to pronounce the funeral oration upon Washington, whom he designated by the famous aphorism, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country-men."

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

[George Washington ended his life on the 14th of December, 1799, almost at the close of a century in which he had few rivals in military ability, and none in wise and self-sacrificing patriotism and unselfish devotion to the best interests of his country.

There are many, alike in America and Europe, who regard Washington as pre-eminently the greatest man of that century. Such was the sentiment of the people who, on learning of his death, mourned him as if they had lost not only the "Father of his country," but the immediate father of each of them as well. One of his warmest friends and ablest companions in arms, Henry Lee, was chosen by Congress to voice its sense of the country's loss. We give below Lee's eloquent tribute to his great commander's memory, spoken at the German Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, on the 26th of December, 1799.]

In obedience to your will I rise your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honor.

Desperate, indeed, is any attempt on earth to meet correspondently this dispensation of Heaven; for, while with pious resignation we submit to the will of an all-gracious Providence, we can never cease lamenting, in our finite view of Omnipotent wisdom, the heartrending privation for which our nation weeps. When the civilized world shakes to its centre; when every moment gives birth to strange and momentous changes; when our peaceful quarter of the globe, exempt as it happily has been from any share in the slaughter of the human race, may yet be compelled to abandon her pacific,* policy, and to risk the doleful casualties of war; what limit is there to the extent of our loss? None within the reach of my words to express; none which your feelings will not disavow.

The founder of our federate republic—our bulwark in war, our guide in peace—is no more! O that this were but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonizing hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! there is no hope for us; our Washington is removed for ever! Possessing the stoutest frame and purest mind, he had passed nearly to his sixty-eighth year, in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold, disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and, defying every medical interposition, before the morning of Sunday put an end to the best of men. An end did I say?—his fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the world: and when our monuments shall be done away; when nations now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far-spreading empire shall have perished, still will our

* The speaker here refers to the disturbed condition of Europe at that period, and especially to the imminent peril of war with France, due to French interference with American commerce.

Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good? Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see your youthful Washington, supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and by his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe; or, when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where, to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry, his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country; or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood, the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn down, unaided ranks; himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter, the storm raged, the Delaware rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene; his country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought; he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event; and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed, in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

[The orator recites, in similar eulogistic words, his hero's remaining services in the war and continues as follows:]

Were I to stop here, the picture would be incomplete, and the task imposed unfinished. Great as was our Washington in war, and as much as did that greatness contribute to produce the American Republic, it is not in war alone his pre-eminence stands conspicuous. His various talents, combining all the capacities of a statesmen with those of a soldier, fitted him alike to guide the councils and the armies of our nation. Scarcely had he rested from his martial toils, while his invaluable parental advice was still sounding in our ears, when he, who had been our shield, our sword, was called forth to act a less splendid, but more important part

Possessing a clear and penetrating mind, a strong and sound judgment, calmness and temper for deliberation, with invincible firmness and perseverance in resolutions maturely formed ; drawing information from all ; acting from himself, with incorruptible integrity and unvarying patriotism ; his own superiority and the public confidence alike marked him as the man designed by Heaven to lead in the great political as well as military events which have distinguished the era of his life.

The finger of an overruling Providence, pointing at Washington, was neither mistaken nor unobserved when, to realize the vast hopes to which our Revolution had given birth, a change of political system became indispensable.

How novel, how grand the spectacle ! Independent States, stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government, through whose commanding protection, liberty and order, with their long train of blessings, should be safe to themselves, and the sure inheritance of their posterity.

This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and of patriots, Washington of course was found ; and, as if acknowledged to be most wise where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their chief. How well he merited this rare distinction, how faithful were the labors of himself and his compatriots, the work of their hands, and our union, strength and prosperity, the fruits of that work, best attest.

But to have essentially aided in presenting to his country this consummation of her hopes neither satisfied the claims of his fellow-citizens on his talents, nor those duties which the possession of those talents imposed. Heaven had not infused into his mind such an uncommon share of its ethereal spirit to remain unemployed ; nor bestowed on him his genius unaccompanied with the corresponding duty of devoting it to the common good. To have framed a constitution, was showing only, without realizing, the general happiness. This great work remained to be done ; and America, steadfast in her preference, with one voice summoned her beloved Washington, unpracticed as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the national felicity. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that self-distrust peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue. What was the burst of joy through our anxious land, on this exhilarating event, is known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave.

the fair rivaled each other in demonstrations of their gratitude; and this high-wrought, delightful scene, was heightened in its effect by the singular contest between the zeal of the bestowers and the avoidance of the receiver of the honors bestowed. Commencing his administration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wise principles announced by himself, as the basis of his political life! He best understood the indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and individual felicity; watching, with an equal and comprehensive eye, over this great assemblage of communities and interests, he laid the foundations of our national policy in the unerring, immutable principles of morality, based on religion, exemplifying the pre-eminence of a free government by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the respect of the world.

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"

Leading through the complicated difficulties produced by previous obligations and conflicting interests, seconded by succeeding Houses of Congress, enlightened and patriotic, he surmounted all original obstruction, and brightened the path of our national felicity. . . . .

Pursuing steadfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war, and quelling internal discord, till the revolving period of a third election approached, when he executed his interrupted but inextinguishable desire of returning to the humble walks of private life.

The promulgation of his fixed resolution stopped the anxious wishes of an affectionate people from adding a third unanimous testimonial of their unabated confidence in the man so long enthroned in their hearts. When before was affection like this exhibited on earth? Turn over the records of ancient Greece; review the annals of mighty Rome; examine the volumes of modern Europe; you search in vain. America and her Washington only afford the dignified exemplification.

The illustrious personage, called by the national voice in succession to the arduous office of guiding a free people, had new difficulties to encounter. The amicable effort of settling our difficulties with France, begun by Washington, and pursued by his successor in virtue as in station, proving abortive, America took measures of self-defence. No sooner was the public mind roused by a prospect of danger, than every eye was turned to the friend of all, though secluded from public view, and gray in public service. The virtuous veteran, following his plough, received the

unexpected summons with mingled emotions of indignation at the unmerited ill-treatment of his country, and of a determination once more to risk his all in her defence. The annunciation of these feelings, in his affecting letter to the President, accepting the command of the army, concludes his official conduct.

FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life; although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation; go on and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to and cultivate peace with all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to the Union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed, to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS (1752-1816)

THE ONE-LEGGED STATESMAN

THE early period of United States history brought distinction to two men of the name of Morris, especially to Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution. The second, Gouverneur Morris, while less distinguished, made himself prominent among the statesmen and orators of that era. He began to win credit for oratory in his college career. He became a lawyer in 1771, and in this profession soon gained reputation for unusual eloquence. During the Revolution he was a member of the Continental Congress. In 1780, after he had resumed the practice of the law, he had the misfortune to be thrown from his carriage, and was so injured that the amputation of his leg became necessary, a loss which he bore with remarkable fortitude.

In 1781 he was appointed assistant to Robert Morris in adjusting the finances of the country, and remained his aid for three years. In 1787 he became a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, of which, as Madison says, "he was an able, an eloquent, and an active member. . . . The *finish* given to the style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belongs to the pen of Mr. Morris." He was sent as Minister to France in 1792, and in 1800 was elected United States Senator from New York. While in Paris, he wore an ordinary wooden leg, in preference to any artistic substitute for his lost limb. It served him well on one occasion during the French Revolution. A mob of fiery revolutionists attacked his carriage in the street, with the fatal cry of "Aristocrat!" Morris coolly thrust his wooden leg out of the window, and cried out: "An aristocrat? Yes; who lost his leg in the cause of American liberty?" This apt reply turned the temper of the mob; they

cheered the man they had been eager to hang, and the quick-witted American proceeded triumphantly on his way.

THE FREE USE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

[In the opening years of the nineteenth century, when emigrants from the Eastern States were pouring rapidly into the valley of the Mississippi, the freedom of navigation of that great artery of the West became a burning question, and the obstacles which the Spanish at New Orleans put in the way of free river commerce stirred up the high-spirited pioneers almost to the point of war. In 1802 it was learned that France, by a secret treaty with Spain, had become the owners of the Louisiana territory, and the irritation which had existed in the country deepened into alarm. Napoleon, then First Consul of France, was a different character to deal with than the weak monarch of Spain, and it was impossible to conjecture to what critical conditions his restless ambition might lead. The difficulty was soon to be settled by the diplomacy of Jefferson and his ministers, who purchased the whole vast tract from Napoleon; but it was a burning question on the 24th of February, 1803, when Morris delivered an able and spirited speech, in which he openly advocated war as the only available means of securing the freedom of America's greatest stream. We quote some stirring passages from this lengthy address.]

What is the state of things? There has been a cession of the island of New Orleans and of Louisiana to France. Whether the Floridas have also been ceded is not yet certain. It has been said, as from authority, and I think it probable. Now, sir, let us note the time and the manner of this cession. It was at or immediately after the treaty of Luneville, at the first moment when France could take up a distant object of attention. But had Spain a right to make this cession without our consent? Gentlemen have taken it for granted that she had. But I deny the position. No nation has a right to give to another a dangerous neighbor without her consent. This is not like the case of private citizens, for there, when a man is injured, he can resort to the tribunals for redress; and yet, even there, to dispose of property to one who is a bad neighbor, is always considered as an act of unkindness. But as between nations, who can redress themselves only by war, such transfer is in itself an aggression. . . . .

But it is not this transfer alone; there are circumstances, both in the time and in the manner of it, which deserve attention. A gentleman from Maryland, Mr. Wright, has told you, that all treaties ought to be published and proclaimed for the information of other nations. I ask, was this a public treaty? No. Was official notice of it given to the government of this country? Was it announced to the President of the United States, in the usual forms of civility between nations who duly respect each other? It was not. Let gentlemen contradict me if they can. They will say, perhaps, that it was the omission only of a vain and idle ceremony. Ignorance may, indeed, pretend that such communication is an

empty compliment, which, established without use, may be omitted without offence. But this is not so. If these be ceremonies, they are not vain, but of serious import, and are founded on strong reason. He who means me well, acts without disguise. Had this transaction been intended fairly, it would have been told frankly. But it was secret because it was hostile. The First Consul, in the moment of terminating his differences with you, sought the means of future influence and control. He sought and secured a pivot for that immense lever by which, with potent arm, he means to subvert your civil and political institutions. Thus, the beginning was made in deep hostility. Conceived in such principles, it presaged no good. Its bodings were evil and evil have been its fruits.

[After reviewing the state of Europe under the domination of Napoleon, and the value of the territory bordering on the Mississippi, the speaker proceeds.]

Having now considered in its various relations, the importance of these provinces, the way is open to estimate our chance of obtaining them by negotiation. Let me ask on what ground you mean to treat. Do you expect to persuade? Do you hope to intimidate? If to persuade, what are your means of persuasion? Every gentleman admits the importance of this country. Think you the First Consul, whose capacious mind embraces the globe, is alone ignorant of its value? Is he a child, whom you may win by a rattle to comply with your wishes? Will you, like a nurse, sing to him a lullaby? If you have no hope from fondling attentions and soothing sounds, what have you to offer in exchange? Have you anything to give which he will take? He wants power: you have no power. He wants dominion: you have no dominion—at least none that you can grant. He wants influence in Europe. And have you any influence in Europe? What, in the name of Heaven, are the means by which you would render this negotiation successful? Is it by some secret spell? Have you any magic power? Will you draw a circle and conjure up devils to assist you? Or do you rely on the charms of those beautiful girls with whom, the gentleman near me says, the French grenadiers are to incorporate? If so, why do you not send an embassy of women?

Gentlemen talk of the principles of our government, as if they could obtain for us the desired boon. But what will these principles avail? When you inquire as to the force of France, Austria, or Russia, do you ask whether they have a *habeas corpus* act, or a trial by jury? Do you estimate their power, discuss their interior police? No! The question is, How many battalions have they? What train of artillery can they bring into the field? How many ships can they send to sea? These are the important circumstances which command respect and facilitate negotiation. Can you display these powerful motives? Alas! Alas! To

all these questions you answer by one poor word—confidence—confidence—confidence—yea, verily, we have confidence. We have faith and hope: aye, and we have charity, too. Well—go to market with these Christian virtues, and what will you get for them? Just nothing. . . . .

Look at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim; she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No! animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul, of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes and our fate to the God of battles. We then were subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent republic. We then had no rank among the nations of the earth. But we had the spirit which deserved that elevated station. And now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honor?

Sir, I repeat to you that I wish for peace: real, lasting, honorable peace. To obtain and secure this blessing, let us, by a bold and decisive conduct, convince the powers of Europe that we are determined to defend our rights; that we will not submit to insult; that we will not bear degradation. This is the conduct which becomes a generous people. This conduct will command the respect of the world. Nay, sir, it may rouse all Europe to a proper sense of their situation. They see that the balance of power, on which their liberties depend, is, if not destroyed, in extreme danger. They know that the dominion of France has been extended by the sword over millions who groan in the servitude of their new masters. These unwilling subjects are ripe for revolt. The empire of the Gauls is not, like that of Rome, secured by political institutions. It may yet be broken. But whatever may be the conduct of others, let us act as becomes ourselves. I cannot believe, with my honorable colleague, that three-fourths of America are opposed to vigorous measures. I cannot believe that they will meanly refuse to pay the sums needful to vindicate their honor and support their independence. Sir, this is a libel on the people of America. They will disdain submission to the proudest sovereign on earth. They have not lost the spirit of '76. But, sir, if they are so base as to barter their rights for gold, if they are so vile that they will not defend their honor, they are unworthy of the rank they enjoy, and it is no matter how soon they are parcelled out among better masters.

JOHN MARSHALL (1751-1831)

AMERICA'S GREATEST JURIST

THREE important careers are rarely embraced in the life of a single man, yet in John Marshall we find ourselves in the presence at once of a brave soldier, an able statesman, and an eminent jurist. Born in Virginia, the foster-home of statesmen, Marshall was a soldier in the Revolution, taking part in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth and enduring the terrible winter at Valley Forge. His duties as a statesman began in the Virginia Convention called to ratify the Constitution, where he ably supported Madison. He served afterward in the Virginia Legislature and for a term in Congress, also for a brief period as Secretary of State under President Adams. In his profession, that of the law, he manifested unusual ability, and in time won such wide recognition that on the resignation of Chief-Justice Ellsworth in 1801 he was appointed to the high position of Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. For thirty-four years, until his death, he performed the duties of this office with a learning, wisdom, and brilliancy as a jurist and expounder of the Constitution which have never been equalled. Judge Story thus speaks of his able decisions on Constitutional law: "If all others of the Chief Justice's judicial arguments had perished, his luminous judgments upon these occasions would have given an enviable immortality to his name."

THE DEFENCE OF NASH

[Of the examples of Marshall's powers of oratory, the most famous is the logical argument which he made in Congress on March 4, 1800, defending President Adams for the surrender of a sailor named Thomas Nash, who was claimed by the British government as a fugitive from justice. This speech settled for all time the question whether such cases should be decided by the executive or the judiciary. Griswold says, in his "Prose Writers of America," "That argument deserves to be

ranked among the most dignified displays of the human intellect." As a close judicial study and decision, resembling those for which Marshall afterward became famous, its strength and balance could be shown only by giving it in full. While this cannot be done here, its character will be indicated by our extracts.]

The case stated is, that Thomas Nash, having committed a murder on board of a British frigate, navigating the high seas under a commission from His Britannic Majesty, had sought an asylum within the United States, and on this case his delivery was demanded by the minister of the King of Great Britain.

It is manifest that the case stated, if supported by proof, is within the letter of the article, provided a murder committed in a British frigate, on the high seas, be committed within the jurisdiction of that nation.

That such a murder is within their jurisdiction, has been fully shown by the gentleman from Delaware. The principle is, that the jurisdiction of a nation extends to the whole of its territory, and to its own citizens in every part of the world. The laws of a nation are rightfully obligatory on its own citizens in every situation, where those laws are really extended to them. This principle is founded on the nature of civil union. It is supported everywhere by public opinion, and is recognized by writers on the law of nations. Rutherforth, in his second volume, p. 180, says: "The jurisdiction which a civil society has over the persons of its members, affects them immediately, whether they are within its territories or not."

This general principle is especially true, and is particularly recognized, with respect to the fleets of a nation on the high seas. To punish offences committed in its fleet is the practice of every nation in the universe; and consequently the opinion of the world is that a fleet at sea is within the jurisdiction of the nation to which it belongs. Rutherforth, volume 2, p. 491, says: "There can be no doubt about the jurisdiction of a nation over the persons which compose its fleets, when they are out at sea, whether they are sailing upon it or are stationed in any particular part of it."

The gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Gallatin), though he has not directly controverted this doctrine, has sought to weaken it by observing that the jurisdiction of a nation at sea could not be complete even in its own vessels; and, in support of this position, he urged the admitted practice of submitting to search for contraband—a practice not tolerated on land, within the territory of a neutral power. The rule is as stated; but is founded on a principle which does not affect the jurisdiction of a nation over its citizens or subjects in its ships. The principle is, that in the sea itself no nation has any jurisdiction. All may equally exercise their rights, and consequently the right of a belligerent power to prevent aid

being given to his enemy is not restrained by any superior right of a neutral in the place. But if this argument possessed any force, it would not apply to national ships of war, since the usage of nations does not permit them to be searched.

According to the practice of the world, then, and the opinions of writers on the law of nations, the murder committed on board of a British frigate navigating the high seas was a murder committed within the jurisdiction of the British nation. . . . .

Gentlemen have considered it as an offence against judicial authority, and a violation of judicial rights, to withdraw from their sentence a criminal against whom a prosecution had been commenced. They have treated the subject as if it were the privilege of courts to condemn to death the guilty wretch arraigned at their bar, and that to intercept the judgment was to violate the privilege. Nothing can be more incorrect than this view of the case. It is not the privilege, it is the sad duty, of courts to administer criminal judgment. It is a duty to be performed at the demand of the nation, and with which the nation has a right to dispense. If judgment of death is to be pronounced, it must be at the prosecution of the nation, and the nation may at will stop that prosecution. In this respect the President expresses constitutionally the will of the nation; and may rightfully enter a *nolle prosequi*, or direct that the criminal be prosecuted no further. This is no interference with judicial decisions, nor any invasion of the province of a court. It is the exercise of an indubitable and a constitutional power. . . . .

After trespassing so long on the patience of the House, in arguing what has appeared to me to be the material points growing out of the resolutions, I regret the necessity of detaining you still longer for the purpose of noticing an observation which appears not to be considered by the gentleman who made it as belonging to the argument.

The subject introduced by this observation, however, is so calculated to interest the public feelings, that I must be excused for stating my opinion on it.

The gentleman from Pennsylvania has said, that an impressed American seaman, who should commit homicide for the purpose of liberating himself from the vessel in which he is confined, ought not to be given up as a murderer. In this, I concur entirely with the gentleman. I believe the opinion to be unquestionably correct, as were the reasons that gentleman has given in support of it. I have never heard any American avow a contrary sentiment, nor do I believe a contrary sentiment could find a place in the bosom of any American. I cannot pretend, and do not pretend, to know the opinion of the executive on the subject, because I

have never heard the opinions of that department; but I feel the most perfect conviction, founded on the general conduct of the government, that it could never surrender an impressed American to the nation which, in making an impressment, had committed a national injury.

The belief is, in no degree, shaken by the conduct of the executive in this particular case.

In my own mind it is a sufficient defence of the President from an imputation of this kind, that the fact of Thomas Nash being an impressed American was obviously not contemplated by him in the decision he made on the principles of the case. Consequently, if a new circumstance occurred which would essentially change the case decided by the President, the judge ought not to have acted under that decision, but the new circumstance ought to have been stated. Satisfactory as this defence might appear, I shall not resort to it, because to some it might seem a subterfuge. I defend the conduct of the President on other and still stronger ground.

The President had decided that a murder committed on board a British frigate on the high seas was within the jurisdiction of that nation, and consequently within the twenty-seventh article of its treaty with the United States. He therefore directed Thomas Nash to be delivered to the British minister, if satisfactory evidence of the murder should be adduced. The sufficiency of the evidence was submitted entirely to the judge.

If Thomas Nash had committed a murder, the decision was that he should be surrendered to the British minister; but if he had not committed a murder, he was not to be surrendered. Had Thomas Nash been an impressed American, the homicide on board the *Hermione* would, most certainly, not have been a murder.

The act of impressing an American is an act of lawless violence. The confinement on board a vessel is a continuation of that violence, and an additional outrage. Death committed within the United States, in resisting such violence, would not have been murder, and the person giving the wound could not have been treated as a murderer. Thomas Nash was only to have been delivered up to justice on such evidence as, had the fact been committed within the United States, would have been sufficient to have induced his commitment and trial for murder. Of consequence, the decision of the President was so expressed as to exclude the case of an impressed American liberating himself by homicide.

BOOK II.

The Golden Age of American Oratory

OF what may be called the critical periods in the history of the United States, there have been two which stand pre-eminent in the development of oratory as in other respects. The first of these was the period of unrest and social and political turmoil which led to the war of the Revolution and to the formation of the Constitution. The second was the period of equal disturbance which had its outcome in the Civil War. In both cases a conflict of words preceded that of arms. The voice of the orator was the weapon employed, and a long contest on the rostrum preceded the appeal to arms. With the first of these periods we have already dealt. The second was dominated by two exciting political problems, the tariff question and the slavery controversy. The first of these led to the attempted secession from the Union of South Carolina. Its most notable result, so far as oratory is concerned, was the famous Congressional debate between Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne, the grandest verbal passage-at-arms in American history. The other subject of controversy was more extended, continuing for forty years, during which the halls of Congress rang with arguments of fiery contestants; and ending in actual war when logic and argument had failed to smooth the waves of hostile feeling. This period has been well denominated "The Golden Age of American Oratory." It gave rise to such giants in debate as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and added to the literature of oratory many brilliant examples of the speaker's art.

JOSIAH QUINCY (1772-1864)

A FAMOUS FATHER AND SON

THE name of Josiah Quincy appertains to two orators, father and son; one belonging to the eighteenth and the other to the nineteenth century; the father distinguished before the first war with Great Britain, the son before the second war. A man of fervid and powerful eloquence, of warm patriotism yet of high sense of justice, was Josiah Quincy, the elder. While ardent for independence, he was as earnest in defence of human rights, as is shown in his defence of the soldiers who took part in the so-called "Boston Massacre," and against whom the people of Massachusetts were incensed beyond the bounds of reason. In this work of charity he was aided by John Adams, another patriot who set justice above expediency.

The son became as able and famous an orator as the father. He represented Boston in Congress from 1804 to 1813 as a Federalist, and opposed the party in power with great energy and ability. "He was equal to the emergency," says Griswold, "and sustained himself on all occasions with manly independence, sound argument, and fervid declamation." While the orations of the father are traditional, those of the son are on record, some of his ablest speeches being in opposition to the Embargo Act of 1807, the admission of Louisiana in 1811, and the war of 1812. After leaving Congress, Mr. Quincy served as a senator and a judge in Massachusetts, Mayor of Boston from 1823 to 1829 and president of Harvard College from 1829 to 1845. He died in 1864 at ninety-two years of age, having lived through both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

THE EVILS OF THE EMBARGO ACT

[The early years of the nineteenth century were signalized by the tremendous conflict between Europe and France, in which England was Napoleon's deadliest foe. The United States could not help being affected by this stupendous warfare. Sailors

were taken from her merchant ships by British war vessels, and proclamations by England and France in 1806 and 1807 almost put an end to her ocean trade. England seized vessels sailing to ports under French influence. France seized those sailing to British ports. Between the two no commerce was safe. Congress retaliated by passing an Embargo Act, which forbade American merchant vessels to leave port for foreign lands at all, and prohibited foreign vessels from loading in American ports. It was thought this would seriously injure England and France; but it injured America more, practically putting an end to its commerce. The law was not repealed until there became danger of New England, the centre of commerce, seceding from the Union. This danger was strongly indicated by Josiah Quincy, November 28, 1808, in a speech on the following resolution: "*Resolved*, that the United States cannot, without a sacrifice of their rights, honor and independence, submit to the late edicts of Great Britain and France." We give some extracts from this fervidly eloquent speech.]

When I enter on the subject of the embargo, I am struck with wonder at the very threshold. I know not with what words to express my astonishment. At the time I departed from Massachusetts, if there was an impression which I thought universal, it was that, at the commencement of this session, an end would be put to this measure. The opinion was not so much, that it would be terminated, as that it was then at an end. Sir, the prevailing sentiment, according to my apprehension, was stronger than this—even that the pressure was so great, that it could not possibly be endured; that it would soon be absolutely insupportable. And this opinion, as I then had reason to believe, was not confined to any one class, or description, or party; that even those who were friends of the existing administration, and unwilling to abandon it, were yet satisfied that a sufficient trial had been given to this measure. With these impressions I arrive in this city. I hear the incantations of the great enchanter. I feel his spell. I see the legislative machinery begin to move. The scene opens. And I am commanded to forget all my recollections, to disbelieve the evidence of my senses, to contradict what I have seen, and heard, and felt. I hear, that all this discontent is mere party clamor—electioneering artifice; that the people of New England are able and willing to endure this embargo for an indefinite, unlimited period; some say for six months; some a year; some two years. The gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Macon) told us, that he preferred three years of embargo to a war. And the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Clopton) said expressly, that he hoped we should never allow our vessels to go upon the ocean again, until the orders and decrees of the belligerents were rescinded; in plain English, until France and Great Britain should, in their great condescension, permit. Good heavens! Mr. Chairman, are men mad? Is this House touched with that insanity which is the never-failing precursor of the intention of Heaven to destroy? The people on

New England, after eleven months' deprivation of the ocean, to be commanded still longer to abandon it, for an undefined period; to hold their unalienable rights at the tenure of the will of Britain or of Bonaparte! A people, commercial in all aspects, in all their relations, in all their hopes, in all their recollections of the past, in all their prospects of the future; a people whose first love was the ocean, the choice of their childhood, the approbation of their manly years, the most precious inheritance of their fathers; in the midst of their success, in the moment of the most exquisite perception of commercial prosperity, to be commanded to abandon it, not for a time limited, but for a time unlimited; not until they can be prepared to defend themselves there (for that is not pretended), but until their rivals recede from it; not until their necessities require, but until foreign nations permit! I am lost in astonishment, Mr. Chairman. I have not words to express the matchless absurdity of this attempt. I have no tongue to express the swift and headlong destruction which a blind perseverance in such a system must bring upon this nation.

But men from New England, representatives on this floor, equally with myself the constitutional guardians of her interests, differ from me in these opinions. My honorable colleague (Mr. Bacon) took occasion, in secret session, to deny that there did exist all that discontent and distress, which I had attempted, in an humble way, to describe. He told us he had traveled in Massachusetts, that the people were not thus dissatisfied, that the embargo had not produced any such tragical effects. Really, sir, my honorable colleague has traveled—all the way from Stockbridge to Hudson; from Berkshire to Boston; from inn to inn; from county court to county court; and doubtless he collected all that important information which an acute intelligence never fails to retain on such occasions. He found tea, sugar, salt, West India rum and molasses dearer; beef, pork, butter and cheese cheaper. Reflection enabled him to arrive at this difficult result, that in this way the evil and the good of the embargo equalize one another. But has my honorable colleague traveled on the seaboard? Has he witnessed the state of our cities? Has he seen our ships rotting at our wharves, our wharves deserted, our stores tenantless, our streets bereft of active business; industry forsaking her beloved haunts, and hope fled away from places where she had from earliest time been accustomed to make and fulfil her most precious promises? Has he conversed with the merchant, and heard the tale of his embarrassments—his capital arrested in his hands; forbidden by your laws to resort to a market; with property four times sufficient to discharge all his engagements, necessitated to hang on the precarious mercy of moneyed institutions for that indulgence which preserves him from stopping payment,

the first step towards bankruptcy? Has he conversed with our mechanics? That mechanic, who, the day before this embargo passed, the very day that you took this bit, and rolled it like a sweet morsel under your tongue, had more business than he had hands, or time, or thought to employ in it, now soliciting, at reduced prices, that employment which the rich, owing to the uncertainty in which your laws have involved their capital, cannot afford? I could heighten this picture. I could show you laboring poor in the almshouse, and willing industry dependent upon charity. But I confine myself to particulars which have fallen under my own observation, and of which ten thousand suffering individuals on the seaboard of New England are living witnesses that here is nothing fictitious. . . . .

It is in vain to say that if the embargo was raised there would be no market. The merchants understand that subject better than you; and the eagerness with which preparations to load were carried on previous to the commencement of this session, speaks, in a language not to be mistaken, their opinion of the foreign markets. But it has been asked in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a hand-cuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland . . . .

However, suppose that the payment of this duty is inevitable, which it certainly is not, let me ask—Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves. It is palpable submission. Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain "smites us on one cheek." And what does administration? "It turns the other also." Gentlemen say "Great Britain is a robber; she takes our cloak." And what say administration? "Let her take our coat also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honor in another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this.

JOHN RANDOLPH (1773-1833)

ROANOKE'S FIERY SON

A VERITABLE "Son of Satan" was John Randolph of Roanoke, a firebrand upon the floor of Congress, which few could handle without being burned. "He was like an Ishmaelite," says Garland, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." His native skill in oratory, his ready and often stinging wit, his mastery of the weapons of sarcasm and invective, rendered him ever a formidable opponent in debate. He voted against the Missouri Compromise bill of 1820, because it placed a northern limit to the extension of slavery, and he stigmatized the Northern members who voted for it as "doughfaces," a term of contumely which came afterward into general use. In 1826 he grossly insulted Henry Clay, speaking of him as a "combination of the Puritan with the blackleg," and using other insulting language. Clay challenged him, a duel was fought. Clay fired without effect, and Randolph then fired into the air. Born before the Revolution, he entered Congress in 1799, and continued a member for nearly thirty years. Jackson appointed him minister to Russia in 1830, but in 1832 we find him a bitter opponent of Jackson, on account of his proclamation against the South Carolina nullifiers. He called this "the ferocious and bloodthirsty proclamation of our Djezzar Pacha." He died the following year. His will gave freedom to his three hundred slaves.

THE TARIFF AND THE CONSTITUTION

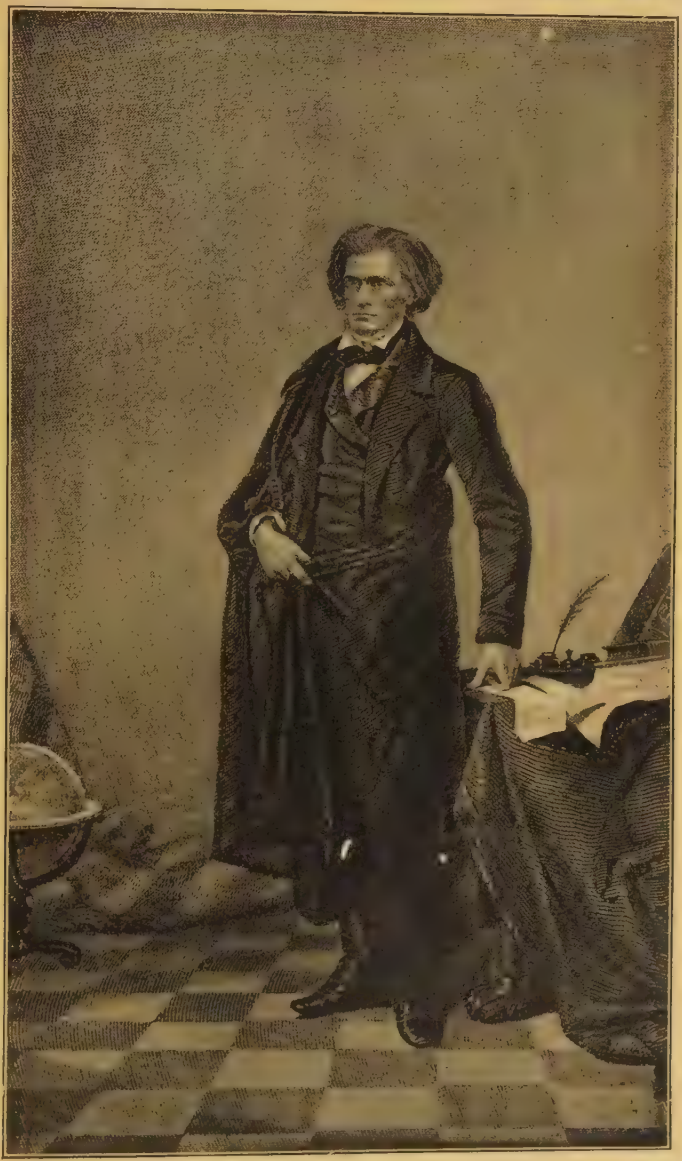
[The tariff of 1816 was supported by many Southerners and opposed by many of the merchants of New England. But by 1824 manufacture had grown greatly in New England and protection was demanded, while the South wished for free trade as best suited to its cotton and farming industries. Randolph was, in consequence, bitterly opposed to the advance in rates in the new tariff bill, and handled the subject in his most strenuous fashion. In a letter in 1818 he had said, "When I speak of

my country I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia," and his sentiments about the Union accorded with this remark, as may be seen in the intemperate language of our extract from his speech of April 15, 1824.]

I am very glad, Mr. Speaker, that old Massachusetts Bay and the province of Maine and Sagadahock, by whom we stood in the days of the Revolution, now stand by the South, and will not aid in fixing on us this system of taxation, compared with which the taxation of Mr. Grenville and Lord North was as nothing. I speak with knowledge of what I say, when I declare that this bill is an attempt to reduce the country south of Mason and Dixon's line, and east of the Alleghany mountains, to a state of worse than colonial bondage; a state to which the domination of Great Britain was, in my judgment, far preferable; and I trust I shall always have the fearless integrity to utter any political sentiment which the head sanctions and the heart ratifies; for the British Parliament never would have dared to lay such duties on our imports, or their exports to to us, either "at home" or here, as is now proposed to be laid upon the imports from abroad. At that time we had the command of the market of the vast dominions then subject, and we should have had those which have since been subjected to the British empire; we enjoyed a free trade eminently superior to anything we can enjoy if this bill shall go into operation. It is a sacrifice of the interests of a part of this nation to the ideal benefit of the rest. It marks us out as the victims of a worse than Egyptian bondage. It is a barter of so much of our rights, of so much of the fruits of our labor, for political power to be transferred to other hands. It ought to be met, and I trust it will be met, in the southern country as was the Stamp Act, and all those measures which I will not detain the House by recapitulating, which succeeded the Stamp Act, and produced the final breach with the mother country, which it took about ten years to bring about; as I trust, in my conscience, it will not take as long to bring about similar results from this measure, should it become a law.

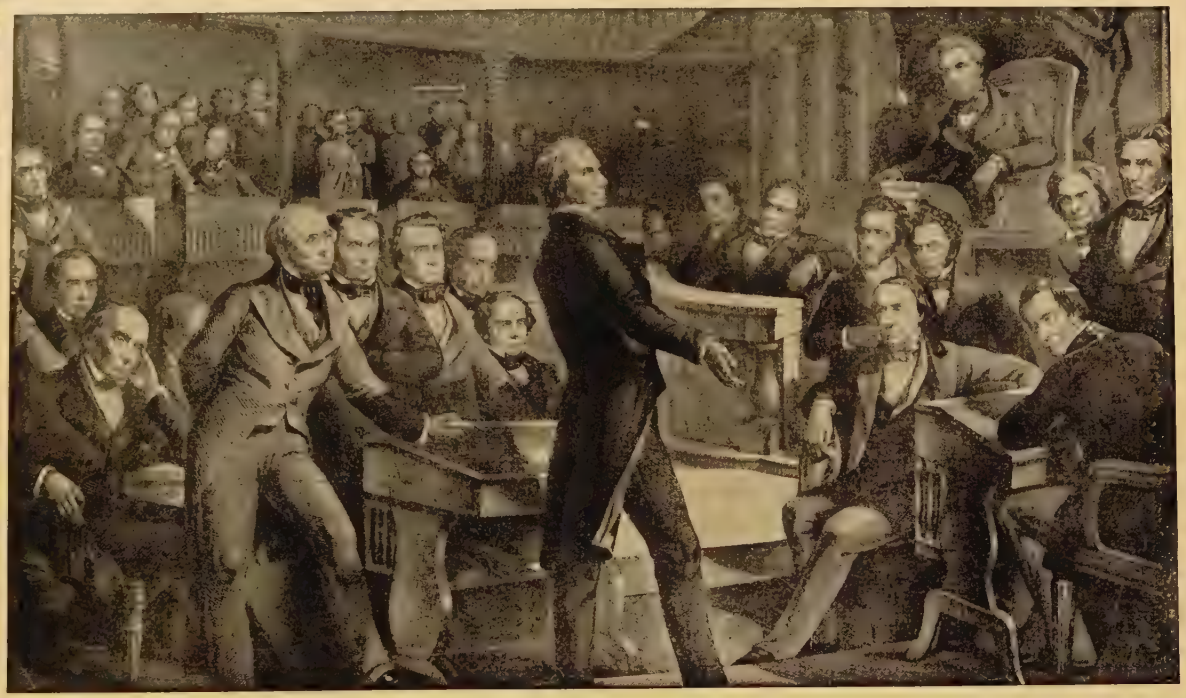
All policy is very suspicious, says an eminent statesman, that sacrifices the interest of any part of a community to the ideal good of the whole; and those governments only are tolerable where, by the necessary construction of the political machine, the interests of all the parts are obliged to be protected by it. Here is a district of country extending from the Patapsco to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Alleghany to the Atlantic; a district which, taking in all that part of Maryland lying south of the Patapsco and east of Elk river, raises five sixths of all the exports of this country that are of home growth. I have in my hand the official statements which prove it—but which I will not weary the Houes by reading—in all this country, yes, sir, and I bless God for it; for with all

the fantastical and preposterous theories about the rights of man (the *theories*, not the rights themselves, I speak of), there is nothing but power that can restrain power. I bless God that, in this insulted, oppressed, and outraged region, we are, as to our counsels in regard to this measure, but as one man; that there exists on the subject but one feeling and one interest. We are proscribed and put to the bar; and if we do not feel, and, feeling, do not act, we are bastards to those fathers who achieved the revolution; then shall we deserve to make our bricks without straw. There is no case on record in which a proposition like this, suddenly changing the whole frame of a country's polity, tearing asunder every ligature of the body politic, was ever carried by a lean majority of two or three votes, unless it be the usurpation of the septennial act, which passed the British Parliament by, I think, the majority of one vote, the same that laid the tax on cotton bagging. I do not stop here, sir, to argue about the constitutionality of this bill; I consider the Constitution a dead letter. I consider it to consist at this time of the power of the General Government and the power of the States; that is the Constitution. You may entrench yourself in parchment to the teeth, says Lord Chatham, the sword will find its way to the vitals of the Constitution. I have no faith in parchment, sir; I have no faith in the "abracadabra" of the Constitution; I *have* faith in the power of that commonwealth of which I am an unworthy son; in the power of those Carolinas, and of that Georgia, in her ancient and utmost extent, to the Mississippi, which went with us through the valley of the shadow of death in the war of our independence. I have said that I shall not stop to discuss the constitutionality of this question, for that reason and for a better; that there never was a constitution under the sun in which, by an unwise exercise of the powers of the government, the people may not be driven to the extremity of resistance by force. "For it is not, perhaps, so much by the assumption of unlawful powers as by the unwise or unwarrantable use of those which are most legal, that governments oppose their true end and object; for there is such a thing as tyranny as well as usurpation." If under a power to regulate trade you prevent exportation; if, with the most approved spring lancets, you draw the last drop of blood from our veins; if, *secundum artem*, you draw the last shilling from our pockets, what are the checks of the Constitution to us? A fig for the Constitution! When the scorpion's sting is probing us to the quick, shall we stop to chop logic? Shall we get some learned and cunning clerk to say whether the power to do this is to be found in the Constitution, and then if he, from whatever motive, shall maintain the affirmative, like the animal whose fleece forms so material a portion of this bill, quietly lie down and be shorn? . . . .



JOHN C. CALHOUN

Few Orators in American History commanded more attention than John C. Calhoun, whose name is intimately associated with Webster and Clay.



HENRY CLAY ADDRESSING THE UNITED STATES SENATE

In this dignified Assembly were Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and other illustrious orators of this, the most exciting period of American History. Henry Clay was the orator of Compromise rather than the orator of Sectionalism and Strife. He represented Kentucky in the Senate.

WILLIAM WIRT (1772-1834)

THE DEFENDER OF BLENNERHASSETT

AARON BURR, a skillful political leader of the early years of the American Union, whose shrewdness had made him Vice-President during Jefferson's first term, afterwards ruined his reputation by his intrigues, and won the detestation of the public by killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel. His political career in the East ended, he devised new schemes for the West, organizing an expedition whose supposed purpose was to wrest Texas from Mexico and form an independent nation, with New Orleans for its capital and himself as the arbiter of its destinies. Whatever may have been his actual design, the project failed, and he was arrested on a charge of high treason. Put on trial in Richmond for this offence, lack of evidence led to his acquittal, though there remained a strong popular conviction of his guilt.

In this celebrated trial the highest legal talent of the land was enlisted, alike in the prosecution and the defence. Among those engaged on the side of the Government was William Wirt, a lawyer of distinguished ability and an orator of the finest powers. The learning and eloquence displayed by him in the trial made his reputation as an orator, his arguments were read with delight, and his name was enrolled among those of America's ablest men. Of the speeches made at this trial, that of Wirt alone survives as a brilliant example of eloquence.

Mr. Wirt had long been famous as a lawyer; his reputation increased after this famous trial until, in 1817, he was made Attorney-General of the United States. This position he held during the eight years of Monroe's administration, and was reappointed in 1825 by President Adams, who had been his associate in Monroe's

Cabinet. In 1832 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Anti-Mason party, but carried only one State. He won reputation as a writer also; especially by his "Life of Patrick Henry," which many consider a piece of biographical writing of unrivalled merit.

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT

[In Wirt's arraignment of Burr, the most famous passage is his word picture of the earthly paradise of Blennerhassett's dwelling, on an island in the Ohio, into which Burr entered as the serpent of temptation. Though a highly exaggerated picture, it is a most engaging one. The counsel for the defendant had advanced the theory that Blennerhassett was the originator of the scheme and Burr a victim of his treasonable designs. Wirt effectually disposed of this theory in the following burst of eloquence.]

Will any man say that Blennerhassett was the principal, and Burr but an accessory? Who will believe that Burr, the author and projector of the plot, who raised the forces, who enlisted the men, and who procured the funds for carrying it into execution, was made a cat's-paw of? Will any man believe that Burr, who is a soldier, bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, the great actor whose brain conceived, and whose hand brought the plot into operation, that he should sink down into an accessory, and that Blennerhassett should be elevated into a principal? He would startle at once at the thought. Aaron Burr, the contriver of the whole conspiracy, to every body concerned in it was as the sun to the planets which surround him. Did he not bind them in their respective orbits and give them their light, their heat and their motion? Yet he is to be considered an accessory, and Blennerhassett is to be considered the principal!

Let us put the case between Burr and Blennerhassett. Let us compare the two men and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.

Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen in part already. I will add that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is indeed quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has

contrived; and in the autumn of 1806 he goes forth for the last time to apply this match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhassett.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life.

In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the

fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life.

In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

HENRY CLAY (1777–1852)

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE

IN those days of tariff and slavery agitation, when all seemed at risk in the great Republic of the West, the noble figure of Henry Clay stood in the front rank of the patriots who fought against the forces of disunion; not towering, like Webster, in heroic defiance of the foes of the Union, but healing its wounds, allaying the violence of the combat, and winning by mild measures what could not be attained by violence. Where other men made themselves admired, Clay made himself loved. His gentleness and courtesy won him an abiding place in the hearts of his countrymen. He was everywhere the favorite of the people. "Who ever," says Parton, "heard such cheers, so hearty, distinct and ringing, as those which his name evoked? Men shed tears at his defeat and women went to bed sick from pure sympathy with his disappointment. He could not travel during the last thirty years of his life, he only made *progresses;* the committee of one State passing him on to the committee of another, the hurrahs of one town dying away as those of the next caught his ear."

How did this man win such high esteem? He began life humbly enough, working on a Virginia farm to aid his widowed mother, and riding barefoot to mill for the family flour—whence his familiar title, "The Mill-boy of the Slashes." A clerk in Richmond at fourteen, he was admitted to the bar at twenty, and by signal fortune became a member of the United States Senate before reaching the constitutional limit of thirty years of age. His rapid progress was due to his fine native powers of oratory, his skill in debate, and his controlling influence in political measures. Endowed by nature with a voice of wonderful compass and rich harmony, fluent in delivery

and graceful in gesture, his reputation soon spread from end to end of the land. "Take him for all in all," says Parton, "we must regard him as the first of American orators; but posterity will not assign him that high rank, for posterity will not hear that matchless voice, will not see those large gestures, those striking attitudes, that grand manner, which gave to second-rate composition first-rate effect." While excelled as a reasoner by Webster, and surpassed in fiery earnestness by Calhoun, none were his equals in grace of oratory and charm of manner. His speeches do not all read well. Many dull passages are met with. They lack that splendor of delivery which gave them such winning effect. Yet they present, even on the printed page, hundreds of admirable passages, and will long be perused with pleasure and profit by students and lovers of oratory.

In the several critical periods of American history which came while Clay was in Congress, his broad spirit of conciliation went far to tide the Union over the danger points in its career. Three great compromise measures were engineered by him—the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the Tariff Compromise of 1833, and the Territorial Compromise of 1850, the latter two being initiated and carried through by him. By these noble services he smoothed the waves of discontent and stayed the spirit of disunion until death removed him from the scene. His own words form the true motto of his character: "I would rather be right than be President."

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

[Clay, who had argued strongly in favor of a protective tariff during the spirited discussion in 1824, took different ground in 1832 and 1833, during a period of excitement in the South against high tariff that yielded in South Carolina an attempt to nullify the United States tariff laws. Clay, in a speech in 1832, showed vividly the prosperity which had arisen between 1824 and the latter date, due, as he believed, to the protective tariff. But in the following year he introduced, in order to allay the irritation, a bill for a gradual reduction of the tariff during the ten succeeding years. This was the compromise above spoken of.]

Eight years ago it was my painful duty to present to the House of Congress an unexaggerated picture of the general distress pervading the whole land. We must all yet remember some of its frightful features. We all know that the people were then oppressed and borne down by an enormous load of debt; that the value of property was at the lowest point of depression; that ruinous sales and sacrifices were everywhere made of real estate; that stop-laws and relief-laws and paper-money were adopted

to save the people from impending destruction; that a deficit in the public revenue existed which compelled the Government to seize upon, and divert from its legitimate object, the appropriation to the sinking fund to redeem the national debt; and that our commerce and navigation were threatened with a complete paralysis. In short, sir, if I were to select any term of seven years since the adoption of the present Constitution which exhibited a scene of the most wide-spread dismay and desolation, it would be exactly that term of seven years which immediately preceded the establishment of the tariff of 1824.

I have now to perform the more pleasing task of exhibiting an imperfect sketch of the existing state of the unparalleled prosperity of the country. On a general survey, we behold cultivation extended, the arts flourishing, the face of the country improved, our people fully and profitably employed, and the public countenance exhibiting tranquillity, contentment and happiness. And, if we descend into particulars, we have the agreeable contemplation of a people out of debt; land rising slowly in value, but in a secure and salutary degree; a ready, though not extravagant, market for all the surplus productions of our industry; innumerable flocks and herds browsing and gamboling on ten thousand hills and plains, covered with rich and verdant grasses; our cities expanded, and whole villages springing up, as it were, by enchantment; our exports and imports increased and increasing; our tonnage, foreign and coastwise, swelling and fully occupied; the rivers of our interior animated by the perpetual thunder and lightning of countless steamboats; the currency sound and abundant; the public debt of two wars nearly redeemed; and, to crown all, the public treasury overflowing, embarrassing Congress, not to find subjects of taxation, but to select the objects which shall be liberated from the impost. If the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity which this people have enjoyed since the establishment of their present Constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824.

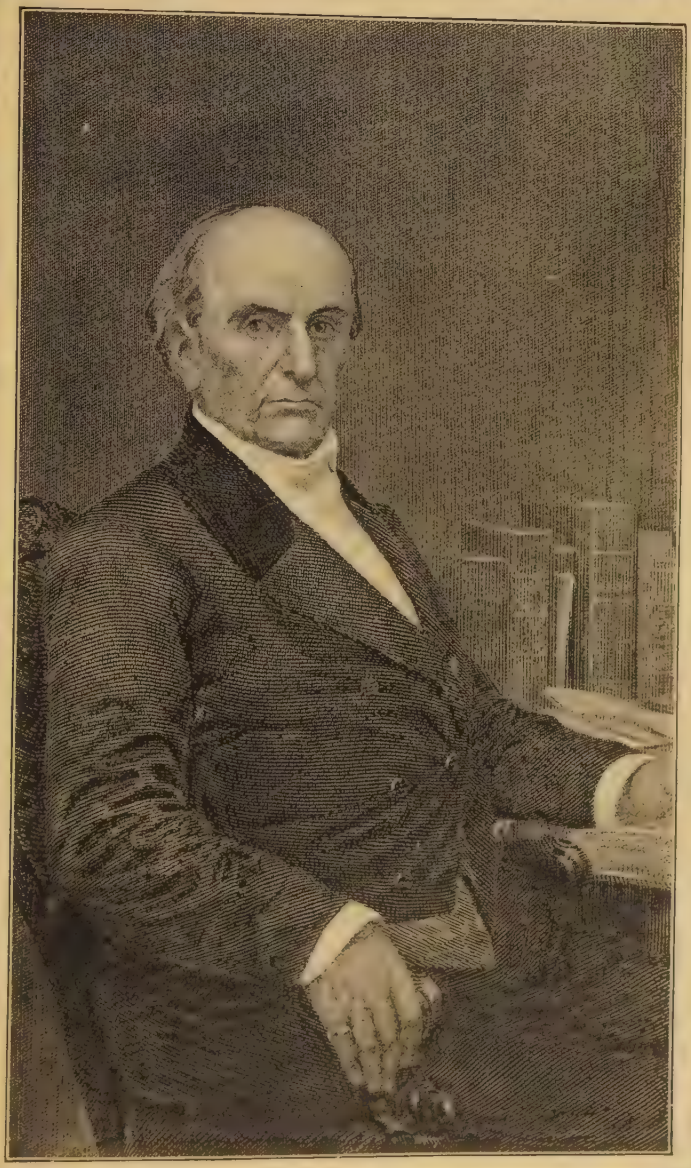
This transformation of the condition of the country from gloom and distress to brightness and prosperity has been mainly the work of American legislation, fostering American industry; instead of allowing it to be controlled by foreign legislation, cherishing foreign industry. The foes of the American system, in 1824, with great boldness and confidence, predicted: 1st. The ruin of the public revenue and the creation of a necessity to resort to direct taxation. The gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Hayne), I believe, thought that the tariff of 1824 would operate a reduction of revenue to the large amount of eight millions of dollars. 2nd. The destruction of our navigation. 3rd. The desolation of commercial

cities. And 4th. The augmentation of the price of objects of consumption, and further decline in that of the articles of our exports. Every prediction which they made has failed—utterly failed. Instead of the ruin of the public revenue, with which they then sought to deter us from the adoption of the American system, we are now threatened with its subversion by the vast amount of the public revenue produced by that system.

The danger to our Union does not lie on the side of persistence in the American system, but on that of its abandonment. If, as I have supposed and believed, the inhabitants of all north and east of the James River, and all west of the mountains, including Louisiana, are deeply interested in the preservation of that system, would they be reconciled to its overthrow? Can it be expected that two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the people of the United States would consent to the destruction of a policy believed to be indispensably necessary to their prosperity—when, too, this sacrifice is made at the instance of a single interest which they verily believe will not be promoted by it? In estimating the degree of peril which may be incident to two opposite courses of human policy, the statesman would be shortsighted who should content himself with viewing only the evils, real or imaginary, which belong to that course which is in practical operation. He should lift himself up to the contemplation of those greater and more certain dangers which might inevitably attend the adoption of the alternative course. What would be the condition of this Union if Pennsylvania and New York, those mammoth members of our confederacy, were firmly persuaded that their industry was paralyzed and their prosperity blighted by the enforcement of the British Colonial system, under the delusive name of free trade? They are now tranquil and happy and contented, conscious of their welfare, and feeling a salutary and rapid circulation of the products of home manufactures and home industry throughout all their great arteries. But let that be checked; let them feel that a foreign system is to predominate, and the sources of their subsistence and comfort dried up; let New England and the West and the Middle States all feel that hey too are the victims of a mistaken policy, and let these vast portions of our country despair of any favorable change, and then, indeed, might we tremble for the continuance and safety of this Union!

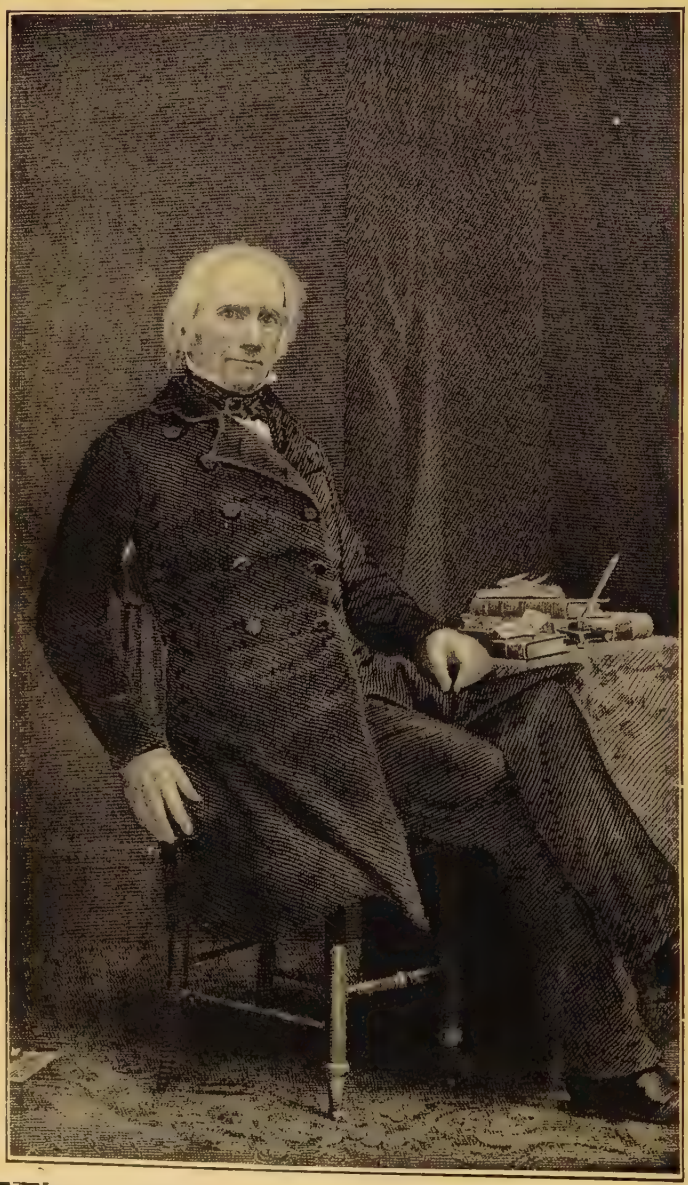
THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR

[Of Henry Clay's contributions to the stability of the Union, one of the greatest was the Compromise of 1850, which he erected as a dam against the flood of hostile sentiment which was then swelling in North and South alike. If no check were put to it, if it should lead to the fatal ultimatum of secession, a war of frightful dimensions would be, in his opinion, an inevitable consequence. He was justified in his



DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun are rightly considered the first great triumvirate of American Orators, and Webster the foremost of them.



HENRY CLAY ORATOR AND STATESMAN

Henry Clay's rank as an orator has increased with time. His position was attained by painstaking effort. Clay, Webster and Calhoun are ranked together as the greatest American Orators.

prediction; the war came, and while it lasted its horrors were as lurid as he had painted them. Fortunately its duration and its consequences were widely different from his depressing prediction. As for himself, his wish was granted.. He did not survive to witness the "heart-rending spectacle." We give this prediction from his speech in the Senate on February 6, 1850.]

Mr. President, I am directly opposed to any purpose of secession, of separation. I am for staying within the Union, and defying any portion of this Union to expel or drive me out of the Union. I am for staying and fighting for my rights—if necessary, with the sword—within the bounds and under the safeguard of the Union. I am for vindicating these rights, but not by being driven out of the Union rashly and unceremoniously by any portion of this confederacy. Here I am within it, and here I mean to stand and die—as far as my individual purposes or wishes can go; within it to protect myself, and to defy all power upon earth to expel me or drive me from the situation in which I am placed. Will there not be more safety in fighting within the Union than without it?

Suppose your rights to be violated; suppose wrongs to be done you, aggressions to be perpetrated upon you; cannot you better fight and vindicate them, if you have occasion to result to that last necessity of the sword, within the Union, and with the sympathies of a large portion of the population of the Union of these States differently constituted from you, than you can fight and vindicate your rights expelled from the Union, and driven from it without ceremony and without authority?

I said that I thought that there was no right on the part of one or more of the States to secede from this Union. I think that the Constitution of the thirteen States was made not merely for the generation which then existed, but for posterity, undefined, unlimited, permanent and perpetual—for their posterity and for every subsequent State which might come into the Union, binding themselves by that indissoluble bond. It is to remain for that posterity now and forever. Like another of the great relations of private life, it was a marriage that no human authority can dissolve or divorce the parties from; and if I may be allowed to refer to this same example in private life, let us say what man and wife say to each other: "We have mutual faults; nothing in the form of human beings can be perfect. Let us then be kind to each other, forbearing, conceding; let us live in happiness and peace."

Mr. President, I have said what I solemnly believe, that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms.

Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so

bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the Commonwealth of England and the revolution of France—none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities, as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event—if that event ever happens—of dissolution.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, to an extent draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating wars would follow—not a war of two nor three years, but of interminable duration—an exterminating war would follow, until some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian knot and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you doubt it? Look at history—consult the pages of all history, ancient or modern; look at human nature; look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of a war following the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested; and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final but perhaps distant termination of the whole will be some despot treading down the liberties of the people? that the final result will be the extinction of this last and glorious light, which is leading all mankind who are gazing upon it to cherish hope and anxious expectatation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be advanced throughout the civilized world? Can you, Mr. President, lightly contemplate the consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen? I conjure gentlemen—whether from the South or North—by all they hold dear in this world, by all their love of liberty, by all their veneration for their ancestors, by all their regard for posterity, by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings, by all the duties which they owe to mankind and all the duties which they owe to themselves, by all these considerations I implore them to pause—solemnly to pause—at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken into the yawning abyss below, which will inevitably lead to certain and irretrievable destruction.

And, finally, Mr. President, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me on earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE (1792-1839)

THE CHAMPION OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN 1830 a resolution, innocent in appearance but momentous in consequences, was introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Foot, a member of that body. It related to the sale of the public lands, and had no visible bearing on other questions; yet it gave rise to a controversy in which the doctrine of the right of a State to withdraw from the Union was brought prominently forward, and which drew forth from Daniel Webster his noblest and most famous speech. His opponent was Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, the leading advocate of the principle of nullification and the right of secession.

Hayne was descended from a patriotic South Carolina family of revolutionary fame. He himself served with gallantry at Fort Moultrie in 1812, and there first became known as an able orator, in an address on the anniversary of independence, in which he evinced earnestness of patriotism, purity of style and depth of pathos. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1822 and remained a member for ten years, resigning in 1832 to accept the governorship of South Corolina.

Hayne was a vigorous opponent of the policy of protection, and, in his celebrated speeches on Mr. Foot's resolution, advanced a thinly-veiled doctrine of disunion. He became an open supporter of this doctrine in 1832, in the convention called in South Carolina to nullify the tariff laws of the United States. The Ordinance of Nullification was adopted on November 24, 1832. On December 10th, President Jackson issued a proclamation vigorously denouncing it. Governor Hayne issued a counter-proclamation, in which he showed his intention to resist the General Government, even at the bayonet's point.

Twelve thousand volunteers were called out, and preparations made for the defence of the State, but Jackson's energetic measures quickly brought them to an end. In the following March the passage of Clay's Compromise Tariff Act removed the subject of dispute; and in a subsequent convention, over which Governor Hayne presided, the Nullification measure was repealed. Hayne was a man of excellent mental powers and was ready, fluent and able as an orator.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION

[Mr. Foot's resolution, which called forth the brilliant passage of arms between the oratorical champions of South Carolina and Massachusetts, was for an inquiry and report on the quantity of the public lands remaining within each State and Territory, and to consider the expediency of continuing or ceasing their sale. This resolution was debated by Hayne in two able speeches, both of which were answered by Webster. In these speeches the subject broadened far beyond the original topic, bringing in the question of the stability of the Union. In his second speech Hayne was very caustic in his allusions to the Massachusetts Senator, provoking the latter to his famous rejoinder. We must confine ourselves to suggestive extracts from this speech.]

Mr. President: When I took occasion, two days ago, to throw out some ideas with respect to the policy of the Government, in relation to the public lands, nothing certainly could have been further from my thoughts than that I should have been compelled again to throw myself upon the indulgence of the Senate. Little did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster). Sir, I questioned no man's opinions; I impeached no man's motives; I charged no party, or State, or section of country with hostility to any other, but ventured, as I thought in a becoming spirit, to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great national question of public policy. Such was my course. The gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Benton), it is true, had charged upon the Eastern States an early and continued hostility towards the West, and referred to a number of historical facts and documents in support of that charge. Now, sir, how have these different arguments been met? The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England; and, instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which he had preferred, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges; and, losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and

conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe, I am bound to believe, he has some object in view which he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri that he is overmatched by that Senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed" at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered Coalition come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eyeballs of the gentleman," and will it not "down at his command?" Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honors lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can—and if he win the victory, let him wear the honors; I shall not deprive him of his laurels. . . . .

The gentleman from Massachusetts, in alluding to a remark of mine, that before any disposition could be made of the public lands, the national debt (for which they stand pledged) must be first paid, took occasion to intimate "that the extraordinary fervor which seems to exist in a certain quarter (meaning the South, sir) for the payment of the debt, arises from a disposition to weaken the ties which bind the people to the Union." While the gentleman deals us this blow, he professes an ardent desire to see the debt speedily extinguished. He must excuse me, however, for feeling some distrust on that subject until I find this disposition manifested by something stronger than professions. . . . .

Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the States. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all or any of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of

its own authority, and the States are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically "a Government without limitation of powers." The States are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one word more to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved, a firm, manly, and steady resistance against usurpation. The measures of the Federal Government have, it is true, prostrated her interests, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin. But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest—a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the States and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. Sir, if in acting on these high motives, if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty!"

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852)

THE BULWARK OF THE UNION

NEVER was there witnessed in the Congress of the United States a greater and more impressive scene than that of a memorable day in January, 1830, when Daniel Webster delivered his world-famed "Reply to Hayne." Standing, a giant in debate, before the assembled Senate, he rent into fragments Hayne's neatly woven plea for disunion—fragments which no hand, however great its skill, could join together again.

Daniel Webster became prominent in three fields of effort, as lawyer, orator and statesman. He had won wide distinction for his legal powers before he entered Congress in 1804. There his fame was tenfold enhanced. Of his many speeches, the most famous were the Plymouth Rock address of 1820, the Bunker Hill oration of 1825, the Reply to Hayne in 1830, and the speech on Clay's Compromise Bill in 1850. This last, spoken little more than two years before his death, is regarded as one of the noblest efforts of his career.

"Of the effect of Mr. Webster's manner in many parts," says Edward Everett, "it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators, on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the oration for the Crown."

Webster's speeches bear another relation to those of Demosthenes, they possess a living force, they are as great on the written page as they were on the rostrum. There is no waste of force, no feebleness of an anti-climax, in any of these great mental efforts, and their worth as literature is not less than was their value as oratory. The

name of Webster will always live as one of the few supreme orators of the world.

THE REPLY TO HAYNE

[Of Daniel Webster's Congressional orations, that which stands first on the roll of fame is his magnificent address of January 30, 1830. The occasion for this famous display of oratory was a speech made by Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, in which he affirmed the right of a State to annul an Act of Congress, assailed New England, and made caustic remarks about Mr. Webster himself. From this speech we have quoted. Webster's reply was unanswerable. In it he drew the charge from Mr. Hayne's guns by praising South Carolina while eulogizing Massachusetts.]

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all: the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past—let me remind you that in early times no

States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure; it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

[The concluding portion of Mr. Webster's speech was in support of the United States Constitution. In it he vigorously denied the power of any State legislature to set aside a provision of the Constitution, or to annul an Act of Congress passed in accordance therewith. His peroration is one of the most magnificent examples of eloquence on record.]

Let it be remembered that the Constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it. If they shall become convinced that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition and distribution of power between the State governments and the general government, they can alter that distribution at will.

If any thing be found in the national Constitution, either by original provision, or by subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established, unacceptable to them, so as to become, practically, a part of the Constitution, they will amend it, at their own sovereign pleasure; but while the

people choose to maintain it as it is; while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it; who has given, or who can give, to the State legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do any thing for themselves; they imagine there is no safety for them any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the State legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general Constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves; first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them—just as the people of a State trust their own State governments with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections, and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents, whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power; which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the Constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And, finally, the people of the United States have, at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any State legislature to construe or interpret their high instrument of government; much less to interfere, by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, sir, the people, in these respects, had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And, if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every State but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be no longer than State pleasure, or State discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and to prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, nullified, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously

and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust—faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the

sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first and Union afterwards,—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THE SECRET OF MURDER

[As an example of Webster's forensic oratory we offer a selection from his celebrated argument in the trial for murder of John K. Knapp. In the passage given he soars far above the dry level of legal oratory, and depicts the effect of conscience on the mind of the murderer in sentences of thrilling intensity.]

He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment,

which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the the spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

[His argument closed with a most impressive appeal to the jury. In these words of weight and wisdom Duty stands before us in the grand proportions of the inexorable figure of Fate in the mythology of ancient Greece.]

Gentlemen, your whole concern should be to do your duty, and leave consequences to take care of themselves. You will receive the law from the Court. Your verdict, it is true, may endanger the prisoner's life; but then, it is to save other lives. If the prisoner's guilt has been shown and proved, beyond all reasonable doubt, you will convict him. If such reasonable doubts of guilt still remain, you will acquit him. You are the judges of the whole case. You owe a duty to the public as well as to the prisoner at the bar. You cannot presume to be wiser than the law. Your duty is a plain, straightforward one. Doubtless, we would all judge him in mercy. Towards him, as an individual, the law inculcates no hostility; but towards him, if proved to be a murderer, the law and the oaths you have taken, and public justice, demand that you do your duty.

With consciences satisfied with the discharge of duty, no consequences can harm you. There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness, or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.

JOHN C. CALHOUN (1782-1850)

THE STATE RIGHTS' LEADER

OF the parliamentary orators of the American "golden age" three stand decidedly above their fellows, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, all of them men of genius and orators of remarkable power. "The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun," says Webster, "was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned —still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner." Born in the same year as Webster (1782), the one in South Carolina, the other in New Hampshire, these two men became prominent adversaries in Congress on the question of the stability of the Union, each of them devoting his highest powers to this question pro and con. Throughout his later career Calhoun continued a disunionist. One of the most ardent advocates for the institution of slavery, it was he who led in the agitation on this subject from 1835 to 1850.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION

[Among the effects of the South Carolina Nullification Ordinance of 1832 was a bill, commonly called the Force Bill, introduced into Congress in 1833, its purpose being to give the President special powers in the collection of the revenue. This measure called forth Mr. Calhoun's vigorous protest of the 15th and 16th of February, from which the following selections are made. Speaking of the Nullification Ordinance, he says:]

It has been objected that the State has acted precipitately. What! precipitately! after making a strenuous resistance for twelve years—by discussion here and in the other House of Congress; by essays in all forms; by resolutions, remonstrances, and protests on the part of her legislature; and, finally, by attempting an appeal to the judicial power of the

United States? I say attempting, for they have been prevented from bringing the question fairly before the court, and that by an act of that very majority in Congress who now upbraid them for not making that appeal; of that majority, who, on a motion of one of the members in the other House, from South Carolina, refused to give to the act of 1828 its true title—that it was a protective and not a revenue act. The State has never, it is true, relied upon that tribunal, the Supreme Court, to vindicate its reserved rights; yet they have always considered it as an auxiliary means of defence, of which they would gladly have availed themselves to test the constitutionality of protection, had they not been deprived of the means of doing so by the act of the majority.

Notwithstanding this long delay of more than ten years, under this continued encroachment of the Government, we now hear it on all sides, by friends and foes, gravely pronounced that the State has acted precipitately—that her conduct has been rash! That such should be the language of an interested majority, who, by means of this unconstitutional and oppressive system, are annually extorting millions from the South, to be bestowed upon other sections, is not at all surprising. Whatever impedes the course of avarice and ambition will ever be denounced as rash and precipitate; and had South Carolina delayed her resistance fifty instead of twelve years, she would have heard from the same quarter the same language; but it is really surprising that those who are suffering in common with herself, and who have complained equally loud of their grievances; who have pronounced the very acts which she asserted within her limits to be oppressive, unconstitutional, and ruinous, after so long a struggle—a struggle longer than that which preceded the separation of these States from the mother country—longer than the period of the Trojan war—should now complain of precipitancy! No, it is not Carolina which has acted precipitately; but her sister States, who have suffered in common with her, have acted tardily. Had they acted as she has done; had they performed their duty with equal energy and promptness; our situation this day would be very different from what we now find it. Delays are said to be dangerous; and never was the maxim more true than in the present case. . . . .

The bill violates the Constitution, plainly and palpably, in many of its provisions, by authorizing the President, at his pleasure, to place the different ports of this Union on an unequal footing, contrary to that provision of the Constitution which declares that no preference shall be given to one port over another. It also violates the Constitution by authorizing him, at his discretion, to impose cash duties in one port while credit is allowed in others; by enabling the President to regulate

commerce, a power vested in Congress alone; and by drawing within the jurisdiction of the United States courts powers never intended to be conferred on them. As great as these objections are, they become insignificant in the provisions of a bill which, by a single blow—by treating the States as a mere lawless mass of individuals—prostrates all the barriers of the Constitution.

I will pass over the minor considerations, and proceed directly to the great point. This bill proceeds on the ground that the entire sovereignty of this country belongs to the American people, as forming one great community; and regards the States as mere fractions or counties, and not as integral parts of the Union; having no more right to resist the encroachments of the government than a county has to resist the authority of a State; and treating such resistance as the lawless acts of so many individuals, without possessing sovereignty or political rights. It has been said that the bill declares war against South Carolina. No. It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war —except, indeed, it be that which savages wage—a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage* warfare; as an attempt to take away life under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the Constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen? It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination!

It has been said by the Senator from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy) to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb—the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace, by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community. It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted, at every hazard—even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defence of the State and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary!

It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity, when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly. . . . .

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force? Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction to this Federal Union. No, no! You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Force may, indeed, hold the parts together, but such union would be the bond between master and slave—a union of exaction on one side and of unqualified obedience on the other. That obedience which, we are told by the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Wilkins), is the Union! Yes, exaction on the side of the master; for this very bill is intended to collect what can be no longer called taxes—the voluntary contribution of a free people—but tribute—tribute to be collected under the mouths of the cannon! Your customhouse is already transferred to a garrison—and that garrison with its batteries turned, not against the enemy of your country, but on subjects (I will not say citizens), on whom you propose to levy contributions. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat, it will not be executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration. Disguise it as you may, the controversy is one between power and liberty; and I tell the gentlemen who are opposed to me, that, as strong as may be the love of power on their side, the love of liberty is still stronger on ours

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (1767-1848)

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT

THE Adams family has played a great part in American public life. Through four generations it has given us orators and statesmen of prominence and ability. Political opponents have declared that no member of the family ever showed more than respectable natural talent, but certainly it was talent of the kind that the American people recognized and appreciated, since they raised two members of the family to the highest position in their gift. John Adams, while not ranking with our most capable orators, did so with our leading patriots. His standard of Americanism is fitly expressed in his memorable words of 1774: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination." The standing of his son, John Quincy Adams, as an orator, is indicated by the title of "Old Man Eloquent," given him in his later days; while his grandson and great-grandson, Charles Francis and Charles Francis, Jr., possessed rich gifts in the same field.

Omitting selections from the elder Adams, we here deal with his accomplished and able son, who, like him, became President of the United States. His subsequent career differed from that of our other ex-presidents. Instead of withdrawing from political life, he returned to Congress in 1831, and remained a member of the House until his death in 1848.

"In every respect," says Seward, "he was a model legislator. He was constantly at his post, and few members surpassed him in strict attention to duty and power of endurance." His most memorable service was his continued presentation to Congress of petitions for the abolition of slavery, offered by members of the Anti-slavery party. Efforts to check him in this were in vain. He persistently maintained

and exercised the right of petition. The House adopted a rule that no petition relating to slavery should be read, printed, or debated, but Adams was not thus to be defeated. He held his ground with unwavering firmness against the bitterest opposition, presenting the petitions one by one, sometimes to the number of two hundred a day, and insisting that the House should act on each separate petition. He died in harness. On the 21st of February, 1848, he was stricken with paralysis while in his seat at the Capitol. He died on the 23d, with these notable last words: "This is the last of earth. I am content."

A EULOGY OF LAFAYETTE

[Lafayette, the distinguished French noble who came to the struggling American colonies while still in boyhood to fight with them for freedom, who was the friend and confident of Washington, who commanded the National Guard of France in the Revolution of his own country, and who in 1824 was received with the highest honor and enthusiasm in the United States, came to his last day on May 20, 1834. In Congress at that date there was none who knew him better or was more fitted to speak for America in his memory than John Quincy Adams. From his oration on this subject, delivered in Congress on December 31, 1834, we give the eloquent peroration.]

Pronounce him one of the first men of his age, and you have not yet done him justice. Try him by that test to which he sought in vain to stimulate the vulgar and selfish spirit of Napoleon; class him among the men who, to compare and seat themselves, must take in the compass of all ages; turn back your eyes upon the records of time; summon from the creation of the world to this day the mighty dead of every age and every clime—and where, among the race of merely mortal men, shall one be found who, as the benefactor of his kind, shall claim to take precedence of Lafayette?

There have doubtless been in all ages men whose discoveries or inventions, in the world of matter or of mind, have opened new avenues to the dominion of man over the material creation; have increased his means or his faculties of enjoyment; have raised him in nearer approximation to that higher and happier condition, the object of his hopes and aspirations in his present state of existence.

Lafayette discovered no new principle of politics or morals. He invented nothing in science. He disclosed no new phenomenon in the laws of nature. Born and educated in the highest order of feudal nobility, under the most absolute monarchy of Europe, in possession of an affluent fortune, and master of himself and of all his capabilities at the moment of attaining manhood, the principle of republican justice and of social equality took possession of his heart and mind, as if by inspiration from

above. He devoted himself, his life, his fortune, his hereditary honors, his towering ambition, his splendid hopes, all to the cause of liberty. He came to another hemisphere to defend her. He became one of the most effective champions of our Independence; but, that once achieved, he returned to his own country, and thenceforward took no part in the controversies which have divided us. In the events of our Revolution, and in the forms of policy which we have adopted for the establishment and perpetuation of our freedom, Lafayette found the most perfect form of government. He wished to add nothing to it. He would gladly have abstracted nothing from it. Instead of the imaginary Republic of Plato, or the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, he took a practical existing model, in actual operation here, and never attempted or wished more than to apply it faithfully to his own country.

It was not given to Moses to enter the promised land; but he saw it from the summit of Pisgah. It was not given to Lafayette to witness the consummation of his wishes in the establishment of a republic, and the extinction of all hereditary rule in France. His principles were in advance of the age and hemisphere in which he lived. A Bourbon still reigns on the throne of France, and it is not for us to scrutinize the title by which he reigns. The principles of elective and hereditary power, blended in reluctant union in his person, like the red and white roses of York and Lancaster, may postpone to aftertime the last conflict to which they must ultimately come. The life of the patriarch was not long enough for the development of his whole political system. Its final accomplishment is in the womb of time.

The anticipation of this event is the more certain, from the consideration that all the principles for which Lafayette contended were practical. He never indulged himself in wild and fanciful speculations. The principle of hereditary power was, in his opinion, the bane of all republican liberty in Europe. Unable to extinguish it in the Revolution of 1830, so far as concerned the chief magistracy of the nation, Lafayette had the satisfaction of seeing it abolished with reference to the peerage. An hereditary Crown, stript of the support which it may derive from an hereditary peerage, however compatible with Asiatic despotism, is an anomaly in the history of the Christian world and in the theory of free government. There is no argument producible against the existence of an hereditary peerage, but applies with aggravated weight against the transmission, from sire to son, of an hereditary Crown. The prejudices and passions of the people of France rejected the principle of inherited power, in every station of public trust, excepting the first and highest of them all; but there they clung to it, as did the Israelites of old to the savory deities of Egypt.

This is not the time or the place for a disquisition upon the comparative merits, as a system of government, of a republic, and a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions. Upon this subject there is among us no diversity of opinion; and if it should take the people of France another half century of internal and external war, of dazzling and delusive glories, of unparalleled triumphs, humiliating reverses, and bitter disappointments, to settle it to their satisfaction, the ultimate result can only bring them to the point where we have stood from the day of the Declaration of Independence—to the point where Lafayette would have brought them, and to which he looked as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Then, too, and then only, will be the time when the character of Lafayette will be appreciated at its true value throughout the civilized world. When the principle of hereditary dominion shall be relinquished in all the institutions of France; when government shall no longer be considered as property transmissible from sire to son, but as a trust committed for a limited time, and then to return to the people whence it came; as a burdensome duty to be discharged, and not as a reward to be abused; when a claim, any claim, to political power by inheritance shall, in the estimation of the whole French people, be held as it now is by the whole people of the North American Union—then will be the time for contemplating the character of Lafayette, not merely in the events of his life, but in the full development of his intellectual conceptions, of his fervent aspirations, of the labors and perils and sacrifices of his long and eventful career upon earth; and thenceforward, till the hour when the trump of the Archangel shall sound to announce that time shall be no more, the name of Lafayette shall stand enrolled upon the annals of our race, high on the list of the pure and disinterested benefactors of mankind.

EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865)

THE RESCUER OF THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

THE title we have given Everett is in remembrance of his strenuous efforts to save for the people one of America's most sacred relics, Washington's home at Mount Vernon. Resigning his seat in Congress in 1854 on account of failing health, he began, the moment returning health permitted, one of the most active efforts of his life, the collection of money by writing and lecturing for the purchase of this historic estate, that it might be kept for all future time as a place of pilgrimage for patriotic Americans. The sum raised by him, about one hundred thousand dollars, sufficed for this noble purpose, and Mount Vernon became the property of the American people.

As an orator Everett stands very high among Americans, his lectures and speeches being rarely surpassed in value, if we consider at once the information they contain, and the grace and elegance of their style. Edward Everett may be said to have gone to school to Daniel Webster, for he was prepared for college by Ezekiel Webster, who was replaced for a week in the school by his brother Daniel. Thus began the acquaintance of these two distinguished orators. Many years afterward, in 1852, the pupil succeeded his temporary teacher as Secretary of State.

Everett studied divinity and was for a short time a minister in Boston, leaving the church to become Greek professor at Harvard. He was elected to Congress in 1824 and remained there for ten years, only quitting the House of Representatives to become Governor of Massachusetts. In 1841 he was appointed, through the influence of Webster, Minister to Great Britain, a diplomatic post which has never been more creditably and ably filled. In 1845 he was elected President of Harvard University. In 1845, as above said, he was for a brief period

Secretary of State, leaving this position to enter the Senate. This seat he soon resigned, on account of ill health. Conservative by temperament, he favored a conciliatory policy on the part of the North, with the hope of averting the threatened war, and became the nominee for Vice-President of the party of compromise and conciliation, on the ticket headed by John Bell of Tennessee. But when war became inevitable, he used all his energy towards the support of the Government. He survived till near the end of the conflict, dying on January 15, 1865.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION

[The year 1826, which completed the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, was one that gave occasion for much stirring oratory, and for general celebration in honor of the thrilling days and heroic men of '76. Most famous among the patriotic addresses is that of Daniel Webster, delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument on June 17th. On July 4th, the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration, Edward Everett delivered at Cambridge, Massachusetts, a notable oration, with the Declaration for its subject. From this long and eloquent address we select some illustrative passages.]

FELLOW CITIZENS: It belongs to us, with strong propriety, to celebrate this day. The town of Cambridge, and the county of Middlesex, are filled with the vestiges of the Revolution; whithersoever we turn our eyes we behold some memento of its glorious scenes. Within the walls in which we are now assembled, was convened the first provincial congress, after its adjournment at Concord. The rural magazine at Medford reminds us of one of the earliest acts of British aggression. The march of both divisions of the royal army, on the memorable 19th of April, was through the limits of Cambridge; in the neighboring towns of Lexington and Concord the first blood of the Revolution was shed; in West Cambridge the royal convoy of provisions was, the same day, gallantly surprised by the aged citizens, who staid to protect their homes while their sons pursued the foe. Here the first American army was formed; from this place, on the 17th of June, was detached the Spartan band that immortalized the heights of Charlestown, and consecrated that day, with blood and fire, to the cause of American liberty. Beneath the venerable elm which still shades the southwestern corner of the common, General Washington first unsheathed his sword at the head of an American army, and to that seat* was wont every Sunday to repair, to join in the supplications which were made for the welfare of his country.

* The first wall pew, to the right of the pulpit of the church in which the oration was delivered.

How changed is now the scene! The foe is gone! The din and the desolation of war are passed; Science has long resumed her station in the shades of our venerable university, no longer glittering with arms; the anxious war-council is no longer in session, to offer a reward for the discovery of the best mode of making saltpetre,—an unpromising stage of hostilities when an army of twenty thousand men is in the field in front of the foe; the tall grass now waves in the trampled sally-port of some of the rural redoubts, that form a part of the simple lines of circumvallation within which a half-armed American militia held the flower of the British army blockaded: the plough has done what the English batteries could not do,—has levelled others of them with the earth; and the men, the great and good men—their warfare is over, and they have gone quietly down to the dust they redeemed from oppression.

[Speaking of the praise due to those who took part in the struggle for independence, the orator continues:]

This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Chatham, in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees and the Henries, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams, the men who spoke those words of thrilling power which raised and ruled the storm of resistance, and rang like a voice of fate across the Atlantic, are beyond the reach of our praise. To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors—such fruit as revolutions do not often bear. Others departed at an untimely hour, or nobly fell in the onset; too soon for their country, too soon for liberty, too soon for everything but their own undying fame. But all are not gone; some still survive among us; the favored, enviable men, to hail the jubilee of the independence they declared. Go back, fellow-citizens, to that day when Jefferson and Adams composed the sub-committee who reported the Declaration of Independence. Think of the mingled sensations of that proud but anxious day, compared to the joy of this. What honor, what crown, what treasure, could the world and all its kingdoms afford, compared with the honor and happiness of having been united in that commission, and living to see its most wavering hopes turned into glorious reality! Venerable men! you have outlived the dark days which followed your more than heroic deed; you have outlived your own strenuous contention, who should stand first among the people whose liberty you vindicated. You have lived to bear to each other the respect which the nation bears to you both; and each has been so happy as to exchange the honorable name of the leader of a party for that more honorable one, the Father of his Country. While this our tribute of respect, on the jubilee

JOHN MARSHALL THE JURIST AND FISHER AMES THE STATESMAN

The former was an eloquent jurist, who contributed ably to American constitutional law and the latter an eloquent statesman who advocated Independence; both names are distinguished in the annals of American Oratory and Statesmanship. Marshall was from Virginia and Ames from Massachusetts.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

In this imposing building the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States assemble. Here the most distinguished orators of the country are heard on great questions. The Supreme Court also meets here and famous lawyers speak eloquently on great legal questions.

of our independence, is paid to the gray hairs of the venerable survivor in our neighborhood,* let it not less heartily be sped to him† whose hand traced the lines of that sacred charter, which, to the end of time, has made this day illustrious. And is an empty profession of respect all that we owe to the man who can show the original draft of the declaration of the independence of the United States of America, in his own handwriting? Ought not a title-deed like this to become the acquisition of the nation? Ought it not to be laid up in the archives of the people? Ought not the price at which it is bought to be the ease and comfort of the old age of him who drew it? Ought not he who, at the age of thirty, declared the independence of his country, at the age of eighty to be secured by his country in the enjoyment of his own?‡

Nor let us forget, on the return of this eventful day, the men who when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms Yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture, in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph. But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil which it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war as well as council are seen, in Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the Mount of Remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and bid us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

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* John Adams.

† Thomas Jefferson.

‡ It is a circumstance of striking interest that Adams and Jefferson, the two men spoken of in this passage, both died on the day in which the oration was delivered, departing from life, by one of the most remarkable coincidences in history, on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the great Declaration of which they were the joint authors.

RUFUS CHOATE (1799-1858)

AMERICA'S ABLEST ADVOCATE

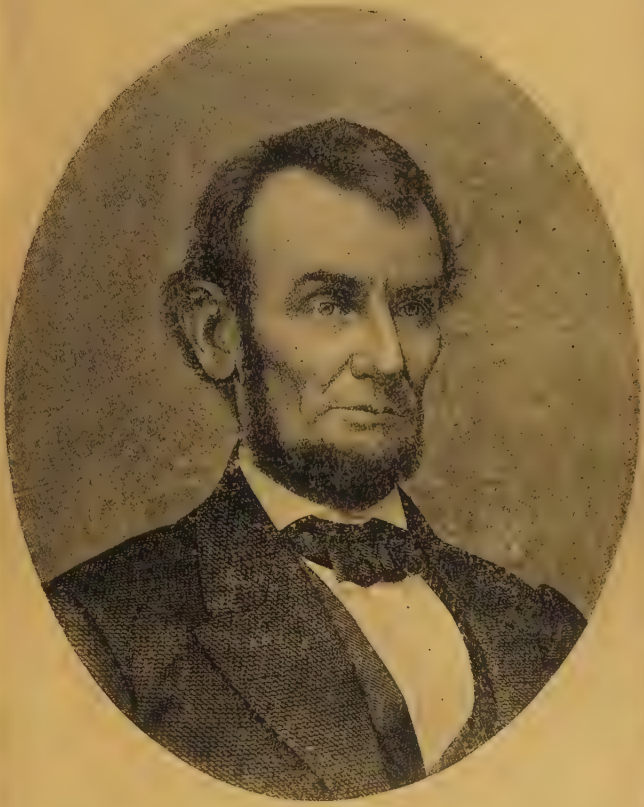
RUFUS CHOATE was not alone the great light of the bar of New England, but may fairly be given place as the most eminent legal advocate America has ever produced. His vast learning in law and literature formed but the ground-work of his illustrious career. Nature had endowed him with the requisites to the highest success in oratory. A tall and commanding person, a highly expressive countenance, a voice rich, musical and sympathetic, gestures varied and forcible, were the outward elements of a personality of which the inward were an exuberant imagination, fertile and prodigious mental resources, unusual amplitude, profuseness and brilliancy in speech, and an instinctive knowledge of the methods by which the mind can best be moved. Whether he addressed the dozen men of a jury or a thronging multitude, he had the power of controlling their minds and bending their thoughts to his will, while his gracious and winning manners and amiable character won him hosts of friends. Alike as an advocate and as a public orator he may claim place among the masters of modern eloquence.

A PANEGYRIC OF WEBSTER

[The death in 1852 of the giant of American oratory, the far-famed Daniel Webster, called forth many earnest oratorical tributes to his public and private character and his eminent statesmanship. Of these none are of more interest than the words of praise and encomium of his distinguished friend and co-laborer, Rufus Choate. This address was delivered at Dartmouth College, the *alma mater* of both Webster and Choate, on the 27th of July, 1853. We select from this fine eulogy a passage in which Webster's life-long services to his country are summed up in culminating strength in a single sentence, certainly one of the longest in the literature of our language.]

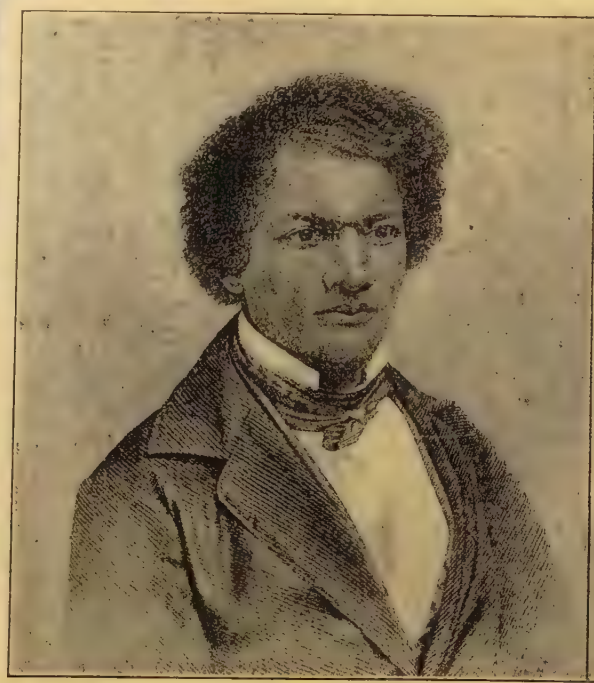
It was while Mr. Webster was ascending through the long gradations of the legal profession to its highest rank, that, by a parallel series of display on a stage, and in parts totally distinct, by other studies, thoughts and actions, he rose also to be at his death the first of American statesmen. The last of the mighty rivals was dead before, and he stood alone. Give this aspect also of his greatness a passing glance. His public life began in May, 1813, in the House of Representatives in Congress, to which this State had elected him. It ended when he died. If you except the interval between his removal from New Hampshire and his election in Massachusetts, it was a public life of forty years. By what political morality, and by what enlarged patriotism, embracing the whole country, that life was guided, I shall consider hereafter. Let me now fix your attention rather on the magnitude and variety and actual value of the service. Consider that, from the day he went upon the Committee of Foreign Relations, in 1813, in time of war, and more and more the longer he lived and the higher he rose, he was a man whose great talents and devotion to public duty placed and kept him in a position of associated or sole command; command in the political connection to which he belonged, command in opposition, command in power; and appreciate the responsibilities which that implies, what care, what prudence, what mastery of the whole ground—exacting for the conduct of a party, as Gibbon says of Fox, abilities and civil discretion equal to the conduct of an empire. Consider the work he did in that life of forty years; the range of subjects investigated and discussed—composing the whole theory and practice of our organic and administrative politics, foreign and domestic; the vast body of instructive thought he produced and put in possession of the country; how much he achieved in Congress as well as at the bar; to fix the true interpretation, as well as to impress the transcendent value of the Constitution itself, as much altogether as any jurist or statesman since its adoption; how much to establish in the general mind the great doctrine that the Government of the United States is a government proper, established by the people of the States, not a compact between sovereign communities; that within its limits it is supreme, and that whether it is within its limits or not, in any given exertion of itself, is to be determined by the Supreme Court of the United States—the ultimate arbiter in the last resort, from which there is no appeal but to revolution; how much he did in the course of the discussions which grew out of the proposed mission to Panama, and, at a later day, out of the removal of the deposits, to place the Executive Department of the Government on its true basis and under its true limitations; to secure to that department all its just powers on the one hand and, on the other hand, to

vindicate to the Legislative Department, and especially to the Senate, all that belonged to them; to arrest the tendencies which he thought at one time threatened to substitute the government of a single will, of a single person of great force of character and boundless popularity, and of a numerical majority of the people—told by the head, without intermediate institutions of any kind, judicial or senatorial—in place of the elaborate system of checks and balances, by which the Constitution aimed at a government of laws, and not of men; how much, attracting less popular attention, but scarcely less important, to complete the great work which experience had shown to be left unfinished by the Judiciary Act of 1789, by providing for the punishment of all crimes against the United States; how much for securing a safe currency and a true financial system, not only by the promulgation of sound opinions, but by good specific measures adopted, or bad ones defeated; how much to develop the vast material resources of the country, and push forward the planting of the West—not troubled by any fear of exhausting old States—by a liberal policy of public lands, by vindicating the constitutional power of Congress to make or aid in making large classes of internal improvements, and by acting on that doctrine uniformly from 1813, whenever a road was to be built, or a rapid suppressed, or a canal to be opened, or a breakwater or a lighthouse set up above or below the flow of the tide, if so far beyond the ability of a single State, or of so wide utility to commerce or labor as to rise to the rank of a work general in its influences—another tie of union because another proof of the beneficence of union; how much to protect the vast mechanical and manufacturing interests of the country, a value of many hundreds of millions—after having been lured into existence against his counsels, against his science of political economy, by a policy of artificial encouragement—from being sacrificed, and the pursuits and plans of large regions and communities broken up, and the acquired skill of the country squandered by a sudden and capricious withdrawal of the promise of the government; how much for the right performance of the most delicate and difficult of all tasks, the ordering of the foreign affairs of a nation, free, sensitive, self-conscious, recognizing, it is true, public law and a morality of the State, binding on the conscience of the State, yet aspiring to power, eminence and command, its whole frame filled full and all on fire with American feeling, sympathetic with liberty everywhere; how much for the right ordering of the foreign affairs of such a State—aiming in all its policy, from his speech on the Greek question in 1823 to his letters to M. Hulsemann in 1850, to occupy the high, plain, yet dizzy ground which separates influence from intervention, to avow and promulgate warm, good will to humanity, wherever striving to be free,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The famous "Gettysburg Speech" and the equally famous Debates with Stephen A. Douglas won for Abraham Lincoln a high rank in American Oratory.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

These two Orators, of African descent, were both born in slavery and rose to eminence by their own efforts. Frederick Douglass was the orator of Emancipation, and Booker T. Washington was the orator of Education and Civilization of the Negro Race, and the head of the Tuskeegee Institute in Alabama.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS ADDRESSING THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION, 1877

This was an historic event of the greatest importance. The Assembly included James G. Blaine, James A. Garfield and other distinguished American Orators, many of whose well-known faces are recognizable in this picture. Mr. Evarts was one of the most eminent lawyers and orators of his day.

JAMES G. BLAINE AND THOMAS B. REED

These distinguished American Orators won high place in oratory, both in and out of Congress. The former was known as the "Plumed Knight" for the popular addresses he made in campaigns for presidency, and the latter as "Czar Reed" for his method of ruling as Speaker of the House.

to inquire authentically into the history of its struggles, to take official and avowed pains to ascertain the moment when its success may be recognized, consistently, ever, with the great code that keeps the peace of the world, abstaining from everything which shall give any nation a right under the law of nations to utter one word of complaint, still less to retaliate by war—the sympathy, but also the neutrality, of Washington; how much to compose with honor a concurrence of difficulties with the first Power in the world; which anything less than the highest degree of discretion, firmness, ability, and means of commanding respect and confidence at home and abroad would inevitably have conducted to the last calamity—a disputed boundary line of many hundred miles, from St. Croix to the Rocky Mountains, which divided an exasperated and impracticable border population, enlisted the pride and affected the interests and controlled the politics of particular States, as well as pressed on the peace and honor of the nation, which the most popular administrations of the era of the quietest and best public feelings, the times of Monroe and of Jackson, could not adjust; which had grown so complicated with other topics of excitement that one false step, right or left, would have been a step down a precipice—this line settled for ever—the claim of England to search our ships for the suppression of the slave-trade silenced for ever, and a new engagement entered into by treaty, binding the national faith to contribute a specific naval force for putting an end to the great crime of man—the long practice of England to enter an American ship and impress from its crew terminated for ever; the deck henceforth guarded sacredly and completely by the flag; how much, by profound discernment, by eloquent speech, by devoted life to strengthen the ties of Union, and breathe the fine and strong spirit of nationality through all our numbers; how much most of all, last of all, after the war with Mexico—needless if his counsels had governed—had ended in so vast an acquisition of territory, in presenting to the two great antagonistic sections of our country so vast an area to enter on, so imperial a prize to contend for, and the accursed fraternal strife had begun—how much then, when, rising to the measure of a true, and difficult, and rare greatness, remembering that he had a country to save as well as a local constituency to gratify, laying all the wealth, all the hopes, of an illustrious life on the altar of a hazardous patriotism, he sought and won the more exceeding glory which now attends—which in the next age shall more conspicuously attend—his name who composes an agitated and saves a sinking land; recall this series of conduct and influence, study them carefully in their facts and results—the reading of years—and you attain to a true appreciation of this aspect of his greatness, his public character and life.

THOMAS HART BENTON (1782-1858)

"OLD BULLION"

IT was in the days of unlimited paper money, issued almost at random by every wildcat bank throughout the land, that Thomas H. Benton won his sobriquet of "Old Bullion," by his urgent advocacy of a currency of the precious metals, issued by the government alone. But perhaps Benton's most prominent claim to distinction was in the part he bore in one of the greatest parliamentary debates of modern times, that between Hayne and Webster in 1832. Benton, an advocate of the right of State opposition to laws deemed unconstitutional, though not of nullification, began his debate by an attack upon Massachusetts, an assault which precipitated the mighty contest which has been already dealt with in our sketches of Webster and Hayne. Those were the days of giants in oratory, and perhaps we should add to the names of Clay, Webster and Calhoun that of Benton, as the fourth in a great quartet. Unlike the former three, he was a strong supporter of Jackson, whom he earnestly sustained in his suppression of the United States Bank and in other radical issues.

In earlier years Benton was as decided an enemy of Jackson as he afterward became a friend. He quarrelled with him in 1812, when in command of a regiment under him. In 1813 Jackson attempted to horsewhip him at Nashville, and was severely wounded by a pistol shot fired by Benton's brother. But all this was forgiven in later years, and the former enemies became close friends.

Born in North Carolina, Benton began to practice law at Nashville in 1811, and founded a political newspaper at St. Louis in 1815. In 1820 he was elected to the Senate from Missouri, and remained a member of this body for thirty years. He was defeated in 1851, and afterward served for some years in the House of Representatives.

Benton rendered a service of the greatest value to Congress and the country by his voluminous work, entitled "A Thirty Years' View, or a History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years, from 1820 to 1850." This most excellent history of Congress was supplemented for the succeeding twenty years in a similar work by James G. Blaine, the two photographing for us a half century of Congress.

SPANNING THE CONTINENT

[In place of offering our readers a selection from Benton's Congressional speeches, we prefer to give a brief address on a different topic, an eloquent prevision of a great work that was to be realized twenty years afterward. In 1849, when this address was delivered, the railroad in this country had not reached its twentieth year of age, and the country west of the Mississippi was a vast unknown land, the home of the Indian and the buffalo. Our almost utter ignorance of it is indicated in the maps of that period, in which a mighty territory, now the home of innumerable farms, is designated as "The Great American Desert." Yet Benton's prophetic vision already saw the railroad stretching over these unsettled thousands of miles and the iron horse careening from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In this speech he suggested the building of such a road. It then seemed like the dream of a wild enthusiast, yet we all know how amply his broad conception has since then been realized.]

We live in extraordinary times, and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago the great Columbus,—the man who afterward was carried home in chains from the New World which he discovered,—this great Columbus, in the year 1492, departed from Europe to arrive in the east by going to the west. It was a sublime conception. He was in the line of success when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, stopped his progress. Now, in the nineteenth century, mechanical genius enables his great design to be fulfilled.

In the beginning and in the barbarous ages the sea was a barrier to the intercourse of nations. It separated nations. Mediæval genius invented the ship, which converted the barrier into a facility. Then land and continents became an obstruction. The two Americas intervening prevented Europe and Asia from communicating on a straight line. For three centuries and a half this obstacle has frustrated the grand design of Columbus. Now, in our day, mechanical genius has again triumphed over the obstacles of Nature and converted into a facility what had so long been an impossible obstruction. The steam car has worked upon the land among enlightened nations to a degree far transcending the miracle which the ship in barbarous ages worked upon the ocean. The land has now become a facility for the most distant communication, a conveyance being invented which annihilates both time and space. We hold the

intervening land; we hold the obstacle which stopped Columbus; we are in the line between Europe and Asia; we have it in our power to remove that obstacle; to convert it into a facility to carry him on to this land of promise and of hope with a rapidity and a safety unknown to all ocean navigation.

A king and a queen started him upon his great enterprise. It is in the hands of a republic to complete it. It is in our hands, in the hands of us, the people of the United States of the first half of the nineteenth century. Let us raise ourselves up. Let us rise to the grandeur of the occasion. Let us repeat the grand design of Columbus by putting Europe and Asia into communication, and that to our advantage, through the heart of our country. Let us give to his ships a continued course unknown to all former times. Let us make an iron road, and make it from sea to sea; States and individuals making it east of the Mississippi and the nation making it west. Let us now, in this convention, rise above everything sectional. Let us beseech the national legislature to build a great road upon the great national line which unites Europe and Asia; the line which will find on our continent the Bay of San Francisco for one end, St. Louis in the middle, and the great national metropolis and emporium at the other; and which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, the mountain itself the pedestal and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing with outstretched hand to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passengers, "There is East; there is India."

CHARLES SUMNER

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

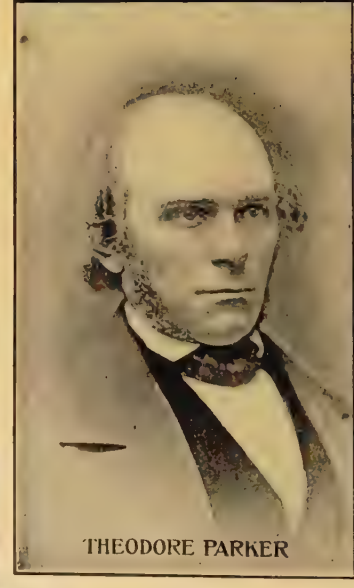
THADDEUS STEVENS

FOUR GREAT AMERICAN SENATORS

Although representing opposite sides on great questions, Sumner, Douglas, Stephens and Toombs were the foremost of American Orators and came from different sections of the United States.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ROBERT COLLYER


THEODORE PARKER

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

NOTED AMERICAN PULPIT ORATORS

Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, Theodore Parker, Edward Everett Hale, have been leaders both as orators and thinkers in the pulpit and on the lecture platform.

THOMAS CORWIN (1794-1865)

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN SPEAKER

THERE are men who need a great occasion to rouse them to a great action. Of such was Thomas Corwin, a man who, when stirred to his depths by some strong impelling cause, was capable of a fine outburst of oratory, yet who usually lacked the sustaining force to keep him long at a high level of speech and thought. He lived at a time when the gifted public speaker rose rapidly into prominence and exercised the greatest influence among his constituency. His greatest effort by far was his speech on the Mexican War, which one writer characterizes as "one of the most memorable speeches ever delivered in America," and as the basis of his reputation as an orator. Corwin, born in Kentucky in 1794, was admitted to the bar in Ohio about 1818, and soon gained celebrity as a lawyer and orator. He was elected to Congress in 1830, became Governor of Ohio in 1840, and was a United States Senator from 1845 to 1850. In 1840 he actively supported General Harrison for the Presidency by numerous speeches at mass-meetings, to which his popular style of oratory was especially adapted. In 1850 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore. His later public service was as member of Congress from 1858 to 1861, and Minister to Mexico from 1861 to 1864. He returned home to die in December, 1865.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF MEXICO

[The Mexican War was essentially a Southern measure, and was strongly opposed by many of the people of the North. One of its chief purposes was the acquirement of new territory for the extension of slavery, a purpose which was not disguised in the South. The new territory was acquired, but slavery failed to obtain a footing in it. Among those who opposed the war Corwin was one of the most ardent and earnest, and his celebrated speech of February 11, 1847, was much the ablest effort made by the opposition. From this we select his views concerning the proposed acquisition of Mexican territory.]

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills and Saratogas and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them, when those battlefields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts, had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him? Is there a river on this continent that would not have run red with blood? Is there a field but would have been piled high with unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battlefields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister Republic, and says to poor, weak Mexico, "Give up your territory, you are unworthy to possess it; I have got one-half already, and all I ask of you is to give up the other!" England might as well, in the circumstances I have described, have come and demanded of us, "Give up the Atlantic slope—give up this trifling territory from the Allegheny Mountains to the sea; it is only from Maine to St. Mary's—only about one-third of your Republic, and the least interesting portion of it." What would be the response? They would say we must give this up to John Bull. Why? "He wants room." The Senator from Michigan says he must have this. Why, my worthy Christian brother; on what principle of justice? "I want room!"

Sir, look at this pretense of want of room. With twenty millions of people, you have about one thousand millions of acres of land, inviting settlement by every conceivable argument, bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre, and allowing every man to squat where he pleases. But the Senator from Michigan says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican I would tell you, "Have you not room enough in your own country to bury your dead? If you come into mine we will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves."

Why, says the Chairman of this Committee on Foreign Relations, it is the most reasonable thing in the world! We ought to have the Bay of San Francisco! Why? Because it is the best harbor in the Pacific! It

has been my fortune, Mr. President, to have practiced a good deal in criminal courts in the course of my life, but I never yet heard a thief, arraigned for stealing a horse, plead that it was the best horse he could find in the country! We want California. What for? Why, says the Senator from Michigan, we will have it; and the Senator from South Carolina, with a very mistaken view, I think, of policy, says you can't keep our people from going there. I don't desire to prevent them. Let them go and seek their happiness in whatever country or clime it pleases them. All I ask of them is, not to require this government to protect them with that banner consecrated to war waged for principles—eternal, enduring truth. Sir, it is not meet that our old flag should throw its protecting folds over expeditions for lucre or for land. But you still say you want room for your people. This has been the plea of every robber chief from Nimrod to the present hour. I dare say, when Tamerlane descended from his throne, built of seventy thousand human skulls, and marched his ferocious battalions to further slaughter,—I dare say he said, "I want room." Bajazet was another gentleman of kindred tastes and wants with us Anglo-Saxons—he "wanted room." Alexander, too, the mighty "Macedonian madman," when he wandered with his Greeks to the plains of India, and fought a bloody battle on the very ground where recently England and the Sikhs engaged in strife for "room," was, no doubt, in quest of some California there. Many a Monterey had he to storm to get "room." Sir, he made as much of that sort of history as you ever will.

Mr. President, do you remember the last chapter in that history? It is soon read. Ah, I wish we could but understand its moral. Ammon's son (so was Alexander named) after all his victories, died drunk in Babylon! The vast empire he conquered to "get room," became the prey of the generals he had trained; it was dismembered, torn to pieces, and so ended. Sir, there is a very significant appendix; it is this: The descendants of the Greeks, Alexander's Greeks, are now governed by a descendant of Attila! Mr. President, while we are fighting for room, let us ponder deeply this appendix. I was somewhat amazed the other day to hear the Senator from Michigan declare that Europe had quite forgotten us, till these battles waked them up. I suppose the Senator feels grateful to the President for "waking up" Europe. Does the President, who is, I hope, read in civic as well as military lore, remember the saying of one who had pondered upon history long; long, too, upon man, his nature, and true destiny. Montesquieu did not think highly of this way of "waking up." "Happy," says he, "is that nation whose annals are tiresome."

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN (1787-1863)

THE EULOGIST OF HENRY CLAY

HENRY CLAY did not live without an apostle and did not die without an eulogist. Without many such, we might say, but we are concerned here with one in particular, like him a Kentucky Senator, through life his warm friend and ardent supporter, and after death his most eloquent extoller. Among the oratorical efforts of John Jordan Crittenden, his eulogy of Henry Clay is usually looked upon as the finest example of his powers, though it was by no means the only time he rose to a high level of dignified eloquence.

Crittenden, a native of Kentucky, early gained distinction as a legal advocate of unusual powers, and became so prominent in the political field that he was elected to the United States Senate at thirty years of age. He was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Harrison in 1841, and by President Fillmore in 1850, and was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1848. In 1861 he attempted to mediate between North and South, offering a series of resolutions known as the Crittenden Compromise.

THE STRONG AGAINST THE WEAK

[On the 15th of February, 1859, Mr. Crittenden made in the Senate one of his ablest and most eloquent speeches, its subject being the proposed acquisition of Cuba by the United States. It was not the first movement in that direction. President Polk had made an offer to Spain in 1848 to purchase Cuba for the sum of $1,000,000. Ten years later President Buchanan made a similar proposition to the Senate, the sum now named being $30,000,000. It led to an animated discussion, which ended in its withdrawal. One of the most earnest opponents of the scheme, and of the message of the President, in connection therewith, was Senator Crittenden. We subjoin an extract from his speech, in which he strongly assails the arbitrary methods of our government dealings with the weaker States of America.]

At the close of the great wars of Europe, when Spain solicited assistance to resubjugate her South American colonies, when their menacing reached the ears of the rulers of this country, what was done? It was

the mightiest question that had been presented to the world in this century, whether South America should be europeanized and fall under the European system of government and policy, or whether it should be americanized according to the American system of republics. What a mighty question was it! By kindness, by encouragement, by offers of unlimited kindness and protection, we won their hearts, and they fell into our system. They gave us all their sympathy; but now, where has it gone? Read the last message of the President, and consider the troubled state of our relations with these states which it depicts. There is not a state where we do not find enemies, where our citizens are free from violence, where their property is not taken from them. It seems that the persons and property of our citizens are exposed continually to daily violence in every State of South America with which we have relations. It is so, too, in Mexico and Guatemala and Costa Rica and the various States of Central America.

How has it been that this state of things has been brought about? How has it been that we have lost that mighty acquisition,—an acquisition, not of territory, but an acquisition of the hearts of men; an acquisition of the hearts of nations, ready to follow our lead, to stand by us in a common cause, to fight the world, if it were necessary? That great golden chain that bound freemen together from one end of the North to the end of the South American continent has been broken in a thousand pieces; and the message tells us the sad tale that we are everywhere treated with enmity and hostility, and that it is necessary for us to avenge it.

We are gathering up little accounts with these nations; we are making quarrels with them. They have done us some wrong; practiced some enmity against our citizens; taken some property that they ought not to have taken; and, besides, we have claims against them. From the Fiji Islands to the Spanish throne we have demands to be urged; and I think we are coming to a very summary process of collection, where no Congress is to sit to examine into the *casus belli*, but a ship of war, better than all the constables in the world, is to go around collecting, from the cannibals and others, whatever she is commissioned to say is due to us.

What peace can we have, what good-will can we have among men, if we are to depart from the noble course which governed our forefathers, who had no quarrels but those which they could make a fight out of, and ought to have made a fight out of, directly and at once, and be done with them? Do all these little clouds or specks of war that darken our horizon promise additional prosperity, or an increase of revenue to meet our debts? No, sir. If they portray anything, they portray the contrary—increased expenditures. . . . .

Here, in view of all this, we propose to let the President make war as he pleases. The Constitution says the Congress of the United States shall have the power to make war. Has anybody else the power to make war but we and the House of Representatives? Is it a little inferior jurisdiction that we can transfer and delegate to others? Did the Constitution intend that the President should exercise it? No; it gave it to us, and in the balance of powers just as much denied it to the President as it gave it to us. We subvert the whole system of our Government; the whole constitutional framework of it is a wreck if you take this most dangerous and most important of all powers and put it in the hands of the President of the United States. Can you abdicate this power which the people have given you as their trustees! You cannot do it. Does this bill do it?

To be sure, it will be observed that the right of summary redress is limited to weak States. There seems to be some saving understanding upon the part of the framers of this policy that it would not be applicable to large States. Some trouble, some resistance, might be anticipated from them; but you can safely thunder it over the heads of these poor little South American states; you can make them tremble; you can settle the accounts, and make them pay your own balances. Sir, what sort of heroism is that for your country and my country, to triumph over the small and the weak? The bill on which I am commenting does not suppose that war is to require formal debate, but proposes, whenever it shall be made to appear to the President that an American citizen, in any of these countries, has been the subject of violence or depredation in his property, to allow the President, at his *ipse dixit*, to make war. Unheard, unquestioned, at once the will of a single man is to let loose the dogs of war against these small, weak nations. It is a violation of the spirit of the Constitution; and, besides, there is a pettiness about it that does not belong to our country. Surely it was in a thoughtless moment that the President intimated the necessity of such a measure, or that it was introduced into the Senate. There is nothing in it that can stand investigation. It is not more uncongenial to the Constitution of the United States than it is, I trust, to the magnanimous character of my countrymen, that they should be willing to hunt out the little and the weak and chastise them, and let the great go free, or leave them to ordinary solemn course of proceeding, by treaty or by congressional legislation. No, sir; far better is the maxim of the old Roman—*debellare superbos*, to put down the proud.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL (1800-1864)

A KENTUCKY WIT AND ORATOR

"OLD KAINTUCK," to give the blue-grass State its vernacular appellation, can boast at least three orators of national fame belonging to the period under consideration—Henry Clay, Thomas F. Marshall, and John J. Crittenden, the last two native sons of the soil. Marshall, the one of this trio with whom we are at present concerned, was gifted with unusual fluency and command of language, equalling in this respect, in his best efforts, Henry Clay himself. He was distinguished alike for wit and oratory, and though his Congressional career was very brief--from 1841 to 1843—it was embellished by numerous speeches of remarkable brilliancy. His power of oratory made him very successful at the bar and in the political campaign field, and on his efforts in the latter his reputation as an orator largely rests. In his days the method of Congressional reporting was not of the best, and he in particular was so aggrieved by the way in which his remarks were mangled, that he rose in the House and indignantly demanded that his speeches should not be reported at all. His legal career was passed at Louisville, where for a time he served as judge of the Circuit Court, and where he died, September 22, 1864.

THE STATES AND THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT

[Of Marshall's Congressional speeches, the only one that seems to have been adequately reported was that of July 6, 1841, on a Bill to dispose of the Proceeds of Sales of Public Lands. His remarks on the relations of the States to the Central Government, and their mutual stability, are of deep interest, and stamp Marshall as an equally strong Unionist with Clay and Crittenden.]

Whence, Mr. Chairman, springs this jealousy of the Federal Government, and whither does it tend? One would imagine that it was created but to be feared and watched. It is treated as something naturally and

necessarily hostile and dangerous to the States and the people. The powers with which it is armed are considered but as so many instruments of destruction. It is represented as a great central mass, charged with poison and death, attracting everything within its sphere, and polluting or destroying everything which it attracts. It is represented as something foreign and inimical, whose constant and necessary policy it is to bow the sovereign crests of these States at the footstool of its own power by force, or to conquer and debase them into stipendiaries and vassals by bribes and corruption. Sir, while I listened to the impassioned invective of the gentleman from Virginia, I felt my mind inflaming against this mortal and monstrous foe, meditating such foul designs against public virtue and public liberty.

But the question recurred: What is this government, and who are we? Is Kentucky to be bought and sold, that she may be corrupted and enslaved? Are New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia—all—all—to be brought under the hammer and struck off—honor, independence, freedom—all at a stroke? And who the auctioneer? Who the purchaser? Their own representatives, freely chosen and entirely responsible? Nay, sir, they are doubly represented in this government, so bent upon their destruction. We come fresh from the hands of the people themselves, soon to return our account for our conduct. Those in the other end of the Capitol represent the States as sovereign. Strange violation of all natural order, that we should plot the ruin of those whose breath is our life, whose independence and safety are our glory. Whither does this jealousy tend? Are the States only safe in alienation from, and enmity to, their common head? Are we most to dread the national authority when exerted most beneficially upon State interests? Sir, what can this mean, and to what does it tend, save dismemberment? Why continue a government whose only power is for mischief; which, to be innocent, must be inert; and which, where most it seems to favor and to bless, means the more insidiously, but the more surely, to corrupt and to destroy?

I can understand why a Consolidationist, if there be such a foe to reason and to liberty, or an early Federalist, feeling an overwrought jealousy of the State sovereignties, and dreading the uniform tendency of confederated republics to dismemberment and separation, should feel unwilling to part with the power of internal improvement, and grant the revenue necessary to its exertion along with the power. I can understand why such an one, stretching his vision forward to that period when a sum approximating to the national debt of England shall have been expended in State authority, and the State governments, surrounded with

corporations of their own creation and invested in perpetuity with the revenues in future to be derived from this vast and most profitable expenditure, shall swell into populous, opulent and potent nations, the people waking up to them as the source from whence the facilities of commerce have been derived,—I can understand that such an one might apprehend that, under these circumstances, the more distant orb, the central sun, would grow dim and lose its just proportions to the planets which were destined to wheel round it. But how a States Rights man, one whose jealousies are all in the other direction, who dreads, from the centripetal tendency, the absorption of the smaller bodies and the consolidation of the system,—how such an one can see aught in this bill to threaten the power and independence of the States passes my understanding.

For my part I see no danger on either hand. I see power, independence, and ample revenues for the States; but, as they swell, the nation which they compose cannot dwindle. The resources of the National Treasury expand in exact proportion to the expansion of the population, the wealth, the commerce, and the consumption of the States. Indeed, sir, as a mere measure of national finance, as a far-sighted means of deepening the sources, the exclusive and peculiar sources, into which the States are forbidden to dip, and from whence they as governments cannot drink, I should vote for this measure. Imagine the vast wilderness turned into cultivation, eight hundred millions of acres of fertile land teeming with people, studded with cities, and intersected and connected by highways and canals; compute the consumption, if you can; imagine the revenue to be derived from it; concede, what is manifest, that, as the revenue increases, the burdens on commerce will diminish; and tell me—no, sir, you will not tell me—that the effect of this bill is to weaken the national powers or to oppress the people.

[Mr. Marshall goes on to assert that peace is the natural policy of this country, and this policy is likely to be strengthened rather than invalidated by the increase in power and wealth. He refers to the demand of Mr. Wise, of Virginia, that New York should protect itself against certain Canadian encroachments upon its territory by its own power, and continues:]

If wrong has been done, New York has surer remedy in the united and constitutional guarantee of twenty-six States than she could find in her own arm, potent as it is. The soil of New York is the soil of the United States; the citizens of New York are citizens of the United States; the right and the power, constitutional and physical, have been surrendered to this Government to settle all questions touching the safety of either, in their collision with other countries, whether by negotiation or

the sterner arbitrament of the sword. . . . . That the rights and the honor of New York are secure from violation or insult in the hands where the Constitution has placed them, I should deem it akin to treason to doubt. Her rights, her honor, her territory, are the rights, the honor, the territory of the United States. She is part of my country. She is covered by the imperial flag; overshadowed, every inch of her, by the wings of the imperial eagle; protected by his beak and talons. For these sentiments I may be permitted to answer for at least one State in the Union. Kentucky is placed securely in the centre. So long as this Government lasts, her soil is virgin and safe from the imprint of a hostile foot. Her fields—thanks to the wisdom of our ancestors, the goodness of God, and the guardian power of this imperial Republic—her fields can never be wasted by ravage, her hearths can never taste of military violation. She knows full well the source of her security, the shield of her liberties. . . .

The frontier of New York is her frontier; the Atlantic seaboard is her seaboard; and the millions expended in defending the one or the other she regards as expended for herself. A blow aimed at New York is a blow aimed at herself; an indignity or an outrage inflicted on any State in this Union is inflicted upon the whole and upon each. To submit to such were to sacrifice her independence and her freedom—to make all other blessings valueless, all other property insecure. Not all the unsettled property of the Union. in full property and jurisdiction, could bribe her to such a sacrifice.

BOOK III.

Orators of the Civil War Period

FOLLOWING the period which was so largely dominated by the slavery controversy, and was distinguished by a brilliant galaxy of Congressional and popular orators, came four years of war, the logical result of the slavery contest and the fiercest and most destructive conflict of recent times. This was followed by a decade of reconstruction, during which the warfare of opinion was as virulent in its way as had been that of the combat in the field. In all this was plentiful food for oratory. In the few years preceding the war, when the coming conflict impended over the land like a dark thunder cloud whose lightnings were for a while withheld, the voice of the orator was heard in the land, dealing strenuously with the threatening issues which were soon to burst out in devastating storm, and after the war had ended and the thunder of the cannon was hushed, new and momentous questions arose. The States which had voted themselves out of the Union, and had failed to win independence by the sword, were left in an anomalous situation. That they must eventually be restored to the Union was, in the sentiment of the American people, a foregone conclusion, but the conditions of their restoration, the principles upon which reconstruction would be based, remained to be determined. The halls of Congress again became the arena of verbal tournaments, and stirring orations upon vital subjects of political expediency were once more the order of the day. The finest orations of the period under review, however, belong to the period preceding the shock of arms rather than to that which succeeded it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865)

THE MARTYR OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE two vital periods of American history, that in which the people were struggling for independence and the formation of a stable Union, and that in which they were fighting for the preservation of this Union, were marked by two men of sublime altitude, as compared with their fellows,—Washington, the hero of the Revolution, and Lincoln, the presiding genius of the Civil War. These two men, whom future history is likely to place on pedestals equally high, and to regard with equal veneration, were men of different aspect and character. Washington was stately, dignified, a man sufficient unto himself, commanding the respect and admiration rather than the personal affection, of the people. Lincoln was simple and approachable, a man full of "the milk of human kindness," one who, while he also was respected and admired, was loved as well. In truth, no other man ever reached the topmost summit of our political structure while remaining so near to the hearts of the people as the simple-minded, great-souled, gentle-natured Abraham Lincoln, the earnest, honest, genial Father Abraham of slave and freemen alike.

Lincoln in the fullest sense began life at the bottom and climbed to the top. Where he got his genius it is not easy to say, but genius of a high and original type he possessed. He was one of those men whom the conditions of life, however adverse, could not keep down. Step by step his course was upward, until he rose from the ablest man of a neighborhood to the Republican leadership of his State, and from that to the highest position in the gift of the people of the United States.

In 1858 took place that memorable contest for the Senatorship with Douglas to which he owed the national reputation which two

years later brought him the Republican nomination for President. The versatility, the depth, the comprehensiveness of Lincoln's mind were first fully revealed in this oratorical contest, and his position as the natural leader of the anti-slavery hosts became assured. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," he said. "I believe this country cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. It will become all one thing or all the other." The march of events soon made his words good. The country went to war to make it "all the one thing or all the other," and Abraham Lincoln was selected as the banner-bearer in the great struggle. He lived to see the country all free, a consummation he did more than any other man to bring about; and then he died, a martyr in the great cause to which he devoted his life.

Abraham Lincoln had the mind of a great statesman and the powers of a great orator. His gift of expression was equalled by the lucidity of his thoughts and the majesty to which he could rise upon a fitting occasion. His Gettysburg speech is a sublime effort which will never be forgotten by his countrymen; and of his second inaugural speech it has been said: "This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart."

JOHN BROWN AND REPUBLICANISM

[Lincoln's first visit to the East was in the early months of 1860, and on the 27th of February he made a speech at Cooper's Institute, New York, which struck with surprise and filled with admiration his fellow-Republicans of that city. It may be said that but for this oratorical journey in the East he probably would never have been made President of the United States. We give a brief selection from this notable address.]

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown! John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it, or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable to not designate the man and prove the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable to assert it, and especially to persist in the assertion after you have tried and failed to make the proof. You need not be told that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true, is simply a malicious slander.

Some of you admit that no Republican designedly aided or encouraged the Harper's Ferry affair, but still insist that our doctrines and declarations necessarily lead to such results. We do not believe it. We know we hold to no doctrine, and make no declarations, which were not held to and made by our fathers, who framed the Government under which we live. You never dealt fairly by us in relation to this affair. When it occurred, some important State elections were near at hand, and you were in evident glee with the belief that, by charging the blame on us, you could get an advantage of us in those elections. The elections came, and your expectations were not quite fulfilled. Every Republican man knew that, as to himself at least, your charge was a slander, and he was not much inclined by it to cast his vote in your favor. Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference whatever with your slaves, or with you about your slaves. Surely, this does not encourage them to revolt.

True, we do, in common with our fathers, who framed the Government under which we live, declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear us declare this. For anything we say or do the slaves would scarcely know there is a Republican party. I believe they would not, in fact, generally know it but for your misrepresentations of us, in their hearing. In your political contests among yourselves each faction charges the other with sympathy with Black Republicanism, and then, to give point to the charge, defines Black Republicanism to simply be insurrection, blood and thunder among the slaves. . . . .

And how much would it avail you if you could, by the use of John Brown, Helpe's book, and the like, break up the Republican organization. Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed. There is a judgment and a feeling against slavery in this nation which cast at least a million and a half of votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and that feeling—that sentiment—by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it. You can scarcely scatter and disperse an army which has been formed into order in the face of your heaviest fire; but if you could, how much would you gain by forcing the sentiment which created it out of the peaceful channel of the ballot-box into some other channel! What would that other channel probably be? Would the number of John Browns be lessened or enlarged by the operation?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

[Never did eloquence reach a more sublime level, and never was more deep and significant thought compressed within a few sentences, than in Lincoln's world-famous remarks at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, on November 9, 1863.]

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

[On the 4th of March, 1865, Abraham Lincoln spoke his last words to the American nation. These words will remain for centuries to come a classic of American oratory, their closing words inscribed upon the hearts of our people as the true motto of the great Western Republic.]

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than at the first. Then, a statement somewhat in detail of the course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper; now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth concerning every point and place of the great contest which still absorbs attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself. It is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With a high hope for the future, no prediction in that regard is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it. All sought to avoid it. While the Inaugural Address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, the

insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war,—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiating. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let it perish, and war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part. These slaves contributed a peculiar but powerful interest. All knew the interest would somehow cause war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or duration which it has already attained; neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astonishing. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God. Each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces: but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully, for the Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offense come; but woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh."

If we shall suppose African slavery one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as was due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern that there is any departure from those divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if it be God's will that it continue until the wealth piled by bondsmen by two hundred and fifty years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS (1813-1861)

THE LITTLE GIANT

SHORT in stature but great in mental power was the man whom his admirers fitly named "The Little Giant," the diversity of his physical and his mental stature being signified in this familiar title. A man of great fluency of language and quickness of thought, Stephen A. Douglas became one of the most famous orators of the West. He may justly be classed with his country's leading men. In oratorical skill few surpassed him, and he was a prominent actor in the prologue to that great tragic drama of American history, the Civil War, though in the latter he took no part, dying in June, 1861, shortly after the armies met in actual conflict. In his famous contest with Lincoln he was on the losing side. Brilliant and specious, he lacked the deep insight of his antagonist, and weakly permitted himself to be drawn on to attempt to answer a series of subtle questions propounded by his shrewd opponent. His answer had its share in winning him the Senatorship. It proved fatal to him in his higher aspiration, that of being made President of the United States.

As an orator Douglas first gained high distinction in the canvass for President in 1840. Elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1841, he became a member of the House of Representatives in 1843 and of the Senate in 1847. His candidacy for a third term in the Senate led to the debate spoken of in the sketch of Lincoln's career. In the Senate he supported Clay's Compromise Bill of 1850, and was the author of the doctrine which became known as "Popular Sovereignty," this being that the people of each Territory should decide whether it should be admitted as a free or slave State. In 1854 he reported the bill by which the Missouri Compromise was repealed. But when war actually began Douglas ranged himself on the side of

the government, making a patriotic speech at Springfield, Illinois, on April 25, 1861. He died while the first sounds of the conflict were in the air.

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES

[It was at Freeport, Illinois, on the 17th of June, 1858, that Douglas made the effort, fatal to his hopes of the Presidency, to answer a series of questions which his far-seeing antagonist had propounded. One of these questions was whether there were lawful means by which slavery could be excluded from a Territory before its admission as a State. Lincoln's friends foresaw what Douglas would reply, and said that his answer would satisfy the legislature and insure his re-election. "I am after larger game," said Lincoln. "If Douglas so answers he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Lincoln was right. Douglas's answer enunciated a doctrine which might keep slavery out of a Territory, in spite of the Dred Scott decision. As a result, he lost the support of the Southern Democracy, the party nominated two candidates, and Lincoln was carried triumphantly into the Presidential chair, Douglas receiving only twelve electoral votes. We give the reply so far as it relates to Lincoln's more important questions.]

I am glad that I have at last brought Mr. Lincoln to the conclusion that he had better define his position on certain political questions to which I called his attention at Ottawa. He there showed no disposition, no inclination, to answer them. I did not present idle questions for him to answer merely for my gratification. I laid the foundation for those interrogatories by showing that they constituted the platform of the party whose nominee he is for the Senate. I did not presume that I had the right to catechise him as I saw proper, unless I showed that his party, or a majority of it, stood upon the platform and were in favor of the propositions upon which my questions were based. I desired simply to know, in as much as he had been nominated as the first, last, and only choice of his party, whether he concurred in the platform which that party had adopted for its government. In a few moments I will proceed to review the answers which he has given to these interrogatories; but in order to relieve his anxiety, I will first respond to these which he has presented to me. Mark you, he has not presented interrogatories which have ever received the sanction of the party with which I am acting, and hence he has no other foundation for them than his own curiosity.

[We omit the first question which related to the terms of the admission of Kansas as a State.]

The next question propounded to me by Mr. Lincoln is: Can the people of a territory in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State constitution? I answer emphatically, as Mr. Lincoln has heard me answer a hundred times from every stump in Illinois, that in

my opinion the people of a territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a State constitution. Mr. Lincoln knew that I had answered that question over and over again. He heard me argue the Nebraska Bill on that principle all over the State in 1854, in 1855, and in 1856, and he has no excuse for pretending to be in doubt as to my position on that question. It matters not what the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution; the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local legislature; and if the people are opposed to slavery, they will elect representatives to that body who will by unfriendly legislation effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its extension. Hence, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a slave Territory or a free Territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska Bill. I hope Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory on that point.

[The third question was: "If the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide that a State of this Union cannot exclude slavery from its own limits, will I submit to it? The answer to this we shall omit.]

The fourth question of Mr. Lincoln is: "Are you in favor of acquiring additional territory, in disregard as to how such acquisition may affect the Union on the slavery question?" This question is very ingeniously and cunningly put.

The black Republican creed lays it down expressly, that under no circumstances shall we acquire any more territory, under any conditions, unless slavery is first prohibited in the country. I ask Mr. Lincoln whether he is in favor of that proposition. Are you (addressing Mr. Lincoln) opposed to the acquisition of any more territory, under any circumstances, unless slavery is prohibited in it? That he does not like to answer. When I ask him whether he stands up to that article in the platform of his party he turns, Yankee fashion, and, without answering it, asks me whether I am in favor of acquiring territory without regard to how it may affect the Union on the slavery question. I answer that whenever it becomes necessary, in our growth and progress, to acquire more territory, that I am in favor of it, without reference to the question of slavery; and when we have acquired it, I will leave the people free to do as they please, either to make it slave or free Territory, as they prefer.

It is idle to tell me or you that we have territory enough. Our fathers supposed that we had enough when our territory extended to the Mississippi River, but a few years' growth and expansion satisfied them that we needed more, and the Louisiana Territory, from the west branch of the Mississippi to the British possessions, was acquired. Then we acquired Oregon, then California and New Mexico. We have enough now for the present, but this is a young and growing nation. It swarms as often as a hive of bees; and as new swarms are turned out each year, there must be hives in which they can gather and make their honey. In less than fifteen years, if the same progress that has distinguished this country for the last fifteen years continue, every foot of vacant land between this and the Pacific Ocean owned by the United States will be occupied.

Will you not continue to increase at the end of fifteen years as well as now? I tell you, increase and multiply and expand is the law of this nation's existence. You cannot limit this great Republic by mere boundary lines, saying: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." Any one of you gentlemen might as well say to a son twelve years old that he is big enough, and must not grow any larger, and in order to prevent his growth put a hoop around him to keep him to his present size. What would be the result? Either the hoop must burst and be rent asunder, or the child must die. So it would be with this great nation. With our natural increase, growing with a rapidity unknown in any other part of the globe, with the tide of emigration that is fleeing from despotism in the Old World to seek refuge in our own, there is a constant torrent pouring into this country that requires more land, more territory upon which to settle; and just as fast as our interests and our destiny require additional territory in the North, in the South, or on the islands of the ocean, I am for it, and when we acquire it, will leave the people, according to the Nebraska Bill, free to do as they please on the subject of slavery and every other question.

I trust now that Mr. Lincoln will deem himself answered on his four points. He racked his brain so much in devising these four questions that he exhausted himself, and had not strength enough to invent the others. As soon as he is able to hold a council with his advisers, Lovejoy, Farnsworth, and Fred Douglass, he will frame and propound others.

THADDEUS STEVENS (1793-1868)

THE FRIEND OF FREEDOM AND EDUCATION

THADDEUS STEVENS, a native of Vermont, but identified with Pennsylvania, made himself notable in two ways. It was his powerful advocacy of popular education in 1835 that gave Pennsylvania her common school system. And his unrelenting hostility to slavery placed him in rank with such men as Garrison, Phillips, Parker, and their fellow friends of human freedom. Nearly half his life was spent in the service of his State and country, while the slave system found in him one of its bitterest adversaries. After the end of the war he became the most prominent member of the House and a strenuous opponent of President Johnson's policy. He and Sherman were the authors of the Reconstruction Bill that was adopted by Congress, and it was he who first advocated the impeachment of the President. He was one of the managers of the impeachment trial, and died soon after its end.

FANATICISM AND LIBERTY

[Stevens did not mince language in dealing with the slavery question and its advocates. His feeling on the subject was intense, and he denounced it with burning eloquence. Those Northern statesmen who supported the Compromise of 1850, including Webster, were handled by him in the most vigorous language, as is evidenced in the following selection, taken from one of his speeches on this subject.]

Dante, by actual observation, makes hell consist of nine circles, the punishment of each increasing in intensity over the preceding. Those doomed to the first circle are much less afflicted than those of the ninth, where are tortured Lucifer and Judas Iscariot—and I trust, in the next edition, will be added, the traitors of liberty. But notwithstanding this difference in degree, all, from the very first circle to the ninth, inclusive, is hell—cruel, desolate, abhorred, horrible hell! If I might venture to make a suggestion, I would advise those reverend perverters of Scripture

to devote their subtlety to what they have probably more interest in; to ascertaining and demonstrating (perhaps an accompanying map might be useful) the exact spot and location where the most comfort may be enjoyed—the coolest corner of the lake that burns with fire and brimstone!

But not only by honorable gentlemen in this House, and right honorable gentlemen in the other, but throughout the country, the friends of liberty are reproached as "transcendentalists and fanatics." Sir, I do not understand the terms in such connection. There can be no fanatics in the cause of genuine liberty. Fanaticism is excessive zeal. There may be, and have been, fanatics in false religion—in the bloody religion of the heathen. There are fanatics in superstition. But there can be no fanatics, however warm their zeal, in true religion, even although you sell your goods, and bestow your money on the poor, and go and follow your Master. There may be—and every hour shows around me—fanatics in the cause of false liberty; that infamous liberty which justifies human bondage; that liberty whose corner-stone is slavery. But there can be no fanaticism, however high the enthusiasm, in the cause of rational, universal liberty—the liberty of the Declaration of Independence.

This is the same censure which the Egyptian tyrant cast upon those old abolitionists, Moses and Aaron, when they "agitated" for freedom, and, in obedience to the command of God, bade him let the people go.

But we are told by these pretended advocates of liberty in both branches of Congress, that those who preach freedom here and elsewhere are the slave's worst enemies; that it makes the slaveholder increase their burdens and tighten their chains; that more cruel laws are enacted since this agitation began in 1835. Sir, I am not satisfied that this is the fact. . . . .

But suppose it were true that the masters had become more severe, has it not been so with tyrants of every age? The nearer the oppressed is to freedom, and the more hopeful his struggles, the tighter the master rivets his chains. Moses and Aaron urged the emancipation of the enslaved Jews. Their master hardened his heart. Those fanatical abolitionists, guided by Heaven, agitated anew. Pharaoh increased the burden of the slaves. He required the same quantity of bricks from them without straw, as when the straw had been found them. They were seen dispersed and wandering to gather stubble to make out their task. They failed, and were beaten with stripes. Moses was their worst enemy, according to these philanthropic gentlemen. Did the Lord think so, and command him to desist lest he should injure them? No; He directed him to agitate again, and demand the abolition of slavery from the ki-

himself. That great slaveholder still hardened his heart and refused. The Lord visited him with successive plagues—lice, frogs, locusts, thick darkness—until, as the agitation grew higher, and the chains were tighter drawn, he smote the firstborn of every house in Egypt; nor did the slaveholder relax the grasp on his victims until there was wailing throughout the whole land, over one dead in every family, from the king that sat on the throne to the captive in the dungeon.

So I fear it will be in this land of wicked slavery. You have already among you what is equivalent to the lice and the locusts, that wither up every green thing where the foot of slavery treads. Beware of the final plague. And you, in the midst of slavery, who are willing to do justice to the people, take care that your works testify to the purity of your intentions, even at some cost. Take care that your door-posts are sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice, that when the destroying angel goes forth, as go forth he will, he may pass you by.

Aside from the principle of Eternal Right, I will never consent to the admission of another slave State into the Union (unless bound to do so by some constitutional compact, and I know of none such), on account of the injustice of slave representation. By the Constitution, not only the States now in the Union, but all that may hereafter be admitted, are entitled to have their slaves represented in Congress, five slaves being counted equal to three white freemen. This is unjust to the free States, unless you allow them a representation in the compound ratio of persons and property. There are twenty-five gentlemen on this floor who are virtually the representatives of slaves alone, having not one free constituent. This is an outrage on every representative principle, which supposes that representatives have constituents whose will they are bound to obey and whose interest they protect. . . . .

It is my purpose nowhere in these remarks to make personal reproaches; I entertain no ill-will towards any human being, nor any brute; that I know of, not even the skunk across the way, to which I referred. Least of all would I reproach the South. I honor her courage and fidelity. Even in a bad, a wicked cause she shows a united front. All her sons are faithful to the cause of human bondage, because it is their cause. But the North—the poor, timid, mercenary, driveling North—has no such united defenders of her cause, although it is the cause of human liberty. None of the bright lights of the nation shine upon her section. Even her own great men have turned her accusers. She is the victim of low ambition—an ambition which prefers self to country, personal aggrandizement to the high cause of human liberty. She is offered up a sacrifice to propitiate Southern tyranny; to conciliate treason.

JEFFERSON DAVIS (1808-1889)

PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

"THAT young man, gentlemen, is no ordinary man; he will make his mark yet." Such was the opinion of John Quincy Adams, after hearing Jefferson Davis make his first speech in the Senate. Make his mark he did, in two ways; first, as orator and statesman of the Slavery and State Rights party; second, as President of the Southern Confederacy during the Civil War. The soldiers of the Federal army, in their songful wish to "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," were eager to have him make his mark in a different way, and would perhaps have quickly ended his career if he had fallen into their hands.

As an orator Davis possessed much fluency and ability. In style he was simple and direct, indulging in no flights of rhetoric, but moving straight forward to his goal, with much force and energy of statement and an unadorned severity of manner.

RELATIONS OF NORTH AND SOUTH

[In 1850 Henry Clay brought before Congress his famous Compromise measure, its purpose being to settle the questions which had arisen from the acquisition of territory from Mexico. The issue was precipitated by the demand of California for admission to the Union as a free State. Clay proposed to balance the claims of the two sections. In response to the Northern demand he asked for the admission of California as a free State and the prohibition of slavery within the District of Columbia. In favor of the South he asked for a stringent law for the return of fugitive slaves. The question of the admission of slavery to New Mexico and Utah was to be left for their people to decide. This compromise was carried, and for the time being, settled the questions in dispute. Davis opposed it in terms that hinted at future secession. The following selection is from his speech of February 4, 1850, on the question of the admission of California to the Union.]

If, sir, the spirit of sectional aggrandizement, or, if gentlemen prefer, this love they bear the African race, shall cause the disunion of these States, the last chapter of our history will be a sad commentary upon

the justice and the wisdom of our people. That this Union, replete with blessings to its own citizens and diffusive of hope to the rest of mankind, should fall a victim to a selfish aggrandizement and a pseudo-philanthropy, prompting one portion of the Union to war upon the domestic rights and peace of another, would be a deep reflection on the good sense and patriotism of our day and generation.

But, sir, if this last chapter in our history shall ever be written, the reflective reader will ask, Whence proceeded this hostility of the North against the South? He will find it there recorded that the South, in opposition to her own immediate interests, engaged with the North in the unequal struggle of the Revolution. He will find again that when Northern seamen were impressed, their brethren of the South considered it cause for war, and entered warmly into the contest with the haughty power then claiming to be mistress of the seas. He will find that the South, afar off, unseen and unheard, toiling in the pursuits of agriculture, had filled the shipping, and supplied the staple for manufactures, which enriched the North. He will find that she was the great consumer of Northern fabrics; that she not only paid for these their fair value in the markets of the world, but that she also paid their increased value, derived from the imposition of revenue duties. And if, still further, he seek for the cause of this hostility, it at last is to be found in the fact that the South held the African race in bondage, being the descendants of those who were mainly purchased from the people of the North. And this was the great cause. For this the North claimed that the South should be restricted from future growth, that around her should be drawn, as it were, a sanitary cordon to prevent the extension of a moral leprosy; and if for that it shall be written that the South resisted, it would be but in keeping with every page she has added to the history of our country.

It depends on those in the majority to say whether this last chapter in our history shall be written or not. It depends on them now to decide whether the strife between the different sections shall be arrested before it has become impossible, or whether it shall proceed to a final catastrophe. I, sir—and I speak only for myself—am willing to meet any fair proposition; to settle upon anything which promises security for the future; anything which assures me of permanent peace; and I am willing to make whatever sacrifice I may be properly called on to render for that purpose. Nor, sir, is it a light responsibility. If I strictly measured my conduct by the late message of the Governor and the recent expressions of opinion in my State, I should have no power to accept any terms save the unqualified admission of the equal rights of the citizens of the South to go into any of the Territories of the United States with any and every species of property

held among us. I am willing, however, to take my share of the responsibility which the crisis of our country demands. I am willing to rely on the known love of the people I represent for the whole country and the abiding respect which I know they entertain for the Union of these States. . . . .

Mr. President, is there such an incompatibility of interest between the two sections of this country that they cannot profitably live together? Does the agriculture of the South injure the manufactures of the North? On the other hand, are they not their life-blood? And think you if one portion of the Union, however great it might be in commerce and manufactures, were separated from all the agricultural districts, that it would long maintain its supremacy? If any one so believes, let him turn to the written history of commercial states; let him look upon the moldering palaces of Venice; let him ask for the faded purple of Tyre, and visit the ruins of Carthage; there he will see written the fate of every country which rests its prosperity upon commerce and manufactures alone. United we have grown to our present dignity and power; united we may go on to a destiny which the human mind cannot measure. Separated, I feel that it requires no prophetic eye to see that the portion of the country which is now scattering the seeds of disunion to which I have referred will be that which will suffer most. Grass will grow on the pavements now worn by the constant tread of the human throng which waits on commerce, and the shipping will abandon your ports for those which now furnish the staples of trade. And we who produce the great staple upon which your commerce and manufactures rest, will produce those staples still; shipping will fill our harbors; and why may we not found the Tyre of modern commerce within our own limits? Why may we not bring the manufacturers to the side of agriculture, and commerce, too, the ready servant of both? . . . .

It is essentially the characteristic of the chivalrous that they never speculate upon the fears of any man, and I trust that no such speculation will be made upon the idea that may be entertained in any quarter that the South, from fear of her slaves, is necessarily opposed to a dissolution of this Union. She has no such fear; her slaves would be to her now, as they were in the Revolution, an element of military strength. I trust that no speculations will be made upon either the condition or the supposed weakness of the South. They will bring sad disappointments to those who indulge them. Rely upon her devotion to the Union; rely upon the feeling of fraternity she inherited and has never failed to manifest; rely upon the nationality and freedom from sedition which has in all ages characterized an agricultural people; give her justice, and the reliance will never fail you.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS (1812-1883)

THE CONFEDERATE VICE-PRESIDENT

WHEN, in the early days of 1861, the secession convention of Georgia, was considering the perilous purpose which most of its members had strongly in view, Alexander H. Stephens earnestly combatted its suicidal course. In this he was strongly sustained by another statesman of the convention, Benjamin H. Hill. But when the ordinance of secession was passed against their advice, they yielded their own opinions and went with their State, Hill becoming a Confederate Senator, and Stephens Vice-President of the Confederacy during its four eventful years. He had been a member of the National House of Representatives for sixteen years before the war, and entered this body again in 1874, serving for several terms. In 1882 he was elected Governor of Georgia. Alike as orator and statesman, Stephens was a man of unusual powers.

SEPARATE AS BILLOWS, BUT ONE AS THE SEA

[As an example of Mr. Stephens's oratory, we offer the following extract from his address of February 12, 1878, at the unveiling of Carpenter's picture illustrating the signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln. It is of interest alike for its eulogy of Lincoln, and its views on the effect of emancipation and the reunion of the country.]

I knew Mr. Lincoln well. We met in the House in December, 1847. We were together during the Thirtieth Congress. I was as intimate with him as with any other man of that Congress, except perhaps my colleague, Mr. Toombs. Of Mr. Lincoln's general character I need not speak. He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." He had a native genius far above his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." From my attachment to him, so much deeper was the

pang in my own breast, as well as of millions, at the horrible manner of his "taking off." This was the climax of our troubles, and the spring from which came unnumbered woes. But of those events, no more, now!

As to the great historic event which this picture represents, one thing should be duly noted. Let not History confuse events. It is this: that Emancipation was not the chief object of Mr. Lincoln in issuing the Proclamation. His chief object, the ideal to which his whole soul was devoted, was the preservation of the Union. Pregnant as it was with coming events, initiative as it was of ultimate emancipation, it still originated, in point of fact, more from what was deemed the necessities of war than from any purely humanitarian view of the matter. Life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us. This was evidently the case with Mr. Lincoln. He, in my opinion, was, like all the rest of us, an instrument in the hands of that Providence above us, that "divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." I doubt very much whether Mr. Lincoln, at the time, realized the great result. The Proclamation did not declare free all the colored people of the Southern States, but applied only to those parts of the country then in resistance to the Federal authorities. Mr. Lincoln's idea as embodied in his Proclamation of September 22, 1862, as well as that of January 1, 1863, was consummated by the voluntary adoption, by the South, of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. That is the charter of the colored man's freedom. Without that, the Proclamation had nothing but the continuance of the war to sustain it. Had the States, then in resistance, laid down their arms by the 1st of January, 1863, the Union would have been saved, but the condition of the slave, so called, would have been unchanged.

Before the upturning of Southern society by the Reconstruction Acts, the white people, there, came to the conclusion that their domestic institution, known as slavery, had better be abolished. It has been common to speak of the colored race as the wards of the nation. May I not say with appropriateness and due reverence, in the language of Georgia's greatest intellect, "They are rather the wards of the Almighty"? Why, in the providence of God, their ancestors were permitted to be brought over here, it is not for me to say; but they have a location and habitation here, especially at the South; and, though the changed condition of their status was the leading cause of the late terrible conflict between the States, I venture to affirm that there is not one within the circle of my acquaintance, or in the whole Southern country, who would wish to see the old relation restored.

This changed status creates new duties. Men of the North, and men of the South, of the East, and of the West, I care not of what party, I

would, to-day, on this commemorative occasion, urge upon every one within the sphere of duty and humanity, whether in public or private life, to see to it that there be no violation of the divine trust.

During the conflict of arms I frequently almost despaired of the liberties of our country, both North and South. The Union of these States, at first, I always thought was founded upon the assumption that it was the best interest of all to remain united, faithfully performing, each for itself, its own constitutional obligations under the compact. When secession was resorted to as a remedy, I went with my State, holding it my duty to do so, but believing, all the time, that if successful, when the passions of the hour and of the day were over, the great law which produced the Union at first, "mutual interest and reciprocal advantage," would reassert itself, and that at no distant day a new Union of some sort would again be formed.

And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united, as I trust it will, the States being "separate as the billows, but one as the sea"—this thorn in the body politic being now removed—I can perceive no reason why, under such a restoration—the flag no longer waving over provinces, but States—we, as a whole, with peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations and entangling alliances with none, may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the Old World, by grander achievements hereafter to be made than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our matchless system of American federal institutions of self-government.

All this is possible, if the hearts of the people be right. It is my earnest wish to see it. Fondly would I gaze upon such a picture of the future. With what rapture may we not suppose the spirits of our fathers would hail its opening scenes, from their mansions above! But if, instead of all this, sectional passions shall continue to bear sway, if prejudice shall rule the hour, if a conflict of classes, of capital and labor, or of the races, shall arise, or the embers of the late war be kept a-glowing until with new fuel they shall flame up again, then, hereafter, by some bard it may be sung:

> "The Star of Hope shone brightest in the West,
> The hope of Liberty, the last, the best;
> It, too, has set upon her darkened shore,
> And Hope and Freedom light up earth no more."

ROBERT TOOMBS (1810-1885)

THE ORATOR OF SECESSION

WHILE Phillips and Parker were vehemently denouncing slavery in the North, Robert Toombs, with equal force and equal eloquence, was advocating and sustaining it in the South and in the Senate of the United States, of which he was a member from 1853 to 1861. A man of deep political insight, he discerned the coming war at a long distance, and spoke in favor of secession from 1850 onward. The acquisition of territory from Mexico he looked upon as "a policy which threatened the ruin of the South and the subversion of this Government." In his opinion this movement pointed to conflict and would end in war. A leader in the secession movement in Georgia, he resigned from the Senate when that State left the Union, and was afterward a Confederate Secretary of War, Senator and brigadier-general.

THE CREED OF SECESSION

[As an orator Toombs was a man of remarkable readiness and fluency. His daring was as great as his eloquence was fervent. His speech, on resigning from the Senate to cast in his lot with his State, was one of the most audacious examples of oratory ever heard in that body. He fairly flung down the gauntlet of war on the floor of the Senate chamber before leaving it. We give the leading portions of this farewell speech.]

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and duties of the Federal Government. I am content, and have ever been content, to sustain it. While I doubt its perfection; while I do not believe it was a good compact; and while I never saw the day that I would have voted for it as a proposition *de novo*, yet I am bound to it by oath, and by that common prudence which would induce men to abide by established forms, rather than to rush into unknown dangers.

I have given to it, and intend to give to it, unfaltering support and allegiance; but I choose to put that allegiance on the true ground, not

on the false plea that anybody's blood was shed for it. I say that the Constitution is the whole compact. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them by declaring that the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the States, belonged to the States respectively or to the people. Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test.

The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. Even in a monarchy, the king cannot prevent the subjects from enjoying equality in the disposition of the public property. Even in a despotic government this principle is recognized. It was the blood and the money of the whole people (says the learned Grotius, and say all the publicists) which acquired the public property, and therefore it is not the property of the sovereign. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all States, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulations concerning the Territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.

But, you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By our judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then; by yours? No, not until the same time. How then try it? The South has always said, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln says he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. We decline it. You say you will enforce it by executing laws; that means your judgment of what the laws ought to be. Perhaps you will have a good time of executing your judgment. The Senator from Kentucky comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place to look for State rights. If that right belongs to independent States, and they did not cede it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the States, or to the people. Ask your new commentator where he gets your right to judge for us. Is it in the bond? . . . .

The Supreme Court have decided that, by the Constitution, we have a right to go to the Territories and be protected there with our property. You say, we cannot decide on the compact for ourselves. Well, can the Supreme Court decide it for us? Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in

his debate with the Honorable Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas). I have it before me. He says he would vote against the decision of the Supreme Court. Then you do not accept that arbiter. You will not take my construction; you will not take the Supreme Court as an arbiter; you will not take the practice of the Government; you will not take the treaties under Jefferson and Madison; you will not take the opinion of Madison upon the very question of prohibition in 1820. What, then, will you take? You will take nothing but your own judgment; that is, you will not only judge for yourselves, not only discard the Court, discard our construction, discard the practice of the Government, but you will drive us out simply because you will it. Come and do it! You have sapped the foundations of society; you have destroyed almost all hope of peace. In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone at last becomes the arbiter . . . .

You will not regard confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State a free State, to lie down and submit because political fossils raise the cry of the glorious Union? Too long already have we listened to this delusive song. We are freemen. We have rights; I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude four thousand millions of our property from the common Territories; that it has declared us under the ban of the empire, and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or armies for our own defence. All these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world, and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of Heaven itself, upon the justice of these causes. I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so noble, so holy a cause. We have appealed, time and time again, for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. Restore us these rights as we had them, as your court adjudges them to be, just as all our people have said they are; redress these flagrant wrongs, seen of all men, and it will restore fraternity, and peace, and unity to all of us. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, "Let us depart in peace." Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it; and, inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, "Liberty and equality," we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquillity.

CHARLES SUMNER (1811–1874)

WEBSTER'S FAMOUS SUCCESSOR

ON the 22d of May, 1856, took place an event which formed the legitimate climax of the long and virulent slavery contest in the Congress of the United States. On that day Preston S. Brooks, a South Carolina Representative, attacked Charles Sumner, a Massachusetts Senator, in his seat in the Senate chamber, beating him on the head with a heavy cane till he became insensible, and injuring him so seriously that it was years before he fully recovered. It was the appeal to violence; the first blow in the Civil War. It indicated that the conflict was passing the limits of debate and argument, and entering the arena of physical force. Injured as he was, Sumner was not disarmed. On his return to the Senate in 1859, his unrelenting hostility to the "peculiar institution" was again manifested in a speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery," which produced an immense effect. Sumner's career in the Senate began in 1850, when he was elected to succeed Daniel Webster, then made Secretary of State. He continued there during the remainder of his life, taking an active part in the debates during the war and the reconstruction period that followed. He was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations from 1861 to 1870, and lived to witness the triumph of the principles for which he so long and strenuously contended. Among his important services was the production of the Freedman's Bureau Bill.

Sumner holds rank with Webster and Everett, as one of the three greatest orators of New England. In oratory he was a notable representative of the academic method. Eloquence with him was not native, but acquired; the result of special study and mental cultivation. Superior to Webster in scholarship, he was not his equal in native powers of oratory, or in the art of moving men's minds. Yet

his influence in the councils of the nation was great, the more so as his honor continued unimpeachable and his moral dignity was elevated far above that of many of his Congressional associates.

THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS

[Sumner first won fame as a great orator on the 4th of July, 1835, when he delivered in Boston an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which was very widely read, attracting much attention not alone in the United States and Canada, but in Europe as well. Its purpose was the promotion of the cause of peace. We select from this fine example of his eloquence its effective deprecation of the worship of military glory and the horrors of war, and its statement of the elements of true national greatness.]

In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable. The true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice, and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honor who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tears of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honor, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim: "The world does not know its greatest men;" for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of Love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing. . . . .

Thus far mankind has worshiped in military glory an idol compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this blessed day of light, in this blessed land of freedom, are among the idolaters. The heaven-descending injunction, "Know thyself," still speaks to an ignorant world from the distant letters of gold at Delphi—know thyself; know that the moral nature is the most noble part of man; transcending far that part which is the seat of passion,

strife, and war; nobler than the intellect itself. Suppose war to be decided by force, where is the glory? Suppose it to be decided by chance, where is the glory? No; true greatness consists in imitating, as near as possible for finite man, the perfections of an Infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, justice and love—justice, which like that of St. Louis, shall not swerve to the right hand or to the left; love, which like that of William Penn, shall regard all mankind of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when anyone censures a man like himself, or praises a man of an opposite character. And the Godlike man is the good man." And again, in another of those lovely dialogues, vocal with immortal truth, "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has arrived at the highest degree of justice." The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual. It is not to be found in extent of territory, nor in vastness of population; nor in wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds: for all these are the creatures and representatives of those qualities of our nature which are unlike anything in God's nature.

Nor is the greatness of nations to be found in triumphs of intellect alone; in literature, learning, science or art. The polished Greeks, the world's masters in the delights of language, and in range of thought; and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power; were little more than splendid savages; and the age of Louis XIV., of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Moliere, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of heaven.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a state are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless, Godlike justice, which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people who are committed to its charge. . . . .

As we cast our eyes over the history of nations, we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth; so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh! let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and clasps with all-embracing arms every land, while it bears upon its heaving bosom the products of various climes; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washinton rises to a truly heavenly stature,—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton; not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown,—but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, by which her legislature, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves! And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still, the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now held in gloomy bondage, under the Constitution of our country, then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

As the cedars of Lebanon are higher than the grass of the valley; as the heavens are higher than the earth; as man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city; so are the virtues and victories of peace higher than the virtues and victories of war.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD (1801-1872)

THE WAR-TIME SECRETARY OF STATE

ON that fatal April day in 1865, when Lincoln fell victim to the bullet of an assassin, William H. Seward, his Secretary of State, then on a bed of sickness, narrowly escaped a similar fate, he being stabbed in several places, and only saved from death by the courage of the old soldier who acted as his nurse. The assassins were shrewd in selecting Seward for one of their intended victims, since in his special field of duty he was almost as important a figure in the government as Lincoln himself. Five years before, when Lincoln was first nominated for the Presidency, Seward was really the most prominent man in the party—too prominent, as it appeared, to receive the nomination in the face of the enemies he had made. Deeply disappointed as he undoubtedly was, he did not permit his private feeling to conflict with his public duty, but did his utmost to check the schemes of the conspirators in Buchanan's cabinet, and smooth the way for the new President. Chosen as Secretary of State by Lincoln, he doubtless accepted the office with the idea that he would be "the power behind the throne," and exert a controlling influence over the inexperienced Westerner. Disappointed in this again, he fell gracefully into his true vocation, that of a faithful counsellor of the President. In his sphere of duty no man could have been more efficient and his skillful handling of the Trent affair and the French occupation of Mexico, saved the country from dangerous foreign complications at a time when it needed all its energies at home. The war ended, Seward, who remained Secretary of State under Johnson, quickly cleared Mexico of the French invaders. Another great service he did and one for which he was then severely criticised, was the purchase of Alaska, whose actual value he was one of the first to perceive.

While in the Senate he took an advanced position among the opponents to slavery, a position which he firmly held throughout the troublous times that followed, despite all criticism and abuse. During this period his oratory made him a power in the Senate, while the views expressed by him formed a declaration of principles upon which all sections of anti-slavery men could agree. As regards his powers, a marked example of them was shown in 1846, when he defended a negro murderer against whom a bitter popular feeling existed, greatly endangering his popularity by his persistence in this charitable action, though he much enhanced his reputation by his treatment of this case. Mr. Gladstone said to Charles Sumner, "Mr. Seward's argument in the Freeman case is the greatest forensic effort in the English language." He would not even except Erskine in this opinion, which was certainly a highly flattering one, coming from such a source.

AMERICA'S TRUE GREATNESS

[As an example of Seward's oratory we offer the following selection, taken from one of his addresses, which is of much interest as showing his elevated conception of the mission of the United States, and of the perils which threatened the development of this mission. It was by working at the bottom, not at the top, by training the young in the exercise of public virtue, that the great Republic was to be saved and its mission accomplished.]

At present we behold only the rising of our sun of empire,—only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere; whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish, yielding no harvest, depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early, we departed at the beginning, from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution—a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government; from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion; from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way, to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer

and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy seal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression, and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified, under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the Senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions in all free countries have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there where all republican virtue begins and must end; where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled until it shall finally expire; where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humbler school, where the American citizen is trained. Instruct him there that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country Lacedæmonian heroism, but that more than Spartan valor and more than Roman magnificence is required of her. Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause; gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom, and teach them there that, although religion has many and different shrines on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit" which God will not despise, yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her sons, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to humanity.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS (1817-1895)

THE SLAVE-BORN ORATOR

AMONG those who spoke for the rights of man and the freedom of the slave in the period "before the war," there is one to whom we must accord peculiar credit; Frederick Douglass, a member of the race whose cause he advocated, born a slave himself, yet escaping from his bonds, becoming self-educated, and developing a gift for oratory that gave him a high standing in the ranks of the opponents of human slavery. He stood alone, the first and foremost American orator of his race, a fact which in itself gave him marked prominence. Yet it was not solely as a prodigy that he won reputation, for he had true power in oratory; being a man of intellect and feeling, with fine powers of expression and much self-control. His lectures against the slave system, begun about 1841, attracted wide attention, and on his visit to England in 1845 his earnest and fluent eloquence drew large audiences. He edited a newspaper, *The North Star*, at Rochester, New York, and after 1870 held several positions under the government, the last being that of Minister to Haiti, in 1889-1891.

FREE SPEECH IN BOSTON

[In 1841, when Douglass delivered at Music Hall, Boston, the speech whose closing portions we give, free-speech in certain directions was a nondescript in that famous centre of intellect and reform. Men were free to speak, if they accorded in views with the multitude, but addresses in favor of slavery abolition were tabooed, and those who indulged in them did so at imminent peril. The anti-slavery doctrine, which was to grow so immensely in the two following decades, was still in its infancy, and Boston itself was a strong seat of the pro-slavery element. In the following words Douglass scores it for its lack of liberal sentiment.]

Boston is a great city—and Music Hall has a fame almost as extensive as that of Boston. Nowhere more than here have the principles of

human freedom been expounded. But for the circumstances already mentioned, it would seem almost presumption for me to say anything here about these principles. And yet, even here, in Boston, the moral atmosphere is dark and heavy. The principles of human liberty, even if correctly apprehended, find but limited support in this hour of trial. The world moves slowly, and Boston is much like the world. We thought the principle of free speech was an accomplished fact. Here, if nowhere else, we thought the right of the people to assemble and to express their opinion was secure. Dr. Channing had defended the right, Mr. Garrison had practically asserted the right, and Theodore Parker had maintained it with steadiness and fidelity to the last.

But here we are to-day contending for what we thought was gained years ago. The mortifying and disgraceful fact stares us in the face, that though Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill Monument stand, freedom of speech is struck down. No lengthy detail of facts is needed. They are already notorious; far more so than will be wished ten years hence . . . .

No right was deemed by the fathers of the Government more sacred than the right of speech. It was in their eyes, as in the eyes of all thoughtful men, the great moral renovator of society and government. Liberty is meaningless where the right to utter one's thoughts and opinions has ceased to exist. That, of all rights, is the dread of tyrants. It is the right which they first of all strike down. They know its power. Thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers founded in injustice and wrong are sure to tremble if men are allowed to reason of righteousness, temperance, and of a judgment to come in their presence. Slavery cannot tolerate free speech. Five years of its exercise would banish the auction block and break every chain in the South. They will have none of it there, for they have the power. But shall it be so here?

Even here in Boston, and among the friends of freedom, we hear two voices; one denouncing the mob that broke up our meeting on Monday as a base and cowardly outrage; and another deprecating and regretting the holding of such a meeting, by such men, at such a time. We are told that the meeting was ill-timed, and the parties to it unwise.

Why, what is the matter with us? Are we going to palliate and excuse a palpable and flagrant outrage on the right of speech, by implying that only a particular description of persons should exercise that right? Are we, at such a time, when a great principle has been struck down, to quench the moral indignation which the deed excites by casting reflections upon those on whose persons the outrage has been committed? After all the arguments for liberty to which Boston has listened for more than a quarter of a century, has she yet to learn that the time to assert a right is

the time when the right itself is called in question, and that the men of all others to assert it are the men to whom the right has been denied?

It would be no vindication of the right of speech to prove that certain gentlemen of great distinction, eminent for their learning and ability, are allowed to freely express their opinions on all subjects—including the subject of slavery. Such a vindication would need, itself, to be vindicated. It would add insult to injury. Not even an old-fashioned abolition meeting could vindicate that right in Boston just now. There can be no right of speech where any man, however lifted up, or however humble, however young, or however old, is overawed by force, and compelled to suppress his honest sentiments.

Equally clear is the right to hear. To suppress free speech is a double wrong. It violates the rights of the hearer as well as those of the speaker. It is just as criminal to rob a man of his right to speak and hear as it would be to rob him of his money. I have no doubt that Boston will vindicate this right. But in order to do so there must be no concessions to the enemy. When a man is allowed to speak because he is rich and powerful, it aggravates the crime of denying the right to the poor and humble.

The principle must rest upon its own proper basis. And until the right is accorded to the humblest as freely as to the most exalted citizen, the government of Boston is but an empty name, and its freedom is a mockery. A man's right to speak does not depend upon where he was born or upon his color. The simple quality of manhood is the solid basis of the right—and there let it rest forever.

HENRY WINTER DAVIS (1817-1865)

A SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE

IN 1859, when Henry Winter Davis, a Baltimore Representative in Congress, voted for the Republican candidate for Speaker, he gave high offence to the Maryland legislators, who passed resolutions declaring that he had forfeited the confidence of the people. Their wrathful action failed to rouse alarm in the breast of its subject. In a speech before the House Davis disdainfully bade them to take their message back to their masters, the people, to whom alone he was responsible. The people justified his trust in them by re-electing him as their servant in Congress.

Davis was a man of much eloquence; of an intellect keen, inventive and capable of sustained effort. A Whig in politics, he joined the American Party after the demise of the Whigs, and in 1861 became an ardent Republican, earnestly loyal to the Union. In a speech in February of that year he denounced the supineness of the Buchanan administration. This stand he firmly and zealously maintained throughout the war, and after its end, in 1865, made an important and eloquent speech in Chicago in favor of Negro suffrage. He died in December of the same year.

THE PERIL OF THE REPUBLIC

[It needed no small courage for a native of a slave State, in which sympathy with the doctrine of secession was at that time strongly declared, to come out in such ardent advocacy of the preservation of the Union as Henry Winter Davis did in his notable speech of February 2, 1861. He had been opposed to forcing the issue between North and South, but no sooner was secession decreed than he took as firm a stand for the supremacy of the National Government as any member from the most extreme anti-slavery district could have done, and criticised the senile weakness of the Buchanan administration in words that must have stung like adders. We give the pith of this vigorous address.]

We are at the end of the insane revel of partisan license, which, for thirty years, has in the United States worn the mask of government. We are about to close the masquerade by the dance of death. . . . .

Within two months after a formal, peaceful, regular election of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, in which the whole body of the people of every State competed with zeal for the prize, without any new event intervening, without any new grievances alleged, without any new menaces having been made, we have seen, in the short course of one month, a small portion of the population of six States transcend the bounds at a single leap at once of the State and the National Constitutions; usurp the land; usurp the extraordinary prerogative of repealing the supreme law of the land; exclude the great mass of their fellow-citizens from the protection of the Constitution; declare themselves emancipated from the obligations which the Constitution pronounces to be supreme over them and over their laws; arrogate to themselves all the prerogatives of independent power; rescind the acts of cession of the public property; occupy the public offices; seize the fortresses of the United States confided to the faith of the people among whom they were placed; embezzle the public arms concentrated there for the defence of the United States; array thousands of men in arms against the United States; and actually wage war on the Union by besieging two of their fortresses and firing on a vessel bearing, under the flag of the United States, reinforcements and provisions to one of them.

The very boundaries of right and wrong seem obliterated when we see a cabinet minister engaged for months in deliberately changing the distribution of public arms to places in the hands of those about to resist the public authority, so as to place within their grasp means of waging war against the United States greater than they ever used against a foreign foe; and another cabinet minister—still holding his commission under the authority of the United States, still a confidential adviser of the President, still bound by his oath to support the Constitution of the United States—himself a commissioner from his own State to another of the United States for the purpose of organizing and extending another part of the same great scheme of rebellion; and the doom of the Republic seems sealed when the President, surrounded by such ministers, permits, without rebuke, the Government to be betrayed, neglects the solemn warning of the first soldier of the age till almost every fort is a prey to domestic treason, and accepts assurances of peace in his time at the expense of leaving the national honor unguarded. His message gives aid and comfort to the enemies of the Union, by avowing his inability to maintain its integrity; and, paralyzed and stupefied, he stands amid the crash of the falling

Republic, still muttering, "Not in my time, not in my time; after me the deluge!" . . . .

Mr. Speaker, we are driven to one of two alternatives; we must recognize what we have been told more than once upon this floor is an accomplished fact—the independence of the rebellious States—or we must refuse to acknowledge it, and accept all the responsibilities that attach to that refusal. Recognize them! Abandon the Gulf and coast of Mexico; surrender the forts of the United States; yield the privilege of free commerce and free intercourse; strike down the guarantees of the Constitution for our fellow-citizens in all that wide region; create a thousand miles of interior frontier to be furnished with internal custom-houses, and armed with internal forts, themselves to be a prey to the next caprice of State sovereignty; organize a vast standing army, ready at a moment's warning to resist aggression; create upon our southern boundary a perpetual foothold for foreign powers, whenever caprice, ambition, or hostility may see fit to invite the despot of France or the aggressive power of England to attack us upon our undefended frontier; sever that unity of territory which we have spent millions and labored through three generations to create and establish; pull down the flag of the United States and take a lower station among the nations of the earth; abandon the high prerogative of leading the march of freedom, the hope of struggling nationalities, the terror of frowning tyrants, the boast of the world, the light of liberty; to become the sport and prey of despots whose thrones we consolidate by our fall; to be greeted by Mexico with the salutation: "Art thou also to become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?" This is recognition!

Refuse to recognize! We must not coerce a State engaged in the peaceful process of firing into a United States vessel to prevent the reinforcement of a United States fort. We must not coerce States which, without any declaration of war, or any act of hostility of any kind, have united, as have Mississippi, Florida, and Louisiana, their joint forces to seize a public fortress. We must not coerce a State which has planted cannon upon its shores to prevent the free navigation of the Mississippi. We must not coerce a State which has robbed the United States Treasury.—This is peaceful secession!

Mr. Speaker, I do not design to quarrel with gentlemen about words. I do not wish to say one word which will exasperate the already too much inflamed state of the public mind; but I say that the Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof, must be enforced; and they who stand across the path of that enforcement must either destroy the power of the United States or it will destroy them.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS (1818–1901)

MANHATTAN'S MOST FAMOUS ADVOCATE.

IN the judicial history of the United States, the most imposing spectacle was that which took place in 1868, when President Johnson was put on trial, impeached for "high crimes and misdemeanors," the Senate of the United States sitting as the Court, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court presiding. Prominent among those who took part and chief counsel for the President, was William Maxwell Evarts, the most brilliant legal light of the New York bar, and a man of national reputation in the field of forensic eloquence. We need scarcely repeat the well-known fact that the President was acquitted, and that his advocate aided in the result through his legal acumen and deep knowledge of Constitutional law. The services of Evarts were rewarded by his appointment as Attorney-General of the United States, which he filled during the brief remainder of President Johnson's term. He subsequently served as Secretary of State under President Hayes.

A WEAK SPOT IN THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

[As a legal orator Mr. Evarts had great ability. An excellent example of his powers in this respect was his able argument for the defendant in the great impeachment trial. As evidence, we give an extract from this very fine forensic effort.]

There are in the Constitution but three barriers against the will of a majority of Congress within the terms of their authority. One is, that it requires a two-thirds vote to expel a member of either House; another, that a two-thirds vote is necessary to pass a law over the objections of the President; and another, that a two-thirds vote of the Senate, sitting as a court for the trial of impeachment, is requisite to a sentence. And now how have these two last protections of the Executive office disappeared from the Constitution in its practical working by the condition of parties that has

given to one the firm possession—by a three-fourths vote, I think, in both Houses—of the control of the action of each body of the Legislature? Reflect upon this. I do not touch upon the particular circumstance that the non-restoration of the Southern States has left your numbers in both Houses of Congress less than they might under other circumstances be. I do not calculate whether that absence diminishes or increases the disproportion that there would be. Possibly their presence might even aggravate the political majority which is thus arrayed and thus overrides practically all the calculations of the presidential protection through the guarantees of the Constitution. For what do the two-thirds provisions mean? They mean that in a free country, where elections were diffused over a vast area, no Congressman having a constituency of over seventy or eighty thousand people, it was impossible to suppose that there would not be a somewhat equal division of parties, or impossible to suppose that the excitements and zeal of party could carry all the members of it into any extravagance. I do not call them extravagances in any sense of reproach; I merely speak of them as the extreme measures that parties in politics, and under whatever motives, may be disposed to adopt.

Certainly, then, there is ground to pause and consider, before you bring to a determination this great struggle between the co-ordinate branches of the Government, this agitation and this conclusion, in a certain event, of the question whether the co-ordination of the Constitution can be preserved. Attend to these special circumstances, and determine for yourselves whether under these influences it is best to urge a contest which must operate upon the framework of the Constitution and its future, unattended by any exceptions of a peculiar nature that govern the actual situation. Ah, that is the misery of human affairs, that the stress comes and has its consequence when the system is least prepared to receive it. It is the misery that disease—casual, circumstantial—invades the frame when health is depressed and the powers of the constitution to resist it are at the lowest ebb. It is that the gale rises and sweeps the ship to destruction when there is no sea-room for it and when it is upon a lee shore. And if, concurrent with that danger to the good ship, her crew be short, if her helm be unsettled, if disorder begin to prevail, and there come to be a final struggle for the maintenance of mastery against the elements and over the only chances of safety, how wretched is the condition of that people whose fortunes are embarked in that ship of state! . . . .

The strength of every system is in its weakest part. Alas, for that rule! But when the weakest part breaks, the whole is broken. The chain lets slip the ship when the weak link breaks, and the ship founders.

The body fails when the weak function is vitally attacked. And so with every structure, social and political, the weak point is the point of danger; and the weak point of the Constitution is now before you in the maintenance of the co-ordination of the departments of the Government, and if one cannot be kept from devouring another, then the experiment of our ancestors will fail. They attempted to interpose justice. If that fails, what can endure?

We have come all at once to the great experiences and trials of a full-grown nation, all of which we thought we should escape. We never dreamed that an instructed and equal people, with freedom in every form, with a Government yielding to the touch of popular will so readily, ever would come to the trials of force against it. We never thought that the remedy to get rid of a despotic ruler, fixed by a Constitution against the will of the people, would ever bring assassination into our political experience. We never thought that political differences under an elective presidency would bring in array the departments of the Government against one another to anticipate by ten months the operation of the regular election. And yet we take them all, one after another, and we take them because we have grown to the full vigor of manhood, when the strong passions and interests that have destroyed other nations, composed of human nature like ourselves, have overthrown them. But we have met by the powers of the Constitution these great dangers—prophesied when they would arise as likely to be our doom—the distractions of civil strife, the exhaustions of powerful war, the interruption of the regularity of power through the violence of assassination. We could summon from the people a million of men and inexhaustible treasure to help the Constitution in its time of need. Can we summon now resources enough of civil prudence and of restraint of passion to carry us through this trial, so that, whatever result may follow, in whatever form, the people may feel that the Constitution has received no wound? To this court, the last and best resort for this determination, it is to be left. And oh, if you could only carry yourselves back to the spirit and the purpose and the wisdom and the courage of the framers of the Government, how safe would it be in your hands! How safe is it now in your hands, for you who have entered into their labors will see to it that the structure of your work comports in durability and excellency with theirs.

Act, then, as if, under this serene and majestic presence, your deliberations were to be conducted to their close, and the Constitution was to come out from the watchful solicitude of these great guardians of it as if from their own judgment in this High Court of Impeachment.

SCHUYLER COLFAX (1823-1885)

GRANT'S FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

AT the head of Washington's life-guards throughout the Revolutionary War was General William Colfax, the grandfather of the statesman with whom we are now concerned, and who served his country in its councils during its second great war as his soldier grandfather had done in arms during the first. Colfax's early political service was as editor of an able organ of the Whig party, the *St. Joseph Valley Register*. Born in the city of New York, he removed when young to Indiana, and for many years conducted this party journal at South Bend. He was otherwise active in party services, became a member of Congress in 1854, and continued to serve in the House until he gave up his seat to assume the duties of the Vice-President, in March, 1868. Made Speaker of the House in 1863, he was twice re-elected, his majority each time increasing. After four years' service as Vice-President under President Grant, he retired from political life. Colfax was a Republican statesman of much ability and an able orator. Of an eloquent speech made by him soon after entering Congress, on the Kansas question, five hundred thousand copies are said to have been printed and distributed.

THE CONFISCATION OF SLAVE PROPERTY

[The Civil War had not proceeded far before the question of depriving the Southerners of the property in human beings which they had made a cause of war became a subject of debate. The time was not ripe yet for emancipation, but General Butler settled the difficulty in his military district by putting them to work as "contraband of war," and on April 23, 1862, Colfax made a vigorous speech, in which he strongly advocated their confiscation as a means of reducing the power of the opponents of the Union. We append a selection from his speech.]

The engineers of this rebellion—the Catilines who sat here in the council chambers of the Republic, and who, with the oath on their lips

and in their hearts to support the Constitution of the United States, plotted treason at night, as has been shown by papers recovered in Florida, particularly the letter of Mr. Yulee, describing the midnight conclaves of these men to their confederates in the Southern States—should be punished by the severest penalties of the law, for they have added to their treason perjury, and are doubly condemned before God and man. Never, in any land, have there been men more guilty and more deserving of the extremest terrors of the law. The murderer takes but a single life, and we call him infamous. But these men wickedly and wilfully plunged a peaceful country into the horrors of a civil war, and inaugurated a régime of assassination and outrage against the Union men in their midst, hanging, plundering and imprisoning in a manner that throws into the shade the atrocities of the French Revolution. . . . . The blood of our soldiers cries out from the ground against them. Has not forbearance ceased longer to be a virtue? We were told a year ago that leniency would probably induce them to return to their allegiance and to cease this unnatural war; and what has been the result? Let the bloody battle-fields of this conflict answer.

When I return home I shall miss many a familiar face that has looked in past years with the beaming eye of friendship upon me. I shall see those who have come home with constitutions broken down by exposure and wounds and disease to linger and to die. I shall see women whom I have met Sabbath after Sabbath leaning on beloved husbands' arms, as they went to the peaceful sanctuary, clothed now in widows' weeds. I shall see orphans destitute, with no one to train their infant steps into paths of usefulness. I shall see the swelling hillock in the graveyard—where, after life's fitful fever, we shall all be gathered—betokening that there, prematurely cut off by a rifle ball aimed at the life of the Republic, a patriot soldier sleeps. I shall see desolate hearthstones and anguish and woe on every side. Those of us here who come from Indiana and Illinois know too painfully the sad scenes that will confront us amid the circles of our constituents.

Nor need we ask the cause of all this suffering, the necessity for all these sacrifices. They have been entailed on us as part of the fearful cost of saving our country from destruction. But what a mountain of guilt must rest upon those who, by their efforts to destroy the Government and the Union, have rendered these terrible sacrifices necessary.

Standing here between the living and the dead, we cannot avoid the grave and fearful responsibility devolving on us. The people will ask us when we return to their midst: "When our brave soldiers went forth to the battlefield to suffer, to bleed, and to die for their country, what did you

civilians in the Halls of Congress do to cripple the power of the rebels whom they confronted at the cannon's mouth? What legislation did you enact to punish those who are responsible, by their perjury and treason, for this suffering, desolation and death? Did you levy heavy taxes upon us and our property to pay the expenses of a war into which we were unwillingly forced, and allow the men who are the guilty and reckless authors of it to go comparatively free? Did you leave the slaves of these rebels to plant, and sow and reap, to till their farms, and thus support their masters and the armies of treason, while they, thus strengthened, met us in the field? Did you require the patriots of the loyal States to give up business, property, home, health, life and all for the country, and yet hesitate about using the law-making power of the Republic to subject traitors to the penalties as to property and possesions which their crimes deserve? I would feel as if worthy of the severest condemnation for life if I did not mete out to those who are the cause of all this woe and anguish and death, by the side of which all the vast expenses of the war dwindle into insignificance, the sternest penalties of the law, while they still remain in arms in their parricidal endeavor to blot this country from the map of the world.

Why do we hesitate? These men have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. They do not hesitate in punishing Union men within their power. They confiscate their property, and have for a year past, without any of the compunctions that trouble us here. They imprison John M. Botts for silently retaining a lingering love for the Union in his desolate home. They hang Union men in east Tennessee for bridge-burning, refusing them even the sympathy of a chaplain to console their dying hours. They persecute Brownlow because, faithful among the faithless, he refused, almost alone, in his outspoken heroism, to bow the knee to the Baal of their worship. Let us follow his counsel by stripping the leaders of this conspiracy of their possessions and outlawing them hereafter from the high places of honor and of trust they have heretofore enjoyed.

JAMES A. GARFIELD (1831-1881)

THE MARTYR TO CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

FOR nearly three months during the summer and early fall of 1881 the people of the United States waited in an agony of sympathetic grief and apprehension, as the life of the head of the nation slowly ebbed away in pain. Patiently the exalted sufferer awaited the end, and with the deepest sorrow the citizens of the country vibrated between hope and despair. On the 2d of July he had been laid low by the bullet of an insensate assassin in Washington. On the 19th of September came the sad day that ended his career, within touch of the fresh sea breezes at Elberon, on the New Jersey coast, where the deep bass of the breaking waves sounded the requiem of his brave soul.

It is rare that a great stress in national events passes away without its martyr; and too often it is the greatest and best of the nation that falls as a sacrifice to the Moloch of passion and revenge. So it was in 1865, when Lincoln fell as the last victim to the terrible mental strain of the Civil War. And so it was in 1881, when Garfield fell a similar victim to the passions aroused by the struggle for Civil Service Reform. Taking the Presidential chair in March of that year, his evident purpose of making this reform a ruling policy of his administration, and the controversy which, in consequence, arose between him and the Senators from New York, gave rise to a highly excited feeling among the partisans of the old system, office-giving Congressmen and office-seeking political workers alike. The fatal result of this excitement came on July 2d, when a worthless office-seeker, half-crazed by disappointment, shot the President in the railroad station at Washington, inflicting what proved to be a fatal wound. Such is one of the fatalities of revolutionary movements.

Garfield began life as a poor boy, even working for a time as a driver on the tow-path of a canal. But by innate energy he made his way through college and to the position of a college professor and State Senator. He served in the war, becoming a major-general. The remainder of his life was passed as a Congressman, in which he won great influence as an orator and statesman, becoming speaker of the House in 1877, Senator in 1880, and President in the same year.

THE EVIL SPIRIT OF DISLOYALTY

[A man of kindly nature and destitute of malice, Garfield was still strongly emotional, and under sufficient provocation could be aroused to severe denunciation. Such was the case on the 8th of March, 1864, when he rose to reply to a motion of Alexander Long, a Representative from his own State, proposing to negotiate for peace with the Southern Confederacy. We give the more pithy portions of this speech.]

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I should be obliged to you if you would direct the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring a white flag and plant it in the aisle between myself and my colleague (Alexander Long, of Ohio), who has just addressed you.

I recollect on one occasion, when two great armies stood face to face, that under a white flag just planted I approached a company of men dressed in the uniform of the rebel Confederacy, and reached out my hand to one of the number and told him I respected him as a brave man. Though he wore the emblems of disloyalty and treason, still underneath his vestments I beheld a brave and honest soul. I would reproduce that scene here this afternoon. I say, were there such a flag of truce—but God forgive me if I should do it under any other circumstances. . . . .

Now, when hundreds of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag, and when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us, when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it back into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to let fall the lightning of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold and proposes to surrender us all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever, to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State!—it comes from a citizen of the honored and loyal Commonwealth of Ohio. . . . .

But, sir, I will forget States. We have something greater than States and State pride to talk of here to-day. All personal and State feeling aside, I ask you what is the proposition which the enemy of his country has just made? What is it? For the first time in the history of this contest, it is proposed in this hall to give up the struggle, to abandon the war, and let treason run riot through the land! I will, if I can, dismiss feeling from my heart, and try to consider only what bears upon that logic of the speech to which we have just listened.

First of all, the gentleman tells us that the right of secession is a constitutional right. I do not propose to enter into the argument. I have expressed myself hitherto on State sovereignty and State rights, of which this proposition of his is the legitimate child.

But the gentleman takes higher ground,—and in that I agree with him,—namely, that five million or eight million people possess the right of revolution. Grant it; we agree there. If fifty-nine men can make a revolution successful, they have the right of revolution. If one State wishes to break its connection with the Federal Government, and does it by force, maintaining itself, it is an independent State. If the eleven Southern States are determined and resolved to leave the Union, to secede, to revolutionize, and can maintain that revolution by force, they have the revolutionary right to do so. Grant it. I stand on that platform with the gentleman.

And now the question comes: Is it our constitutional duty to let them do it? That is the question, and in order to reach it I beg to call your attention, not to an argument, but to the condition of affairs that would result from such action—the mere statement of which becomes the strongest possible argument. What does this gentleman propose? Where will he draw the line of division? If the rebels carry into successful secession what they desire to carry; if their revolution envelop as many States as they intend it shall envelop; if they draw the line where Isham G. Harris, the rebel governor of Tennessee, in the rebel camp near our lines, told Mr. Vallandigham they would draw it,—along the line of the Ohio and of the Potomac; if they make good their statement to him that they will never consent to any other line, then I ask what is this thing that the gentleman proposes to do?

He proposes to leave to the United States a territory reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and one hundred miles wide in the centre! From Wellsville, on the Ohio River, to Cleveland, on the Lakes, is one hundred miles. I ask you, Mr. Chairman, if there be a man here so insane as to propose that the American people will allow their magnificent national proportions to be shorn to so deformed a shape as this?

I tell you, and I confess it here, that while I hope to have something of human courage, I have not enough to contemplate such a result. I am not brave enough to go to the brink of the precipice of successful secession and look down into its damned abyss. If my vision were keen enough to pierce it to the bottom, I would not dare to look. If there be a man here who dares contemplate such a scene, I look upon him either as the bravest of the sons of woman, or as a downright madman. Secession to gain peace! Secession is the tocsin of eternal war. There can be no end to such a war as will be inaugurated if this thing be done.

Suppose the policy of the gentleman were adopted to-day. Let the order go forth; sound the "recall" on your bugles, and let it ring from Texas to the far Atlantic, and tell the armies to come back. Call the victorious legions to come back over the battlefields of blood, forever now disgraced. Call them back over the territory which they have conquered. Call them back, and let the minions of secession chase them with derision and jeers as they come. And then tell them that that man across the aisle, from the free State of Ohio, gave birth to the monstrous proposition!

Mr. Chairman, if such a word should be sent forth through the armies of the Union, the wave of terrible vengeance that would sweep back over this land would never find a parallel in the records of history. Almost in the moment of final victory the "recall" is sounded by a craven person not deserving freedom! We ought every man to be made a slave, should we sanction such a sentiment.

I said a little while ago that I accepted the proposition of the gentleman that the rebels had the right of revolution; and the decisive issue between us and the rebellion is, whether they shall revolutionize and destroy, or we shall subdue and preserve. We take the latter ground. We take the common weapons of war to meet them; and, if these be not sufficient, I would take any element which will overwhelm and destroy; I would sacrifice the dearest and best beloved; I would take all the old sanctions of law and the Constitution, and fling them to the winds, if neccessary, rather than let the nations be broken in pieces, and its people destroyed with endless ruin.

JAMES G. BLAINE (1830-1893)

THE "PLUMED KNIGHT" OF POLITICS

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S ringing words, spoken before the Republican National Convention of 1876, when he rose to present the name of James G. Blaine as a candidate for the Presidency, have never been surpassed for effectiveness on such an occasion. Blaine had been bitterly assailed by his political foes, and had routed them in a speech of striking vigor. It was to this defense that Ingersoll alluded when he electrified the convention with the following words: "Like an armed warrior, like a Plumed Knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon he field of battle."

Yet Blaine failed to receive the nomination. A sunstroke which prostrated him, and of which his enemies took advantage to spread their falsehoods, turned the current of votes away from him. Again in 1880, he was defeated as a candidate. He was triumphantly nominated in 1884, but every one knows of the ludicrous incident which then made Cleveland President, and robbed Blaine of his well-fought-for honors. The result of the election turned upon the vote of the State of New York, and there the Rev. Dr. Burchard's fatal alliteration of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" turned enough of the Irish Catholic vote from Blaine to give Cleveland the 1000 majority that carried him into the Presidential chair. Rarely has so insignificant an incident had so momentous a result.

As an orator Blaine had finely marked ability, and as a statesman his influence was unsurpassed during his career. Depew says of him,

HENRY CABOT LODGE THE POLITICAL ORATOR

This picture shows Henry Cabot Lodge delivering one of his most eloquent addresses at a National Convention. At the right of the picture are seen Ex-President Roosevelt and the late Senator Platt of New York. Mr. Lodge was a well-known author and statesman, a man of great powers and influence.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN POLITICAL AND AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS

Carl Schurz, John B. Gordon, Joseph Choate, William J. Bryan, George F. Hoar, Henry W. Watterson Chauncey M. Depew, Albert J. Beveridge, John W. Daniel and Joseph B. Foraker will be recognized if you read from the left of this picture in the order named.

"He will stand in our history as the ablest parliamentarian and most skillful debater of our congressional history. . . . No man during his active career has disputed with him his hold upon the popular imagination and his leadership of his party."

A EULOGY OF GARFIELD

In February, 1882, Blaine delivered, in the hall of the House of Representatives, a pathetic eulogy on the martyred Garfield. Never was there a more distinguished audience. It included the President and his Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, the foreign Ministers, and great numbers of distinguished men and women. The touching words in which he bore tribute to his dead friend held spellbound the crowded audience, and as he spoke that sublimely beautiful passage with which the oration closed, the solemn hush which fell upon the great assembly deepened the impression felt by every one present, that he had listened to one of the noblest of oratorical efforts.]

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly, happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which we drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that, after four months of trial, his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had safely passed; that troubles lay behind him, and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his *alma mater* to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his onward progress, from the day that he entered upon his college course until he had obtained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its

hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment, in which stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell; what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy young sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart, the eager, rejoicing power to meet demands. And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took his leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

BOOK IV.

Recent Political Orators

WITH the passing of the Civil War and the period of reconstruction of the Union that followed, there vanished a prolific source of fervent oratory in the United States. Since then, indeed, the country has not been without its events calling for argument and breeding controversy, but these have been of minor importance as compared with the all-controlling excitement of the slavery conflict and the reconstruction debate. There have been active party controversies, on such perennial subjects of public interest as the tariff, the greenback currency, free silver, the Philippine question, and other topics on which opinion differed; but none of these have a threat of war or revolution behind them, and the stir of thought or vigor of expression to which they gave rise, was slight compared with that in which the dissolution of the Union was involved. There have been no lack of orators in the recent period, many of them eloquent, some of them full of force and fervor. But it is not easy to make a hot fire without coals, and a vehement burst of oratory on an inconsequential subject is apt to yield more smoke than flame. The speeches upon which we shall draw, therefore, in the present section, are largely of the academic character; many of them fine efforts, displaying cultured thought and eloquent powers of expression, yet none of them based on such national exigencies as gave inspiration to the words of a Henry or a Webster.

JOHN W. DANIEL (1842-1910)

A VIRGINIA ORATOR AND STATESMAN

ONCE a private in Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and forty years later a United States Senator, with the reputation of being one of the most eloquent men in the Upper House of Congress, we herewith present John Warwick Daniel to our readers. Born at Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1842, and a boy at school when the Civil War began, he lost no time in closing his books and taking his musket, finding ready entrance into Jackson's famous brigade. Beginning as a private, he left the army as a major, with several wounds to his credit, and again resorted to his books at the University of Virginia, making the law his study. His powers as an orator and activity as a politician soon led him to the Virginia legislature, in which he sat from 1869 to 1881. He here won a high reputation as an orator and statesman, and was made the Democratic nominee for Governor. Beaten in this contest, he was sent to Congress in 1884, and in 1885 succeeded General Mahone in the United States Senate. In this body he was one of the leaders among the Democratic members.

DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

[Loftiest among the architectural erections in the world stands the great monument to the "Father of his Country," on an elevated situation in the National Capital. Of obelisk shape, and towering 555 feet in the air, it dominates the landscape for miles around. Projected early in the century, its completion and dedication came in 1885. We quote here from the eloquent oration made by Mr. Daniel in the hall of the House of Representatives, February 21, 1885, in honor of the important event, his glowing panegyric of Washington's work and character.]

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of

his country and its institutions, the history of his age and its progress, the history of man and his destiny to be free. But, whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the leader or ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men, that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example. We look with amazement on such eccentric characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon, but when Washington's face rises before us, instinctively mankind exclaims: "This is the man for nations to trust and reverence, and for rulers to follow."

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror.

Peace he welcomed as a heaven-sent herald of friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated; for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood, and proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him. Fascinated by the perfection of the man, we are loath to break the mirror of admiration into the fragments of analysis. But lo! as we attempt it, every fragment becomes the miniature of such sublimity and beauty that the destructive hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no Veiled Prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us, a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech, the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which charity must fling its veil, no taint of selfishness from which purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mold; and the difficulty, if such there be, in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance; the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior—in calm, grave and resolute repose—ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because he did not reflect that no great heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The Commander of Armies, the Chief of a People, the Hope of Nations could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children, thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its undertones. . . . .

When Marathon had been fought and Greece kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor, but all agreed that Miltiades was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature of which time holds record was thus happily concluded in the monument of their preservation, whoever else was second unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of the empire in the first degree of greatness; whom liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great Republic of Humanity.

BENJAMIN HARVEY HILL (1823-1882)

A BRILLIANT LAWYER AND ORATOR

WHEN, in 1861, the advocates of secession grew active in their efforts to drag Georgia out of the Union of the States, chief among those who stood firm for the old flag, and fought secession boldly in the convention, as at once a wrong and a blunder, was Benjamin Harvey Hill, one of the most brilliant legal advocates in the State. In this he was sustained by Alexander H. Stephens, the subsequent vice-president of the Confederacy. Hill followed Stephens in support of the measure after it had been carried, and spent the four years of the war at Richmond, as a member of the Confederate Senate. The war ended, he was among those fully ready to accept the new conditions, and in 1873 entered the United States Senate as a member from the *reconstructed* State of Georgia. He remained there until his death, well sustaining his reputation for eloquence and statesmanlike ability.

A PLEA FOR UNION

[As Hill had opposed secession and the disruption of the Union for the preservation of African slavery in the Georgia Convention, he expressed himself to the same effect in a noble speech made before the United States Senate on May 10, 1879. A more eloquent appeal for the stability of the American Union has never been made. Before this great good, in his opinion, the system of African slavery was not worthy of a moment's consideration. We select the most eloquent portion of this address.]

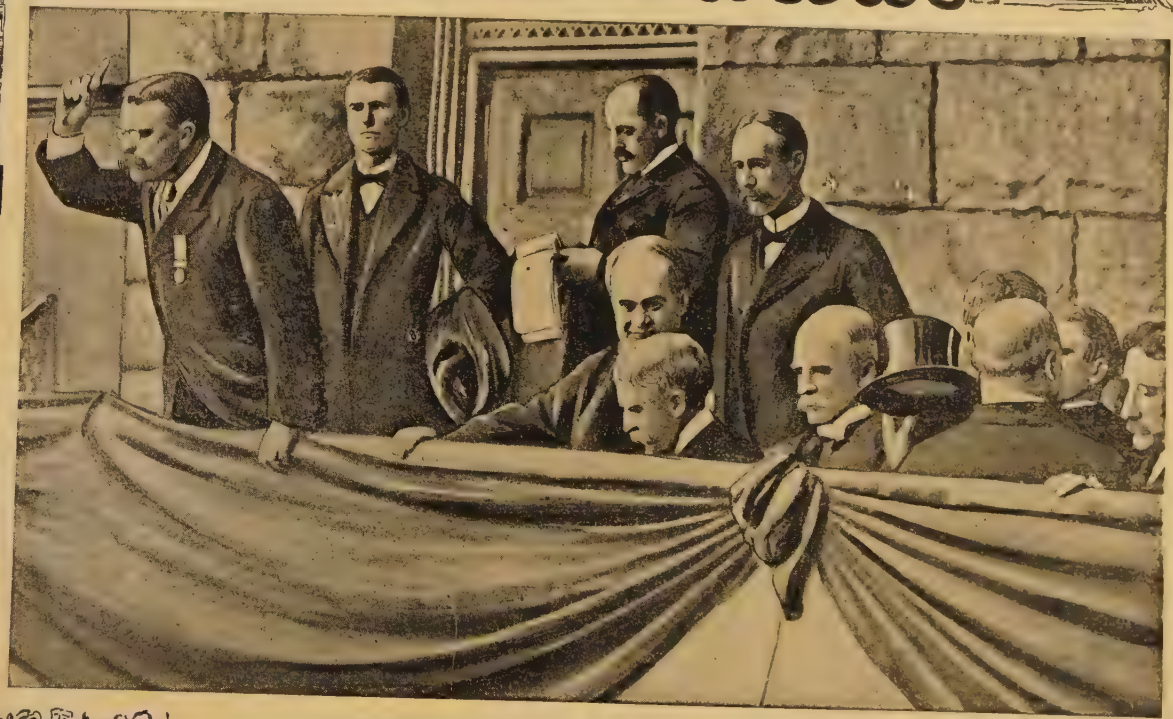
The Southern people did not secede from hostility to the Constitution, nor from any desire to be rid of the system of government under which they had lived.

The highest evidence is what is given you in the very act of secession, when they pledged themselves to form a new union upon the model of the old. The very night when I was writing that letter and the serenading bands were in the streets, I wrote to my friends: "We will be able to effect a new Union upon the model of the old," and we did form

a constitution which varied not one whit in principle from the one under which we had lived.

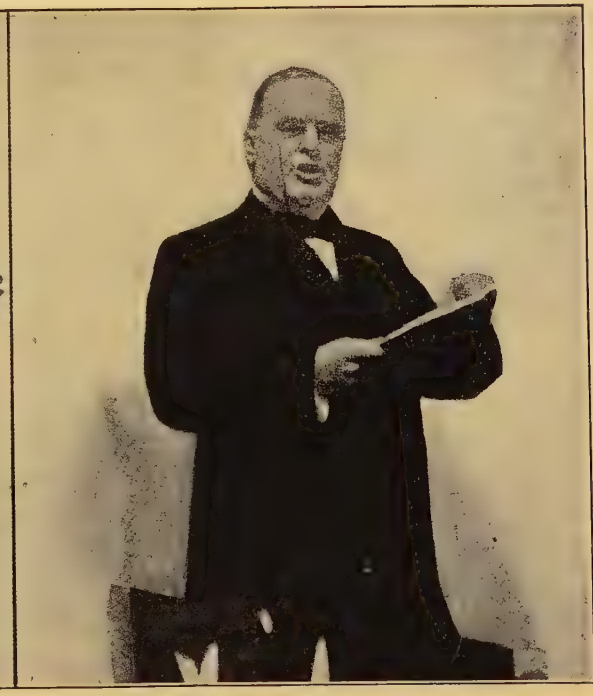
No, sir; the South seceded because there was a war made upon what she believed to be her constitutional rights by the extreme men of the North. Those extreme men of the North were gaining absolute power in the Federal Government as the machinery by which to destroy Southern property. Then the Northern people said—a large number of the leaders and the Republican party said—that if secession was desired to be accomplished, it should be accomplished in peace. Mr. Greeley said that they wanted no Union pinned together by bayonets. Here is the condition in which the South was placed; they believed the Northern extremists would use the machinery of the Government to their injury; the people of the South believed that they would protect their property by forming a new Union in the South precisely upon the basis of the old. They believed they could do it in peace; and I say here that there were thousands upon thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of the best men of the South, who believed that the only way to avoid a war was to secede. They believed the Northern conscience wanted to get rid of the responsibility for slavery; they believed they had a right to protect their slave property, and they thought they would accommodate the Northern conscience by leaving the Union and preserving that property. They believed they could do it in peace; and if they had believed that a war would result, they never would have seceded.

Mr. President, I know I have detained the Senate long. I was born a slaveholder. That was a decree of my country's laws, not my own. I never bought a slave save at his own request; and of that I am not ashamed. I was never unkind to a slave, and all that I ever owned will bear cheerful testimony to that fact. I would never deprive a human being, of any race, or color, or condition, of his right to the equal protection of the laws; and no colored man who knows me believes I would. Of all forms of cowardice, that is the meanest which would oppress the helpless, or wrong the defenseless; but I had the courage to face secession in its maddest hour and say I would not give the American Union for African slavery, and that if slavery dared strike the Union, slavery would perish. Slavery did perish, and now in this high council of the greatest of nations, I face the leaders of State destruction and declare that this ark of our political covenant, this constitutional casket of our Confederate nation, encasing as it does more of human liberty and human security and human hope than any government ever formed by man, I would not break for the whole African race. And cursed, thrice cursed forever, is the man who would!



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS A POPLUAR SPEAKER

This picture shows the Ex-President delivering an address to a popular audience in Philadelphia at the Dedication of the Boys' High School. His addresses are always thoughtful and rich in forceful utterances. He is one of the most cultured and polished speakers of all who have occupied the presidential chair.



TWO DISTINGUISHED POLITICAL ORATORS SPEAKING

William J. Bryan and the martyred President William McKinley are held in high esteem by the American public as the most eloquent advocates on opposite sides of the greatest political questions in recent years. Their style of oratory is unlike but each has been popular and has commanded respect of friend and opponent alike.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR (1825-1893)

AN ELOQUENT SON OF THE SOUTH

A NATIVE of Georgia, and a lawyer of Mississippi, Lucius Lamar represented the latter State in Congress during the exciting period from 1856 to 1860, when vehement eloquence had abundant opportunity for its display. Casting his fortunes with the South, he served during the war as a Confederate officer and a commissioner to Russia. The war ended, for six years he was a professor in the University of Mississippi, leaving it to enter the United States Congress in 1872. Four years later he was elected to the Senate, remaining there till 1885, when he became Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland. In 1888 he was made a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. During his term in Congress that body had no more eloquent and effective speaker.

SUMNER AND THE SOUTH

[While maintaining that the South had committed no moral or legal wrong in its attempted secession, Lamar was earnest in his desire to heal the wounds of feeling remaining from the war. In his graceful eulogy of Charles Sumner, after the death of the latter in 1874, he dealt with moving eloquence upon the need of burying sectional strife and forming a union in heart as well as in hand. We append this effective appeal.]

It was certainly a gracious act on the part of Charles Sumner toward the South, though unhappily it jarred on the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internal struggle which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. The proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But while it touched the heart and elicited her profound gratitude,

her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollection of the battles fought and the victories won in defence of their hopeless cause; and respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak, not of Northern prowess or Southern courage, but of the heroism, courage and fortitude of the Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between those two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if not, ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common Government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart, as we are indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, while honoring the memory of this great champion of liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and heavenly charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one—one not merely in political organization; one not merely in community of language, and literature, and traditions, and country; but more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have scrutinized your sentiments, as expressed not merely in

public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these my Southern friends, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates to dismiss.

The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood as well as her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity. Yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph and elevated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions towards her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if under some mysterious spell, her words and acts are words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead, whom we lament to-day, could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord, in tones which would reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory. My countrymen! know one another and you will love one another.

GEORGE F. HOAR (1826-1904)

THE ELOQUENT ADVOCATE OF ANTI-IMPERIALISM

THE war between the United States and Spain, and the new territorial acquisitions of the United States to which it led, brought this country face to face with fresh governmental problems, some of which were very difficult to solve. This was especially the case with the Philippine acquisition, our new island group in the Pacific, with its varied and restless inhabitants, many of them unmanageable from a noble cause, that of the desire for independence. In this they found many sympathizers in the United States, who accused the Republican party leaders of a tendency to imperialism in their endeavor to subject the Filipino insurrectionists. Prominent among these was Senator George F. Hoar, who from his seat in the Senate and on the lecture platform earnestly advocated the rights of the "under dog" in this Asiatic fight. Hoar was long acknowledged as a man of fine statesmanship and of unimpeachable integrity, his high moral character giving weight to all his utterances.

THE ORDINANCE OF 1787

[As a good example of Senator Hoar's oratory we offer an extract from his address at Marietta, Ohio, in 1888, during the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Buckeye State, of which Marietta was the pioneer town. Many readers, indeed, may ask what was the Ordinance "that is here placed on an equality with the Declaration of Independence." In answer it may be stated that this celebrated ordinance was that establishing the Northwestern Territory,—north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi,—its significant feature being the declaration that slavery should be forever excluded from that Territory. It was this decree which Senator Hoar had in mind when he stated that the two declarations in question "devote the nation to Equality, Education, Religion, and Liberty."]

We are not here to celebrate an accident. What occurred here was premeditated, designed, foreseen. If there be in the universe a Power which ordains the course of history, we cannot fail to see in the settlement

of Ohio an occasion when the human will was working in harmony with its own. The events move onward to a dramatic completeness. Rufus Putnam lived to see the little colony, for whose protection against the savage he had built what he described as "the strongest fortification in the United States," grow to nearly a million of people, and become one of the most powerful States of the confederacy. The men who came here had earned the right to the enjoyment of liberty and peace, and they enjoyed the liberty and peace they had earned. The men who had helped win the war of the Revolution did not leave the churches and schools of New England to tread over again the thorny path from barbarism to civilization, or from despotism to self-government. When the appointed time had come, and

> "God uncovered the land
> That He hid, of old time, in the West,
> As the sculptor uncovers the statue
> When he has wrought his best,"—

then, and not till then, the man, also, was at hand.

It is one of the most fortunate circumstances of our history that the vote in the Continental Congress was substantially unanimous. Without the accompaniment of the Ordinance, the Constitution of the United States itself would have lost half its value. It was fitting that the whole country should share in the honor of that act which, in a later generation, was to determine the fate of the whole country.

We would not forget, to-day, the brave men and noble women who represented Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, in the band of pioneers. Among them were Parsons, and Meigs, and Varnum, and Greene, and Devol, and True, and Barker, and the Gilmans. Connecticut made, a little later, her own special contribution to the settlement of Ohio. Both Virginia and Massachusetts have the right to claim, and to receive, a peculiar share of the honor which belongs to this occasion. They may well clasp each other's hands anew, as they survey the glory of their work. The two States, the two oldest of the sisterhood, —the State which framed the first written Constitution, and the State whose founders framed the compact on the Mayflower; the State which produced Washington, and the State which summoned him to his high command; the State whose son drafted the Declaration of Independence, and the State which furnished its leading advocate on the floor; the mother of John Marshall, and the mother of the President who appointed him; the State which gave the General, and the State which furnished the largest number of soldiers to the Revolution; the State which gave the territory of the Northwest, and the State which gave its first settler

—may well delight to remember that they share between them the honor of the authorship of the Ordinance of 1787. When the reunited country shall erect its monument at Marietta, let it bear on one side the names of the founders of Ohio, on the other side the names of Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, and Carrington and Grayson, side by side with those of Nathan Dane and Rufus King and Manasseh Cutler, beneath the supreme name of Washington. Representatives of Virginia and Massachusetts, themselves in some sense representatives of the two sections of the country which so lately stood against each other in arms, they will bear witness that the estrangements of four years have not obliterated the common and tender memories of two centuries.

Forever honored be Marietta, as another Plymouth! The Ordinance belongs with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. It is one of the three title-deeds of American constitutional liberty. As the American youth, for uncounted centuries, shall visit the capital of his country,—strongest, richest, freest, happiest of the nations of the earth,—from the stormy coast of New England, from the luxurious regions of the Gulf, from the prairie and the plain, from the Golden Gate, from far Alaska,—he will admire the evidences of its grandeur and the monuments of its historic glory. He will find there rich libraries and vast museums, which show the product of that matchless inventive genius of America which has multiplied a thousand-fold the wealth and comfort of human life. He will see the simple and modest portal through which the great line of the Republic's chief magistrates have passed, at the call of their country, to assume an honor surpassing that of emperors and kings, and through which they have returned, in obedience to her laws, to take their place again as equals in the ranks of their fellow-citizens. He will stand by the matchless obelisk which, loftiest of human structures, is itself but the imperfect type of the loftiest of human characters. He will gaze upon the marble splendors of the Capitol, in whose chambers are enacted the statutes under which the people of a continent dwell together in peace, and the judgments are rendered which keep the forces of States and nation, alike, within their appointed bounds. He will look upon the records of great wars and the statues of great commanders. But, if he know his country's history, and consider wisely the sources of her glory, there is nothing in all these which will so stir his heart as two fading and time-soiled papers whose characters were traced by the hand of the fathers one hundred years ago.

They are the original records of the Acts which devoted this nation, forever, to Equality, to Education, to Religion, and to Liberty. One is the Declaration of Independence, the other is the Ordinance of 1787.

JOHN J. INGALLS (1833-1900)

THE FERVID UPHOLDER OF AMERICAN PRINCIPLES

NEVER had our country faced a more serious and difficult problem than that which arose before it after the close of the Civil War, when the question of reconstruction of the subject States, and their restoration to their old place in the National Union, demanded a solution. For four years Congress wrestled vigorously, almost desperately, with this problem, the difficulty being tenfold enhanced by the deadlock which existed between the President and the legislative bodies. In the country as in Congress a great diversity of opinion existed, some favoring an unpledged return of the seceded States, others being far more severe in their demands. Among the latter was John James Ingalls of Kansas, who was so bitter in his views of reconstruction, that he was denounced for "shaking the bloody shirt." Yet by nature he was genial and sympathetic, characteristics which are strongly indicated in the selection which we append. A fluent orator and an able debater, he became a State Senator of Kansas in 1861, and in 1873 was elected to the United States Senate, in which he sat for three successive terms. From 1887 to 1891 he officiated as president *pro tempore* of the Senate.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

[Few eulogies in the halls of Congress have been abler and more suggestive than that which Senator Ingalls pronounced upon his late associate, Benjamin H. Hill, in the Senate chamber, January 25, 1883. Its opening reference to "the undiscovered country," is especially beautiful. The oration has won fame as a noble example of eloquence.]

Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country. Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches

between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another form, whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in another senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer,—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

Every man is the centre of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality is a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Of all the dead whose obsequies we have paused to solemnize in this Chamber, I recall no one whose untimely fate seems so lamentable and yet so rich in prophecy as that of Senator Hill. He had reached the meridian of his years. He stood upon the high plateau of middle life, in that serene atmosphere where temptation no longer assails, where the clamorous passions no more distract, and where the conditions are most favorable for noble and enduring achievement. His upward path had been through stormy adversity and contention such as infrequently falls to the lot of men. Though not without the tendency to meditation, reverie, and introspection which accompanies genius, his temperament was palestric. He was competitive and unpeaceful. He was born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually pugnacious and combative, so that he was impelled to defend any position that might be assailed or to attack any position that might be intrenched, not because the defence or the assault was essential, but because the positions were maintained and that those who held them became by that fact alone his adversaries. This tendency of his nature made his orbit erratic. He was meteoric rather than planetary, and flashed with irregular splendor rather than shone with steady and penetrating rays. His advocacy of any cause was fearless to the verge of temerity. He appeared to be indifferent to applause or censure

for their own sake. He accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached, without inquiring whether they were politic or expedient.

To such a spirit partisanship was unavoidable, but with Senator Hill it did not degenerate into bigotry. He was capable of broad generosity, and extended to his opponents the same unreserved candor which he demanded for himself. His oratory was impetuous and devoid of artifice. He was not a posturer or phrasemonger. He was too intense, too earnest, to employ the cheap and paltry decorations of discourse. He never reconnoitered a hostile position, nor approached it by stealthy parallels. He could not lay siege to an enemy, nor beleaguer him; nor open trenches, and sap and mine. His method was the charge and the onset. He was the Murat of senatorial debate. Not many men of this generation have been better equipped for parliamentary warfare than he, with his commanding presence, his sinewy diction, his confidence, and imperturbable self-control.

But in the maturity of his powers and his fame, with unmeasured opportunities for achievement apparently before him, with great designs unaccomplished, surrounded by the proud and affectionate solicitude of a great constituency, the pallid messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart. There are few scenes in history more tragic than that protracted combat with death. No man had greater inducements to live. But in the long struggle against the inexorable advance of an insidious and mortal malady, he did not falter nor repine. He retreated with the aspect of a victor; and though he succumbed, he seemed to conquer. His sun went down at noon, but it sank among the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn.

With more than a hero's courage, with more than a martyr's fortitude, he waited the approach of the inevitable hour and went to the undiscovered country.

SAMUEL S. COX (1824-1889)

AN ORATOR OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, popularly known as "Sunset Cox," was a man of duplex mind, being at once instinct with the spirit of fun and capable of the deepest intensity of utterance and feeling. Those from whose lips wit flows easily, in whose thoughts humor shines like winter sunbeams, are apt to find it difficult to win a reputation for gravity and earnestness, yet Cox, while he could at will send ripples of laughter through an audience, could, when occasion demanded, be as elevated in tone as any of his fellow-Congressmen. He was able, alike as a speaker and a writer. His Congressional career is depicted in his "Eight Years in Congress," and his varied travels in "The Buckeye Abroad," "Search for Winter Sunbeams," and various other works. Through most of these tales of travel a vein of genial humor runs.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

[Mr. Cox's masterpiece of oratory was given in the peroration of a speech delivered before the House on the 3rd of July, 1879. The subject of it is plainly enough indicated in its language. It dealt with the aftermath of the exciting period of Reconstruction, that era of "test oaths and other reminiscences of our sad and bloody strife," inciters to bitter passions, which the speaker so eloquently contrasts with the spirit of the teachings of Christ.]

I hope it may not be presuming to say, Mr. Speaker, that I have been something of a traveler, and have been upon many mountains of our star. I would that my observations had been better utilized for duty. I have been upon the Atlas, whose giant shoulders were fabled to uphold the globe. I have learned from there, that even to Northern Africa the Goths brought their fueros or bills of right, with their arms, from the cold forests of the North to the sunny plains and rugged mountains of that old granary of the Roman world. I have been amid the Alps, where the spirit of Tell

and liberty is always tempered with mercy, and whose mountains are a monument through a thousand of years of Republican generosity. I have been among the Sierras of Spain, where the patriot Riego—whose hymn is the Marseillaise of the Peninsula—was hunted after he had saved constitutional liberty and favored amnesty to all,—the noblest example of patriotism since the days of Brutus.

From the seven hills of Rome, down through the corridors of time, comes the story which Cicero relates from Thucydides; that a brazen monument was erected by the Thebans to celebrate their victory over the Lacedæmonians, but it was regarded as a memento of civil discord, and the trophy was abolished, because it was not fitting that any record ahould remain of the conflict between Greek and Greek. From the same throne of ancient power come the words which command only commemoration of foreign conquests and not of domestic calamities; and that Rome, with her imperial grace, believed that it was wisest to erect a bridge of gold, that civil insurgents should pass back to their allegiance. From the Acropolis at Athens, there is the story of the herald at the Olympic games, who announced the clemency of Rome to the conquered, who had long been subjected to the privations and calamities imposed by the conqueror. The historian says that the Greeks, when the herald announced such unexpected deliverance, wept for joy at the grace which had been bestowed.

All these are but subordinate lights around the central light, which came from the mountain whence the great sermon was spoken. Its name is unknown; its locality has no geography. All we know is that it was "set apart."

The mountains of our Scriptures are full of inspiration for our guidance. Their teachings may well be carried into our political ethics. But it was not from Ararat, which lifted its head first above the flood and received the dove with its olive branch; not from Sinai, which looks proudly upon three nations and almost three countries and overlooks our kind with its great moral code; not from Horeb, where Jehovah with his fearful hand covered his face that man might not look upon his brightness; not from Tabor, where the great transformation was enacted; not from Pisgah, where Moses made his farewell to the people he had delivered and led so long; not from Carmel, where the prayer of Elijah was answered in fire; not from Lebanon, whose cedars were the beauty of earth; not from the Mount of Olives, which saw the agony of the Saviour; not from Calvary, at whose great tragedy nature shuddered and the heavens were covered with gloom; not from one or all of these secular or sacred mountains that our best teaching for duty comes. It comes

from that nameless mountain, set apart, because from it emanated the great and benignant truths of Him who spake as never man spake. Here is the sublime teaching:

"Ye have heard in the aforetime, that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The spirit of this teaching has no hospitality for test oaths, and asks no compensation for grace. Along with this teaching and to the same good are the teachings of history, patriotism, chivalry, and even economic selfishness. Yet these teachers are often blind guides to duty. They are but mole-hills compared with the lofty mountain whose spiritual grandeur brings peace, order and civilization!

When these principles obtain in our hearts, then our legislation will conform to them. When they do obtain their hold in these halls, there will arise a brilliant day-star for America. When they do obtain recognition, we may hail a new advent of that Prince of Peace, whose other advent was chanted by the angelic choir!

In conclusion, sir, let me say that, in comparison with this celestial code, by which we should live and die, how little seem all the contests here about armies, appropriations, riders and coercion, which so exasperate and threaten! Let our legislation be inspired by the lofty thought from that Judean mountain, and God will care for us. In our imperfections here as legislators let us look aloft, and then His greatness will flow around our incompleteness, and round our restlessness, His rest!" Then, measures which make for forgiveness, tranquillity and love, like the abolition of hateful oaths and other reminders of our sad and bloody strife, will rise in supernal dignity above the party passions of the day; and that party which vindicates right against might, freedom against force, popular will against Federal power, rest against unrest, and God's goodness and mercy around and above all, in that sign, conquer.

To those in our midst who have the spirit of violence, hate, and unforgiveness, and who delight in pains, penalties, test oaths, bayonets and force, and who would not replace these instruments of turbulence with love, gentleness and forgiveness, my only curse upon such is, that God Almighty, in His abundant and infinite mercy, may forgive them, for "they know not what they do."

CARL SCHURZ (1829-1906)

THE ABLE ADVOCATE OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

MORE than half a century has passed since the European Revolution of 1848, which spread throughout the continent, and ended with the exile of many of its ablest and most progressive sons. Prominent among those from Germany who sought the land of liberty beyond the seas was Carl Schurz, who came to the United States in 1852, finding a new home in Wisconsin. In this country he became free to express his progressive sentiments, and also was very active in political labors. His career here began in 1856, with speeches in German in favor of Fremont. In 1860, having learned English, he canvassed several States for the election of Lincoln, and won a high reputation as an orator. He was rewarded by being appointed Minister to Spain, and in 1862 he entered the army as brigadier-general, and fought through two years of the war. Removing to St. Louis in 1868, Missouri sent him to the United States Senate, and under President Hayes he served in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. As a public speaker Mr. Schurz was plain and direct in style, not given to ornamental language, yet strong and effective. He was an able writer, his "Life of Henry Clay" in especial being regarded as a classic of its kind. He also wrote a "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

AMNESTY FOR THE CONQUERED

[The orations of Carl Schurz cover a wide range of time and subjects. Old as he has grown to-day, he preserves his fluency as a speaker. In selecting from his many speeches, however, we go back to that period after the war, when the question of amnesty for the South was before Congress, and give Schurz's eloquent and humane views upon this subject. The contrast which he pictures between the conditions of the two sections is animated and striking, and his plea for mercy to the subjected one of the most forcible that could be made.]

Sir, I have to say a few words about an accusation which has been brought against those who speak in favor of universal amnesty. It is the accusation resorted to, in default of more solid argument, that those who advise amnesty, especially universal amnesty, do so because they have fallen in love with the rebels. No, sir, it is not merely for the rebels I plead. We are asked, Shall the rebellion go entirely unpunished? No, sir, it shall not. Neither do I think that the rebellion has gone entirely unpunished. I ask you, had the rebels nothing to lose but their lives and their offices? Look at it. There was a proud and arrogant aristocracy, planting their feet on the necks of the laboring people, and pretending to be the born rulers of this great republic. They looked down, not only upon their slaves, but also upon the people of the North, with the haughty contempt of self-asserting superiority. When their pretentions to rule us all were first successfully disputed, they resolved to destroy this republic, and to build up on the corner-stone of slavery an empire of their own, in which they could hold absolute sway. They made the attempt with the most overwhelmingly confident expectation of certain victory. Then came the Civil War, and after four years of struggle their whole power and pride lay shivered to atoms at our feet, their sons dead by tens of thousands on the battlefields of this country, their fields and their homes devastated, their fortunes destroyed; and, more than that, the whole social system in which they had their being, with their hopes and pride, utterly wiped out; slavery forever abolished, and the slaves themselves created a political power before which they had to bow their heads; and they, broken, ruined, helpless, and hopeless in the dust before those upon whom they had so haughtily looked down as their vassals and inferiors. Sir, can it be said that the rebellion has gone entirely unpunished?

You may object that the loyal people, too, were subjected to terrible sufferings; that their sons, too, were slaughtered by tens of thousands; that the mourning of countless widows and orphans is still darkening our land; that we are groaning under terrible burdens which the rebellion has loaded upon us; and that, therefore, part of the punishment has fallen upon the innocent. And it is certainly true.

But look at the difference. We issued from this great conflict as conquerors; upon the graves of our slain we could lay the wreath of victory; our widows and orphans, while mourning the loss of their dearest, still remember with proud exultation that the blood of their husbands and fathers was not spilled in vain; that it flowed for the greatest and holiest and at the same time the most victorious of causes; and when our people labor in the sweat of their brow to pay the debt which the rebellion has loaded upon us, they do it with the proud consciousness that the heavy

price they have paid is infinitely overbalanced by the value of the results they have gained; slavery abolished; the great American Republic purified of her foulest stain; the American people no longer a people of masters and slaves, but a people of equal citizens; the most dangerous element of disturbance and disintegration wiped out from among us, this country put upon the course of harmonious development, greater, more beautiful, mightier than ever in its self-conscious power. And thus, whatever losses, whatever sacrifices, whatever sufferings we may have endured, they appear before us in a blaze of glory.

But how do the Southern people stand there? All they have sacrificed, all they have lost, all the blood they have spilled, all the desolation of their homes, all the distress that stares them in the face, all the wreck and ruin they see around them—all for nothing, all for a wicked folly, all for a disastrous infatuation; the very graves of their slain nothing but monuments of a shadowy delusion; all their former hopes vanished forever; and the very magniloquence which some of their leaders are still indulging in, nothing but a mocking illustration of their utter discomfiture! Ah, sir, if ever human efforts broke down in irretrievable disaster, if ever human pride was humiliated to the dust, if ever human hopes were turned into despair, there you behold them.

WILLIAM McKINLEY (1843-1901)

THE ELOQUENT EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN TARIFF

IN 1865 Abraham Lincoln, forty days after his second inauguration as President of the United States, fell the victim of an assassin's bullet. In 1881, James A. Garfield, four months after his first inauguration as President, met with a similar fate. In 1901, William McKinley, six months after his second inauguration, also fell before the fatal bullet of the assassin. It is a singular fact that the United States, the home of liberty, should have suffered in this way more severely than any of the homes of monarchy beyond the seas. In the case of McKinley there was far less incitement to the murderous act than in those of Lincoln and Garfield, whose violent deaths were due to the passions excited by war and reform. But McKinley fell in a time of peace and great prosperity, with scarcely a personal enemy in the whole great republic, and when present at a celebration typical of the vast advance of civilization in America. He fell the victim of a horde of insensate assassins, without home or country, and with no creed but that of death to rulers, whether they be the autocrats of empires or the elected executives of republics. Virtue and benevolence are no safeguards against such hands, and men supreme in honor and goodness have no better security than those superior only in vice and oppression.

William McKinley was a native of Ohio, a regiment of which State he entered as a private in the Civil War, rising in rank to the grade of brevet major by the end of the war. Taking afterward an active part in Republican politics, he was elected to Congress, where he became noted as a leading advocate of protective tariff. His efforts led to the high tariff bill of 1890, which is known by his name. He was subsequently Governor of Ohio, and was nominated and elected

President of the United States in 1896, and again in 1900, the Spanish-American War and the Philippine insurrection making his administration a notably exciting one. The fatal deed which closed his career took place during a visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., death coming to him on September 14, 1901, a week after the anarchist's deadly act.

THE AGENCIES OF MODERN PROSPERITY

[On September 5, 1901, the day before his fatal wound was received, President McKinley delivered before an assembled multitude at the Buffalo Exposition an address which attracted attention throughout the nation, alike from the fact that it was his final one, and that it suggested the growing need of a change in the tariff policy which he had for many years upheld. In view of these facts we give here the salient points of this significant and interesting address.]

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and new prices to win their favor.

The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves, or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But, though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. . . . .

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as

never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time, and with more ease, than was ever dreamed of by the fathers.

Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined.

The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the Government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans, with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now! . . . .

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And, as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstanding and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, the noblest form for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community, and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security

of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country.

Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlet for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us, or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service.

New lines of steamers have already been put into commission between the Pacific Coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports.

One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. . . . .

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in accord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE (1862 ——)

THE BRILLIANT INDIANA ORATOR

AMONG the younger men who have attained the honor of membership in the United States Senate may be named Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, whose elevation to a seat in that distinguished body was a suitable reward for his brilliant oratorical powers and statesmanlike abilities. Like so many of our leading legislators, Mr. Beveridge was essentially a self-made man. Born on an Ohio farm, he obtained an education by working his way through DePauw University, for which laudable purpose he took up the honorable calling of a book-agent. His adopted profession was that of the law, in which he became an advocate in many important cases in the courts of Indiana. While still a boy, he had shown himself a ready and eloquent speaker in college contests, and he now employed his skill in oratory in the field of Republican politics, winning so high a position in his party as to be elected to the Senate from Indiana for the term beginning March, 1899. In the summer of 1899, Mr. Beveridge visited Eastern Asia, where he made a thorough study of the relations of the Russians and Chinese in Manchuria, his observations leading to a series of illuminating letters which throw new light upon the position and purposes of Russia in Asia.

EULOGY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

[At the meeting of the National League of Republican Clubs, held at Chicago in October, 1902, Senator Beveridge made a brief but telling speech, than which we can offer no more characteristic example of his style of oratory. Its occasion gave the cue to its character, which is that of an ardent eulogy of the Republican party, of whose principles Mr. Beveridge is an earnest advocate.]

Young blood is Republican blood. It is the blood that believes and builds; the blood of faith and hope and deeds. That is why there is no

political home for Young Americans except in the Republican party. Young Americans are believers in the Republic's future. They do not think that all the great work has been done.

Last year the Superintendent of a great railway system that enters Chicago—himself a penniless, friendless boy who started as a freight handler at 50 cents a day, and who is now only 50 years of age—told me that among the 10,000 men under him he was searching for an Assistant Superintendent equal to the work required. Said he: "The question is not, Shall I take Brown or Jones or Smith? The question is, Where is the man?" And that is the question which industry and politics and religion and all the world has asked since the dawn of history, and never asked so earnestly as to-day. "Where is the man?" asks modern society. And the Republican party would have you say: "I am he by virtue of my good right hand! I am he by virtue of days of toil and nights of study!" Democracy would have you say in answer: "I am not he, and he does not live. You ask too much. You ask for equipment; I offer you complaint. You ask industry; I offer you words."

Greater America and Republicanism; little America and Democracy. It is no new story. In the history of every expanding race, its advance has been opposed within itself. In England there were and are little Englanders who saw ruin in every forward march of the British Empire that circles the world with civilization. In Russia there were little Russians who resisted the instinct of expansion and held in check for half a century the flight of the Russian eagles. In Germany there were little Germans who fought the consolidation of the German people. Where are all of them now? History has effaced their names from the chronicles of time, as nature destroys all trace of resistance to her fecund and productive forces. So shall it be in America, and the children's children of those who now declare that imperialism is our death, and not our life, will refuse to admit that their fathers advocated such a doctrine; and they will refuse successfully, because the world will have forgotten the names of those who at the beginning of the twentieth century resisted the Republic's world advance.

You cannot name the men who fought Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana; they are forgotten. You cannot name the men who declared that the seizure of Texas and California was the Republic's doom; they are forgotten. You cannot name the men who declaimed against the folly of taking Alaska; they are forgotten. Yet, when Jefferson's works shall have grown dim, his capture for the Republic of the vast territory which is now the Republic's heart will be his immortal monument. When Seward's irrepressible conflict shall have become a curious phrase, his

acquisition of Alaska will be his justification. When William McKinley's name remains but a beautiful memory, and his internal counsels shall have lost their interest under changing conditions, the empire of the Pacific and the Gulf which his statesmanship gave us will lift larger and larger as one of the few mountain peaks of permanent and world-wide American statesmanship.

THE REPUBLIC NEVER RETREATS

[We add, from a recent speech of Senator Beveridge, an eloquent tribute of praise to the great American Republic.]

The Republic never retreats. Why should it retreat? The Republic is the highest form of civilization, and civilization must advance. The Republic's young men are the most virile and unwasted of the world, and they pant for enterprise worthy of their power. The Republic's preparation has been the self-discipline of a century, and that preparedness has found its task. The Republic's opportunity is as noble as its stength, and that opportunity is here. The Republic's duty is as sacred as its opportunity is real, and Americans never desert their duty.

The Republic could not retreat if it would; whatever its destiny it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of the movement of a race—the most masterful race of history—and race movements are not to be stayed by the hand of man. They are mighty answers to Divine commands. Their leaders are not only statesmen of peoples—they are prophets of God. The inherent tendencies of a race are its highest law. They precede and survive all statutes, all constitutions. The first question real statesmanship asks is: What are the abiding characteristics of my people? From that basis all reasoning may be natural and true. From any other basis all reasoning must be artificial and false.

The sovereign tendencies of our race are organization and government. We govern so well that we govern ourselves. We organize by instinct. Under the flag of England our race builds an empire out of the ends of earth. In Australia it is to-day erecting a nation out of fragments. In America it wove out of segregated settlements that complex and wonderful organization, called the American Republic. Everywhere it builds. Everywhere it governs. Everywhere it administers order and law. Everywhere it is the spirit of regulated liberty. Everywhere it obeys that voice not to be denied which bids us strive and rest not, makes of us our brother's keeper and appoints us steward under God of the civilization of the world.

Organization means growth. Government means administration. When Washington pleaded with the States to organize into a consolidated people, he was the advocate of perpetual growth. When Abraham Lincoln argued for the indivisibility of the Republic he became the prophet of the

Greater Republic. And when they did both, they were but the interpreters of the tendencies of the race. . . . .

What of England? England's immortal glory is not Agincourt or Waterloo. It is not her merchandise or commerce. It is Australia, New Zealand and Africa reclaimed. It is India redeemed. It is Egypt, mummy of the nations, touched into modern life. England's imperishable renown is in English science throttling the plague in Calcutta. English law administering order in Bombay. English energy planting an industrial civilization from Cairo to the Cape, and English discipline creating soldiers, men and finally citizens, perhaps, even out of the fellaheen of the dead land of the Pharaohs. And yet the liberties of Englishmen were never so secure as now. And that which is England's undying fame has also been her infinite profit, so sure is duty golden in the end.

And what of America? With the twentieth century the real task and true life of the Republic begins. And we are prepared. We have learned restraint from a hundred years of self-control. We are instructed by the experience of others. We are advised and inspired by present example. And our work awaits us.

The dominant notes in American history have thus far been self-government and internal improvement. But these were not ends only, they were means also. They were modes of preparation. The dominant notes in American life henceforth will be not only self-government and internal development, but also administration and world improvement. It is the arduous but splendid mission of our race. It is ours to govern in the name of civilized liberty. It is ours to administer order and law in the name of human progress. It is ours to chasten that we may be kind, it is ours to cleanse that we may save, it is ours to build that free institutions may finally enter and abide. It is ours to bear the torch of Christianity where midnight has reigned a thousand years. It is ours to reinforce that thin red line which constitutes the outposts of civilization all around the world.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE (1832 –)

THE DISTINGUISHED BEARER OF A FAMOUS NAME

RUFUS CHOATE, the greatest of American legal orators, has a close rival for his fame in a second of his name, Joseph H. Choate, like him a native of New England, though New York City has been the scene of his triumphs at the bar. Hailing from Salem, Massachusetts, for many years he played a leading part in important cases in the courts of New York, where his standing as a faithful citizen made him one of the Committee of Seventy that broke up the infamous Tweed Ring. His deep learning in Constitutional law raised him, in 1894, to the responsible position of President of the New York State Constitutional Convention, and in 1899 he was appointed Ambassador to England, a post which he has filled with distinguished ability, and graced by his fine social and oratorical qualities.

FARRAGUT AT MOBILE

[Choate for years past has been called into service in New York, on all occasions where graceful and telling oratory was desired. One of these was the unveiling of the Saint Gaudens statue of Farragut, May 25, 1881, when he thus eloquently pictured our naval hero's gallantry at Mobile.]

The battle of Mobile Bay has long since become a favorite topic of history and song. Had not Farragut himself set an example for it at New Orleans, this greatest of all his achievements would have been pronounced impossible by the military world, and its perfect success brought all mankind to his feet in admiration and homage. As a signal instance of one man's intrepid courage and quick resolve converting disaster and threatened defeat into overwhelming victory, it had no precedent since Nelson at Copenhagen, defying the orders of his superior officer and refusing to obey the signal to retreat, won a triumph that placed his name among the immortals.

When Nelson's lieutenant on the *Elephant* pointed out to him the signal to recall by the commander-in-chief, the battered hero of the Nile clapped his spyglass with his only hand to his blind eye and exclaimed: "I really do not see any signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying. That's the way to answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!" and so he went on and won the great day.

When the *Brooklyn* hesitated among the fatal torpedoes in the terrible jaws of Fort Morgan, at the sight of the *Tecumseh* exploding and sinking with the brave Craven and his ill-fated hundred in her path, it was one of those critical moments on which the destinies of battle hang.

Napoleon said it was always the quarters of an hour that decided the fate of a battle; but here a single minute was to win or lose the day, for when the *Brooklyn* began to back, the whole line of Federal ships were giving signs of confusion; while they were in the very mouth of hell itself, the batteries of Fort Morgan making the whole of Mobile Point a living flame. It was the supreme moment of Farragut's life. If he faltered all was lost. If he went on in the torpedo-strewn path of the *Tecumseh* he might be sailing to his death. It seemed as though Nelson himself were in the maintop of the *Hartford*. "What's the trouble?" was shouted from the flagship to the *Brooklyn*. "Torpedoes!" was the reply. "Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut. "Four bells, Captain Drayton; go ahead full speed." And so he led his fleet to victory. . . . .

Van Tromp sailed up and down the British Channel in sight of the coast with a broom at his masthead, in token of his purpose to sweep his hated rival from the seas. The greatest of English admirals, in his last fight, as he was bearing down upon the enemy, hoisted on his flagship a signal which bore these memorable words: "England expects every man to do his duty"—words which have inspired the courage of Englishmen from that day to this; but it was reserved for Farragut, as he was bearing down upon the death-dealing batteries of the rebels, to hoist nothing less than himself into the rigging of his flagship, as the living signal of duty done, that the world might see that what England had only expected America had fully realized, and that every man, from the rear-admiral down, was faithful. . . . .

The golden days of peace have come at last, as we hope, for many generations. The great armies of the Republic have long since been disbanded. Our peerless navy, which at the close of the war might have challenged the combined squadrons of the world, has almost ceased to exist. But still we are safe from attack from within and from without. The memory of the heroes is "the cheap defense of the nation, the nurse of manly sentiments and heroic enterprises forever." Our frigates may

rot in the harbor. Our ironclads may rust in their dock. But if ever again the flag is in peril, invincible armies will swarm upon the land, and steel-clad squadrons leap forth upon the sea to maintain it. If we only teach our children patriotism as the first duty and loyalty as the first virtue, America will be safe in the future as in the past . . . . When the War of the Rebellion came suddenly upon us, we had a few ancient frigates, a few unseaworthy gunboats, but when it ended our proud and triumphant navy counted seven hundred and sixty vessels of war, of which seventy were ironclads. We can always be sure then of fleets and armies enough. But shall we always have a Grant to lead the one and a Farragut to inspire the other? Will our future soldiers and sailors share, as theirs almost to the last man shared, their devotion, their courage, and their faith? Yes, in this one condition; that every American child learns from his cradle, as Farragut learned from his, that his first and last duty is to his country, that to live for her is honor, and to die for her is glory.

OUR PILGRIM MOTHERS

[In an after-dinner speech made by Mr. Choate in 1880, before the New England Society in New York, he made a happy response to the toast "Our Pilgrim Mothers," of which we give the most effective and humorous passage.]

Mr. Chairman, I believe you said I should say something about the Pilgrim mothers. Well, sir, it is rather late in the evening to venture upon that historic subject. But, for one, I pity them. The occupants of the galleries will bear me witness that even these modern Pilgrims—these Pilgrims with all the modern improvements—how hard it is to put up with their weaknesses, their follies, their tyrannies, their oppressions, their desire of dominion and rule. But when you go back to the stern horrors of the Pilgrim rule, when you contemplate the rugged character of the Pilgrim fathers, why you give credence to what a witty woman of Boston said—she had heard enough of the glories and virtues and sufferings of the Pilgrim fathers; for her part she had a world of sympathy for the Pilgrim mothers, because they not only endured all that the Pilgrim fathers had done, but they also had to endure the Pilgrim fathers to boot.

HENRY W. GRADY (1851-1889)

THE ORATOR OF THE "NEW SOUTH"

FEW recent orations have had so great an effect in the North as those delivered by Henry W. Grady, Georgia's young orator, at New York, on "The New South," and at Boston, on "The Future of the Negro." Here was a voice from the South which the North was glad to hear, new light shed on two of the greatest problems of the country, and a hand held out for all true patriots to grasp. Unfortunately death carried off this able orator before his powers had reached their prime. Born at Athens, Georgia, in 1851, Grady, on reaching manhood, made journalism his profession, and in 1880 became editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, in whose management he soon gained the reputation of being one of the ablest of American editors. Though he died nine years afterward, he lived long enough to win a fame that extended through all sections of the land, and his speeches did much to allay prejudice and draw the North and South into a closer union.

THE NEW SOUTH

[The address, from the closing part of which we offer a selection, was delivered in 1887, at the annual banquet of the New England Club in New York. The banquets of this club have often been made the occasion for speeches upon topics of national importance, but none of these have attracted more attention than Grady's eloquent presentation of the new conditions in the South.]

There was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour.

I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new

ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture, if you can, the foot-sore soldier who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his home in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone, without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely, God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; the horses that had charged upon General Sherman's line marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; and, somehow or other, we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The

New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace; and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity.

As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspirations, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

HENRY CABOT LODGE (1850 ——)

HISTORIAN, ORATOR AND STATESMAN

FOR many years the name of Henry Cabot Lodge has been known to the American public as that of a versatile and able historian, on the subjects of English and American history. Some of his books are, "Land-Law of the Anglo-Saxons," "English Colonies in America," "Studies in History," and "The Spanish-American War." He was also the well known editor, for a number of years, of the "North American Review," and the "International Review." He has long been a prominent political orator in Massachusetts, and was elected to Congress in 1887. In 1893 he was elected to the United States Senate, in which he still ably represents Massachusets by oratory and statesmanship. Senator Lodge long since made his mark as a learned, graceful and eloquent speaker, and a statesman of exalted character.

A PARTY ON LIVE ISSUES

[In the Republican National Convention of 1900, Senator Lodge was chosen as permanent chairman, and delivered a powerful and impressive speech, in which he specially dwelt upon the work of the Republican party during the preceding four years of the McKinley administration. We give some illustrative extracts from this address.]

We promised to deal with the Cuban question. We have done so. The long agony of the island is over. Cuba is free. But this great work brought with it events and issues which no man had foreseen, for which no party creed had provided a policy. The crisis came, bringing war in its train. The Republican President and the Republican Congress met the new trial in the old spirit. We fought the war with Spain. The result is history known of all men. We have the perspective now of only a short two years, and yet how clear and bright the great facts stand out, like mountain peaks against the sky, while the gathering darkness of a just oblivion is creeping fast over the low grounds where lie forgotten the

trivial and unimportant things, the criticisms and the fault-findings, which seemed so huge when we still lingered among them. Here they are, these great facts:

A war of a hundred days, with many victories and no defeats, with no prisoners taken from us and no advance stayed, with a triumphant outcome startling in its completeness and in its world-wide meaning. Was ever a war more justly entered upon, more quickly fought, more fully won, more thorough in its results? Cuba is free. Spain has been driven from the Western Hemisphere. Fresh glory has come to our arms and crowned our flag. It was the work of the American people, but the Republican party was their instrument. Have we not the right to say that, here too, even as in the days of Abraham Lincoln, we have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith, we have finished the work?

War, however, is ever like the sword of Alexander. It cuts the knots. It is a great solvent and brings many results not to be foreseen. The world forces unchained in war perform in hours the work of years of quiet. Spain sued for peace. How was that peace to be made? The answer to this great question had to be given by the President of the United States. We were victorious in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines. Should we give those islands back to Spain? Never! was the President's reply. Would any American wish that he had answered otherwise? Should we hand them over to some other power? Never! was again the answer. Would our pride and self-respect as a nation have submitted to any other reply? Should we turn the islands, where we had destroyed all existing sovereignty, loose upon the world to be a prey to domestic anarchy and the helpless spoil of some other nation? Again the inevitable negative. Again the President answered as the nation he represented would have him answer. He boldly took the islands; took them knowing well the burden and the responsibility; took them from a deep sense of duty to ourselves and others, guided by a just foresight as to our future in the East, and with entire faith in the ability of the American people to grapple with the new task. When future conventions point to the deeds by which the Republican party has made history, they will proclaim with especial pride that under a Republican Administration the war of 1898 was fought, and that the peace with Spain was the work of William McKinley.

So much for the past. We are proud of it, but we do not expect to live upon it, for the Republican party is pre-eminently the party of action, and its march is ever forward. We are not so made that we can be content to retreat or to mark time. The traditions of the early days of our party are sacred to us, and are hostages given to the American people that we will

not be unworthy of the great leaders who have gone. The deeds of yesterday are in their turn a proof that what we promise we perform, and that the people who put faith in our declarations in 1896 were not deceived, and may place the same trust in us in 1900. But our pathway has never lain among dead issues, nor have we won our victories and made history by delving into political graveyards. We are the party of to-day, with cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows. The living present is ours, the present of prosperity and activity in business, of good wages and quick payments, of labor employed and capital invested, of sunshine in the market place, and the stir of abounding life in the workshop and on the farm. It is with this that we have replaced the depression, the doubts, the dull business, the low wages, the idle labor, the frightened capital, the dark clouds which overhung industry and agriculture in 1896. This is what we would preserve, so far as sound government and wise legislation can do it. This is what we brought to the country four years ago. This is what we offer now. Again we promise that the protective system shall be maintained, and that our great industrial interests shall go on their way unshaken by the dire fear of tariff agitation and of changing duties. Again we declare that we will guard the national credit, uphold a sound currency based on gold, and keep the wages of the workingman and the enterprise of the man of business free from that most deadly of all evils, a fluctuating standard of value. The deficit which made this great country in a time of profound peace a borrower of money to meet its current expenditures has been replaced by abundant revenues, bringing a surplus, due alike to prosperity and to wise legislation, so ample that we can now safely promise a large reduction of taxation without imperiling our credit or risking a resort to loans. . . . .

It is on these facts that we shall ask for the support of the American people. What we have done is known, and about what we intend to do there is neither secrecy nor deception. What we promise we will perform. Our old policies are here, alive, successful and full of vigor. Our new policies have been begun, and for them we ask support. When the clouds of impending civil war hung dark over the country in 1861, we took up the great task then laid upon us, and never flinched until we had carried it through to victory. Now, at the dawn of a new century, with new policies and new opportunities opening before us in the bright sunshine of prosperity, we again ask the American people to entrust us with their future. We have profound faith in the people. We do not distrust their capacity of meeting the new responsibilities, even as they met the old, and we shall await with confidence, under the leadership of William McKinley, the verdict of November.

THOMAS B. REED (1839–1902)

THE FAMOUS "SPEAKER" AND DEBATER

IN January, 1890, Congress was treated to a decidedly new sensation. It had long been the custom to block important business by declaring no quorum, opposing members declining to vote and only those who voted being counted as present. It needed a man of strength and decision to combat this time-honored evil, and Thomas Brackett Reed, the Speaker of the House, proved the man for the occasion. On a bill before the House the Democrats refused to vote on roll call, but Speaker Reed solved the difficulty by counting enough of them as "present but not voting" to constitute a quorum. The uproar was tremendous, the Democratic members hotly protesting and declaring the proceeding unconstitutional, but Reed held coolly to his point, and his revolutionary action was sustained by the Supreme Court and became an established rule of the House. One result was that Reed obtained the title of the "Czar" of the House. Four years later, when a Democratic House found itself in a similar dilemma, it escaped by adopting Speaker Reed's rule.

Reed, a native of Portland, Maine, early made himself highly popular by his eloquence as a public speaker, and the logic, sarcasm and humor of his speeches. No man was his superior in repartee, and as a debater he was unsurpassed. He served in the House of Representatives for over twenty years, being elected Speaker in 1889, and again in 1895 and 1897. In 1896 he was the choice of New England for the Presidency, but on the nomination of McKinley he supported him by some of the ablest speeches of the campaign. He resigned from Congress in 1899 to enter upon the practice of the law in New York City. Henry Hall has said of him: "He is in many respects the greatest all-around man in the United States to-day, of saintless record

and unimpeachable integrity, bold but safe, brilliant but wise, masterful but heeding counsel, and a fighter without fear."

GIFTS TO LIBERAL INSTITUTIONS

[As an example of Thomas B. Reed at his best in oratory we cannot do better than to offer a selection from his address in 1898, on the semi-centennial of Girard College, Philadelphia. Reed's method did not usually reach this elevation in sentiment and breadth of view, being rather controversial than dignified, and we therefore present this as showing the heights of thought and lucidity of expression of which he was capable.]

Six hundred and fifty or seventy years ago, England, which, during the following period of nearly seven centuries, has been the richest nation on the face of the globe, began to establish the two universities which, from the banks of the Cam and the Isis, have sent forth great scholars and priests and statesmen, whose fame is the history of their own country, and whose deeds have been part of the history of every land and sea. During all that long period, reaching back two hundred and fifty years, before it was even dreamed that this great hemisphere existed; before the world knew that it was swinging in the air and rolling about the sun; kings and cardinals, nobles and great churchmen, the learned and the pious, began bestowing upon those abodes of scholars their gifts of land and money; and they have continued their benefactions down to our time. What those universities, with all their colleges and halls teeming with scholars for six hundred years, have done for the progress of civilization and the good of men, this whole evening could not begin to tell. Even your imaginations cannot, at this moment, create the surprising picture. Nevertheless, the institution at which most of you are, or have been, pupils is at the beginning of a career with which those great universities and their great history may struggle in vain for the palm of the greatest usefulness to the race of man. One single fact will make it evident that this possibility is not the creation of imagination or the product of that boastfulness which America will some day feel herself too great to cherish, but a simple and plain possibility which has the sanction of mathematics, as well as of hope.

Although more than six centuries of regal, princely, and pious donations have been poured into the purses of those venerable aids to learning, the munificence of one American citizen to-day affords an endowment income equal to that of each university, and, when the full century has completed his work, will afford an income superior to the income of both. When Time has done his perfect work, Stephen Girard, mariner and merchant, may be found to have come nearer immortality

than the long procession of kings and cardinals, nobles and statesmen, whose power was mighty in their own days, but who are only on their way to oblivion. I am well aware that this college of orphans, wherein the wisdom of the founder requires facts and things to be taught rather than words and signs, can as yet make no claim to that higher learning so essential to the ultimate progress of the world; but it has its own mission as great and as high, and one which connects itself more nearly with the practical elevation of mankind.

Whether the overruling Providence, of which we talk so much and know so little, has each of us in His kindly care and keeping, we shall better know when our minds have the broader scope which immortality will make possible. But, however men may dispute over individual care, His care over the race as a whole fills all the pages of human history. Unity and progress are the watchwords of the Divine guidance, and no matter how harsh has been the treatment by one man of thousands of men, every great event, or series of events, has been for the good of the race. Were this the proper time, I could show that wars—and wars ought to be banished forever from the face of the earth; that pestilences—and the time is coming when they will be no more; that persecutions and inquisitions—and liberty of thought is the richest pearl of life; that all these things—wars, pestilences, and persecutions—were but helps to the unity of mankind. All things, including our own natures, bind us together for deep and unrelenting purposes.

Think what we should be, who are unlearned and brutish, if the wise, the learned, and the good could separate themselves from us; were free from our superstitions and vague and foolish fears, and stood loftily by themselves, wrapped in their own superior wisdom. Therefore hath it been wisely ordained that no set of creatures of our race shall be beyond the reach of their helping hand, so lofty that they will not fear our reproaches, or so mighty as to be beyond our reach. If the lofty and the learned do not lift us up, we drag them down. But unity is not the only watchword; there must be progress also. Since, by a law we cannot evade, we are to keep together, and since we are to progress, we must do it together, and nobody must be left behind. This is not a matter of philosophy; it is a matter of fact. No progress which did not lift all, ever lifted any. If we let the poison of filthy diseases percolate through the hovels of the poor, death knocks at the palace gates. If we leave to the greater horror of ignorance any portion of our race, the consequences of ignorance strike us all, and there is no escape. We must all move, but we must all keep together. It is only when the rearguard comes up that the vanguard can go on.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN (1860 ——)

THE KNIGHT OF FREE SILVER

IN the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1896, one of the most remarkable events in the history of Conventions took place. A young reformer, hardly known in the party, not known at all to the country, rose before the delegates, and in a speech of the most stirring eloquence so carried them from their feet that they lost sight of the claims of all the old and seasoned leaders of the party, and chose this orator of thirty-six as their standard-bearer in the coming campaign. Free silver was a prominent plank in their platform, and free silver was the informing spirit of his oration. It was its closing words that took the convention captive and made William Jennings Bryan the inevitable candidate of the party.

During the month that followed its delivery this speech was perhaps more widely read and debated than any other ever made in the United States. Who is this new candidate for the greatest place in the gift of the nation? was asked. The answer was that he was a native of Illinois, born in 1860, who graduated at Illinois College in 1881, studied law in Chicago, and had since practiced in Illinois and Nebraska. He was a member of Congress from 1891 to 1895, was a Democratic nominee for the Senate in 1894, and was the author of the "Silver plank" in the Democratic platform.

The People's party nominated him on the same basis, but he was decisively defeated in the election, the indication being that free silver was not wanted by the majority of the people. In the war of 1898, Bryan raised the Third Nebraska Regiment and became its colonel. In 1900 he again received the nomination of the Democratic and People's parties, and was once more pitted against his old antagonist, William McKinley. As before, Bryan "stumped" the country,

making a large number of effective speeches, in which the principles and practices of the party in power were severely scored. But his labors proved of no avail, he was defeated by a greater number of electoral votes than before, and once more retired to private life.

THE CROSS OF GOLD

["Free Silver," we have said, was the Democratic and Populist battle-cry in 1896. The platform read: "We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid and consent of any other nation." This declaration of financial principles, penned by Bryan, was in direct opposition to the Republican financial plank, which stated: "We are opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement." Such was the issue upon which the campaign was fought. The speech with which Bryan defended his side of the argument was an acknowledged masterpiece. The burning eloquence, earnestness, zeal and magnetic power of the orator were irresistible. When the closing words were spoken the great audience rose as one man, and he was borne from the stage in a burst of the wildest enthusiasm. His plank in the platform was adopted by a large majority, and carried with it his nomination for the Presidency.]

And now, my friends, let me come to the paramount issue. If they ask us why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we do not embody in our platform all the things that we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished.

Here is the line of battle, and we care not upon which issue they force the fight; we are prepared to meet them on either issue or on both. If they tell us that the gold standard is the standard of civilization, we reply to them that this, the most enlightened of all the nations of the earth, has never declared for a gold standard and that both the great parties this year are declaring against it. If the gold standard is the standard of civilization, why, my friends, should we not have it? If they come to meet us on that issue we can present the history of our nation. More than that; we can tell them that they will search the pages of history in vain to find a single instance where the common people of any land have ever declared themselves in favor of the gold standard. They can find where the holders of fixed investments have declared for a gold standard, but not where the masses have.

Mr. Carlisle said, in 1878, that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses who produce the

wealth and pay the taxes of the country;" and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will the Democratic party fight; upon the side of "the idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses?" That is the question which the party must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us, and tell us, that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachusetts, nor the inhabitants of the State of New York, by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they still declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and of the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858 ——)

FORCEFUL ADVOCATE OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE

HUNTER, Rancher, Cabinet Official, Rough Rider, Governor, Vice-President and President—such is the record of Theodore Roosevelt's life within the past two decades. Nor is this the whole story. He has been a New York legislator, a candidate for Mayor of New York City, a Civil Service Commissioner, and the head of the New York Police Board. This is a remarkable record for any man within so brief a period; but it is the record of a remarkable man, of an American in whom the principle of "Americanism" has reached an extraordinary development. Sleepless energy is the Roosevelt characteristic. With him rest fills only the chinks of life; while there is anything to be done he is up and doing it with a vigor that knows no obstacles. Whether as a hunter on the western plains or in the Mississippi cane-brakes, a soldier in the Santiago campaign, a police commissioner in the slums of New York, or President of the United States, his innate characteristic of strenuous activity displays itself, and if there is anything which Theodore Roosevelt cannot do, it is to let anything pass him without his having a hand in it. And with this physical and mental, there goes the moral activity which is needed to make a fully-rounded man. Honesty of purpose and an elevated sense of public duty are leading features in his character. He may make mistakes; his passion for settling things may lead him into hasty and ill-advised acts; but that he means well in every movement no one doubts, and his intelligent moral energy is worth an ocean of policy and expediency which have too often marked the careers of many leaders of public opinion in America and other countries. The true spirit of the Western civilization has one of its fullest exemplars in Theodore Roosevelt.

There is much that is remarkable in the recent story of Roosevelt's life. We find him, when the Spanish-American war broke out, resigning his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy to take part, as leader of the Rough Riders, in the Santiago campaign. The reputation for unflinching courage and daring made there won him the governorship of New York. Breaking here through all the harness of ring methods, he was nominated and elected Vice-President to get rid of him, to "shelve" him in the Senate chamber. Destiny favored him; President McKinley was slain and he succeeded to the Presidential office. In this elevated position he pledged himself to carry out the policy of the McKinley administration. This he has faithfully sought to do, but at the same time has developed a decided new policy of his own, one in which party interests have no share, the best good of the whole country being seemingly his overruling thought. Of all the Presidents Theodore Roosevelt promises to be the hardest to control by the leaders of his party. Fortunately he is controlled by integrity, earnestness and public virtue in its highest sense.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

[In addition to his activity as an official, Theodore Roosevelt has developed into an orator of striking readiness and ability. He has no hesitation in expressing himself openly on all the subjects in which the people of the country are interested, and all he says has in it the pith of thought and judgment. His ideal of administration is not of the silent sort. He does not hesitate to take the nation into his confidence. As for his principle of action, it is clearly defined in his work on "The Strenuous Life," a book which has aroused the widest interest, alike on account of its source and its subject. In his address at the Appomattox Day celebration of the Hamilton Club, of Chicago, April 10, 1899, he expressed himself to the same effect. We give the more significant portion of these suggestive remarks.]

Gentlemen: In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who pre-eminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort; of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every

self-respecting American demands from himself, and from his sons, shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in your eyes; to be the ultimate goal after which they should strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great; you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great; because you neither preach nor practice such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich, and are worth your sale, you will teach your sons that, though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most upon the nation.

We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor; who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail; but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present, merely means that there has been stored-up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind; whether as a writer or a general; whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure; he shows that he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a satisfactory life, and above all it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things and war and strife the worst of all things, and

had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives; we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heart-break of many women, the desolation of many homes; and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it we would have shown that we were weaklings and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days; let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion; praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected, that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among the nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them; sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, toil and risk; busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day; until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound in the end to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. (If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill.

NATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

[New York is the greatest port of entry for the United States. The Chamber of Commerce of New York—an association of the merchants who have given that city its commercial prominence—is a body whose influence is felt in the industrial relations of the entire people. On the 11th of November, 1902, this association dedicated to its purposes a new and splendid edifice, the ceremony being witnessed by high dignitaries of the nation and representatives of foreign governments. Chief among the participants was the President of the United States, and his remarks on that occasion were so

significant of his attitude towards nations abroad and his people at home, that we take pleasure in quoting from them. They bear the same characteristics of earnestness and fairness that are found in all his utterances.]

This body stands for the triumphs of peace both abroad and at home. We have passed that stage of national development when depreciation of other peoples is felt as a tribute to our own. We watch the growth and prosperity of other nations, not with hatred or jealousy, but with sincere and friendly good will. I think I can say safely that we have shown by our attitude toward Cuba, by our attitude toward China, that as regards weaker powers our desire is that they may be able to stand alone, and that if they will only show themselves willing to deal honestly and fairly with the rest of mankind we on our side will do all we can to help, not to hinder them. With the great powers of the world we desire no rivalry that is not honorable to both parties. We wish them well. We believe that the trend of the modern spirit is ever stronger toward peace, not war; toward friendship, not hostility; as the normal international attitude. We are glad, indeed, that we are on good terms with all the other peoples of mankind, and no effort on our part shall be spared to secure a continuance of these relations. And remember, gentlemen, that we shall be a potent factor for peace largely in proportion to the way in which we make it evident that our attitude is due, not to weakness, not to inability to defend ourselves, but to a genuine repugnance to wrongdoing, a genuine desire for self-respecting friendship with our neighbors. The voice of the weakling or the craven counts for nothing when he clamors for peace; but the voice of the just man armed is potent. We need to keep in a condition of preparedness, especially as regards our navy, not because we want war; but because we desire to stand with those whose plea for peace is listened to with respectful attention.

Important though it is that we should have peace abroad, it is even more important that we should have peace at home. You, men of the Chamber of Commerce, to whose efforts we owe so much of our industrial well being, can, and I believe surely will, be influential in helping toward that industrial peace which can obtain in society only when in their various relations employer and employed alike show not merely insistence each upon his own rights, but also regard for the rights of others, and a full acknowledgment of the interests of the third party—the public. It is no easy matter to work out a system or rule of conduct, whether with or without the help of the lawgiver, which shall minimize that jarring and clashing of interests in the industrial world which causes so much individual irritation and suffering at the present day, and which at times threatens baleful consequences to large portions of the body politic. But

the importance of the problem cannot be overestimated, and it deserves to receive the careful thought of all men such as those whom I am addressing to-night. There should be no yielding to wrong; but there should most certainly be not only desire to do right, but a willingness each to try to understand the viewpoint of his fellow, with whom, for weal or for woe, his own fortunes are indissolubly bound.

No patent remedy can be devised for the solution of these grave problems in the industrial world, but we may rest assured that they can be solved at all only if we bring to the solution certain old time virtues, and if we strive to keep out of the solution some of the most familiar and most undesirable of the traits to which mankind has owed untold degradation and suffering throughout the ages. Arrogance, suspicion, brutal envy of the well to do, brutal indifference toward those who are not well to do, the hard refusal to consider the rights of others, the foolish refusal to consider the limits of beneficent action, the base appeal to the spirit of selfish greed, whether it take the form of plunder of the fortunate or of oppression of the unfortunate—from these and from all kindred vices this nation must be kept free if it is to remain in its present position in the forefront of the peoples of mankind. On the other hand, good will come even out of the present evils, if we face them armed with the old homely virtues; if we show that we are fearless of soul, cool of head and kindly of heart; if, without betraying the weakness that cringes before wrong-doing, we yet show by deeds and words our knowledge that in such a government as ours each of us must be in very truth his brother's keeper. . . . .

The first requisite of a good citizen in this Republic of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull his weight—that he shall not be a mere passenger, but shall do his share in the work that each generation of us finds ready to hand; and, furthermore, that in doing his work he shall show not only the capacity for sturdy self-help, but also self-respecting regard for the rights of others.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT (1857 ——)

ADVOCATE OF NATIONAL FEDERATION

MUCH of the public life of William H. Taft was spent, ably and creditably spent, in the service of the United States Government. Lawyer by profession, judge by appointment, he became successively Solicitor General and Circuit Court Justice of the United States. In 1901 he was made Governor of the Philippine Islands, in 1903 Secretary of War in the Roosevelt Cabinet, and in 1908 was elected President of the United States. In this exalted position he was distinguished by his efforts to suppress illegal corporations and advance reform. Defeated in 1912 in consequence of a split in the Republican party, he became a professor in Yale University and subsequently took an active part in the movement for a federation of the nations in the interest of international peace.

UPLIFTING OF THE NEGRO RACE

[In 1909, after his election to the presidency, Mr. Taft spoke eloquently in favor of Negro education and advancement, at Big Bethel Church, Atlanta, Georgia. The following extract is taken from this oration.]

I conceive that the President of the United States can have no more sacred function than to offer words of encouragement, of suggestion and of hope to those to whom fate in the past has not been kind and with respect to whom the whole American people has the highest obligation of trusteeship and guardianship. I say to you, colored men and colored women of this country, that, hard as your lot has been, and hard as the road is likely to be onward and upward, if you will abide by the judgment of your conscience, by those very ideals that lead to self-restraint, to honest effort, to providence, you will attain a condition in the future that you could hardly dream of to-day. Look back to what you were forty years ago. Your people were not, five per cent of them, able to read or write, and to-day you have reached nearly the figure of fifty per cent of

literacy among you, and you must consider the conditions, the hard conditions, under which that improvement has been made.

Brought here against your will, put here in a condition of slavery for years and years, and then made the subject of a bloody war, this country, to which your fortunes must always be attached, reduced to a condition of poverty and straitened circumstances so that it was almost impossible for the white owners of property to live, much less those who had no property and no education; yet, under these circumstances, you have gone on so that to-day a large part of the farming—I could give you the statistics—is in the hands of the colored people of the South, and dotted over the South are model places which show to you what can be done when you approach your problems with common sense and a determination to recognize the facts that stand before you, and to meet those facts with courage and bravery. I do not intend to discuss race feeling and race prejudice, because the discussion of it and the argument of it never did any good. You must recognize facts, and in the face of these facts, because they cannot keep you down, you can go on to a brighter and brighter future. Every one of you knows in his heart, because every one knows noble, earnest, sympathetic white men in the South, that your greatest aid and your greatest hope is in the sympathy and the help of those white men who are your neighbors; and I thank God that in the South there is fast evidence of a stronger and stronger sympathy with the effort to uplift the race among the white men of the South, who feel themselves responsible for the whole Southern civilization.

Your people have faults that grew out of your history and your training, but the first step and indication in an improvement of faults is the knowledge that you have them; and when you read in the sermons of your own people, the cold—I won't call it cold, because it is not cold—but the sympathetic truth in respect to yourselves and the necessities that present themselves to you in your path upward, one of the greatest steps possible has been achieved. You have among you men who do credit to the entire American manhood. No one can read the life of Booker Washington and know what he has done, without being proud that our country has produced such a man, and I say it without invidious distinction, because there are, doubtless, others that deserve similar tribute; but it has come to me personally to know him and to be associated with him, and to understand the marvelous perception that he has into the future of your race and the necessities that are presented to you in winning a higher place in life. Of course, the first thing is education; the first thing to give every man who is to enjoy civil rights, knowledge enough to know what these rights are and how he can perfect himself in them. Of course,

it is a great mistake either among white men or colored men to think that because a man gets a university education, therefore he is better than other people or in a better condition. Whether the university education does him good or not depends upon the foundations of character that he has. . . . . The great body of the race are those who are to be the workers, the manual workers, and what is needed for the great body of your race is primary and industrial education, so that you shall commend yourselves to the community in which you live as absolutely indispensable to its proper and future growth and prosperity; that when you have carpenters they shall be honest carpenters who know their craft, that your blacksmiths and machinists and all those who engage in manual labor, skilled or unskilled, shall have the intelligence and the knowledge to make them as good as possible in rendering the service for which they are to receive a just compensation. I believe the expression of sympathy is the one that helps people along; it helps me along; but in the expression of my sympathy I would not have you for a moment abate the thought of the duty imposed on every one of you of making as much of the talent that the Lord gives you as he can.

WOODROW WILSON (1856 ——)

APOSTLE OF THE NEW FREEDOM

VIRGINIA has well been called the "Mother of Presidents," seven of the twenty-seven men who have filled the presidential chair being sons of that State. The seventh of these was Woodrow Wilson, the American Executive during the Great European War. While as President he hailed from New Jersey, he was born in the "Old Dominion" State. After serving for years as a college professor and as President of Princeton University, he was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910, and in this office won the reputation that two years later made him President of the United States. His irreproachable character as a man and wide knowledge of the principles of government as a historian brought him the governorship, and the skill and energy with which he carried reform bills through the legislature brought him the Democratic nomination for the presidency and his election to that supreme office in 1912. As President no man save Abraham Lincoln held that office through such strenuous times. Beginning with the revolution in Mexico and following with the stupendous war in Europe, the greatest in the world's history, it needed the highest skill and adroitness to keep the United States out of these conflicts and maintain his attitude as an advocate of peace. His efforts in this direction won him the support of the majority of the voting population of the United States, for in the election of 1916 he was again chosen for President by a majority alike of the electoral and the popular vote. As President for a second term he at once took a pronounced attitude as a leader among the rulers of the neutral nations of the earth.

THE NEW FREEDOM

[President Wilson as a historian won a wide acquaintance with the political conditions and principles of the United States and other nations, and as an orator had a

fluency and ideal breadth of utterance that assured him of large and enthusiastic audiences. His work, "The New Freedom," from which a pertinent quotation is here given, was made up of choice selections from his many campaign speeches.]

No matter how often we think of it, the discovery of America must each time make a fresh appeal to our imaginations. For centuries, indeed from the beginning, the face of Europe had been turned toward the East. All the routes of trade, every impulse and energy, ran from west to east. The Atlantic lay at the world's back-door. Then, suddenly, the conquest of Constantinople by the Turk closed the route to the Orient. Europe had either to face about or lack any outlet for her energies. The unknown sea at the west at last was ventured upon, and the earth learned that it was twice as big as it had thought. Columbus did not find, as he had expected, the civilization of Cathay; he found an empty continent. In that part of the world, upon that new-found half of the globe, mankind, late in its history, was thus afforded an opportunity to set up a new civilization; here it was strangely privileged to make a new human experiment.

Never can that moment of unique opportunity fail to excite the emotion of all who consider its strangeness and richness. A thousand fanciful histories of the earth might be contrived without the imagination daring to conceive such a romance as the hiding away of half the globe until the fulness of time has come for a new start in civilization. A mere sea-captain's ambition to trace a new trade route gave way to a moral advantage for humanity. The race was to found a new order here on this delectable land, which no man approached without receiving, as the old voyagers relate, sweet airs out of woods aflame with flowers and murmurous with the sound of pellucid waters. The hemisphere lay waiting to be touched with life—life from the old centers of living, surely, but cleansed of defilement and cured of weariness, so as to be fit for the virgin purity of a new bride. The whole thing springs into the imagination like a wonderful vision, an exquisite marvel which once only in all history would be vouchsafed. . . . .

What was in the writings of the men who founded America—to serve the selfish interests of America? Do you find that in their writings? No; to serve the cause of humanity, to bring liberty to mankind. They set up their standards here in America in the tenet of hope, as a beacon of encouragement to all the nations of the world, and men came thronging to these shores with an expectancy that never existed before, with a confidence they never dared feel before, and found here for generations together a haven of peace, of opportunity, of equality. God send that in the complicated state of modern affairs we may recover the standards and repeat the achievements of that heroic age. . . . .

I have long had an image in my mind of what constituted liberty. Suppose that I were building a great piece of powerful machinery, and suppose that I should so awkwardly and unskilfully assemble the parts of it that every time one part tried to move it would be interfered with by the others, and the whole thing would buckle up and be checked. Liberty for the several parts would consist in the best possible assembling and adjustment of them all, would it not? If you want the great piston of the engine to run with absolute freedom, give it absolutely perfect alignment and adjustment with the other parts of the machine, so that it is free, not because it is alone or isolated, but because it has been associated most skilfully and carefully with the other parts of the great structure. Human freedom consists in perfect adjustment of human interests and human activities and human energies. . . . .

Well, then, in this new sense and meaning of it, are we preserving freedom in this land of ours, the hope of all the earth? The answer must be, I am sure, that we have been in a fair way of failure—tragic failure. And we stand in danger of utter failure yet except we fulfil speedily the determination we have reached, to deal with the new and subtle tyrannies according to their deserts. Don't deceive yourselves for a moment as to the power of the great interests which now dominate our development. They are so great that it is almost an open question whether the Government of the United States can dominate them or not. Go one step further, make their organized powers permanent, and it may be too late to turn back. . . . .

I believe in human liberty as I believe in the wine of life. There is no salvation for men in the pitiful condescensions of industrial masters. Guardians have no place in a land of freemen. Prosperity guaranteed by trustees has no prospect of endurance. Monopoly means the atrophy of enterprise. If monopoly persists, monopoly will always sit at the helm of the government. I do not expect to see monopoly restrain itself. If there are men in this country big enough to own the Government of the United States, they are going to own it. What we have to determine now is whether we are big enough, whether we are men enough, to take possession again of the government which is our own.

We must put heart into the people by taking the heartlessness out of politics, business and industry. We have got to make politics a thing in which an honest man can take his part with satisfaction because he knows that his opinion will count as much as the next man's, and that the boss and the interests have been dethroned. Business we have got to untrammel, abolishing tariff favors, and railroad discrimination, and credit denials, and all forms of unjust handicaps against the little men.

JAMES MONTGOMERY BECK (1861 ——)

ELOQUENT LEGAL ORATOR

BORN in Philadelphia, Mr. Beck graduated in law at Moravian College and was admitted to the bar in 1884, practicing in his native city for years and handling many cases of importance. He was United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania 1896–1900, and Assistant United States Attorney 1900–03. After the latter date he practiced in New York City. An orator of skill and ability, he has made many notable addresses and holds high rank among the orators of the present day.

THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE BELGIANS

[At an enthusiastic meeting held in Philadelphia in January, 1917, to reprobate the treatment of Belgium and its people by the Kaiser and the military authorities of Germany, Mr. Beck was the principal orator. He cast aside all reservations in his condemnation of Germany and its ruler. We extract the leading features of his address.]

If the people of Philadelphia, of all cities in the world a city devoted peculiarly to the great principles of constitutional liberty, had been faithless in joining the others in this protest, I confess that I, as a native Philadelphian, would have felt a certain sense of shame. But, fortunately, this great meeting, for the honor of this great city, has assembled, and of all the meetings that I ever attended for a similar purpose it gives me the deepest gratification to say that this is by all means the largest, and I venture to say that the voice that will go from this audience will carry with it a peculiar force and power.

When we consider the case of Belgium we are, after all, considering only one chapter of the blackest volume of human history. It is by no means the worst chapter. If 6,000 Belgian non-combatants have already been slaughtered, why, 600,000 Armenians have fallen in the last two years under the same ruthless frightfulness. If 125,000 Belgian men have been

put into cattle cars, ticketed like cattle and sent to another country to work against their own, why, 300,000 have been taken from that land of lasting horror, unhappy Poland! Why, then, do we make such an especial feature of the damnable wrongs done to Belgium? I think the answer is obvious.

In the first place, there is a greater certitude as to the facts; the facts are not disputed. Attempts may be made to justify or condone them by an extraordinary perversion of reason, but, after all, the naked facts that women and girls last April were taken without an hour's warning from their homes and transported to fields to work as white slaves under Prussian bayonets for nine months—that is a fact that is not denied by Germany. It is explained as best it can be, but the fact is as sure as that I am standing upon this platform. The fact that thousands of Belgian men are now being taken into Germany is not disputed. So that, at least, we stand upon the solid ground of an assured fact. But, ah, there is a greater reason than that why Belgium has such a peculiar appeal to our pity and to our sense of horror. It is because the striking down of that nation is possibly and probably the most malignant act at least in modern history. It was accompanied by circumstances of such peculiar treachery that an Apache Indian would have been ashamed to have done that which cannot be disputed with respect to the sudden and treacherous striking down of this little country in the north of Europe.

No one contends that on the first of August, 1914, there was the slightest quarrel between Belgium and Germany. Belgium had not taken any part in the diplomatic controversy; Belgium had not claimed any interest whatever in the quarrel between Serbia and Austria; Belgium had sat silently by and was peculiarly constrained to be silent as the war clouds gathered in Europe, because under the treaty of 1839 it had been singled out to be a nation whose neutrality was guaranteed and which, therefore, was not free to enter into alliances, but was obliged to be neutral to the Powers that thus guaranteed its inviolability.

Therefore, on August 1, 1914, there was not the pretense that Belgium had given to Germany the slightest provocation for any attack whatsoever. Now, Belgium, moreover, had four sound reasons reaching down to the fundamentals of human society why it should not be the subject of a wanton and unprovoked attack. It had, in the first place, the great guarantees of international law.

In addition to the great principle of the sanctity of Belgian territory under international law, Belgium had the guarantee of the treaty of 1839, to which Prussia was a party. In 1870 Bismarck had said to Belgium that the very suggestion that Prussia would violate the sanctity of Belgium

was so remote that any assurance to the contrary would be nearly superfluous, and yet Belgium's Foreign Minister was called from his bed and told that Germany meditated this cowardly attack, and before twenty-four hours were over an army that must have been assembling for at least a week, for it numbered approximately 750,000 men, entered Belgium and the great struggle began.

It is as clear as any fact can be in history that the attack on Belgium was not in any sense one for which there could be an honest dispute as to its provocation, but it was a selfish attack by a great Power upon a little Power, in order that the great Power might save the lives of its own soldiers and conserve its own interests by attacking through the shortest route through France. It took a short route through France, but even the supreme prize for which Germany sacrificed its honor was wholly withheld from them, thanks to the bravery of the French nation.

When in Europe last summer I met a distinguished official of our country, an American, who had been back of the German lines, who told me certain things, and if I were at liberty to mention his name it would carry absolute conviction to every fair-minded man in this audience.

This gentleman told me that he had witnessed that deportation of women last April, and he said a Prussian officer would go into a house in some of the communes, drag out every woman and child, stand them in front of the house with a little satchel in their hand, and then the Prussian officer would come along and pick them out as he thought their physical condition would suit for the hard work in the fields, and they were taken very much as slaves were taken in central Africa. He told me these women were gathered together after being taken from their homes and sent to hard labor under the terrible conditions of that land of sorrows, and while the Belgian was working his wife and daughter would be taken from their home, and when he would return in the evening his wife and daughter would be gone he knew not where, nor could he know of their fate until he subsequently learned or surmised, that they were a part of the horde of unhappy women who had been transported to work like slaves of ancient times in the harvest fields of France.

BOOK V.

The Distinguished Orators of Canada

THE finer examples of oratory in the American countries have been confined to those inhabited by English-speaking peoples. No citizen of the Spanish-American republics seems to have won a world-wide reputation in this art. Though many of them may have breathed "words that burn," their thoughts have not flamed high enough to be visible afar. In our selections, therefore, we are confined to the two commonwealths, the United States and Canada. While the history of the former has been marked by great exigencies that called forth noble efforts of oratorical art, the same may be said of the latter. The history of the Dominion, indeed, has been wrought out with no such mighty conflicts as that of the slavery question, leading to civil war; but it has not passed without its conflicts, internal and external; its strenuous struggles, which were none the less vital from being confined to parliamentary halls, were fought out by able statesmen and orators instead of by the heroes of the tented field. Canada has its Union as has the United States, and it has had to withstand provincial feeling and threats of secession. It has had its bitterness of racial jealousy, its insurrectionary outbreaks, its religious heartburnings, its struggle between British and American tendencies and influences. Fortunately, the voice of the orator, the wise counsel of the statesman, have healed these dissensions without recourse to harsher measures. An author of the Dominion says: "Canada only needs to be known in order to be great," and foremost among those who have helped to make her great are her orators.

JOSEPH HOWE (1804-1873)

THE BRILLIANT ORATOR OF NOVA SCOTIA

FOR many years the maritime province of Nova Scotia was the abiding place of an orator of striking ability and power. Of Joseph Howe it is justly said, "None could touch him in eloquence, logic of argument, force of invective, or brilliancy of rhetoric, and it is a question if the Dominion has ever produced his equal in these respects." His powers were most effectively shown in the merciless invective with which he assailed Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Falkland, two Governors of arbitrary methods—fairly driving them from the province. In 1863, after long legislative service, Howe was made Premier of Nova Scotia. In the subsequent Dominion confederation he led a movement of secession on the part of Nova Scotia, whose people claimed that they had been carried into the Union by a trick and had been given no opportunity to vote on the act of Union. A compromise, by which Nova Scotia benefited, settled the difficulty, and Howe afterward sat in the Dominion Parliament. In 1873, the year of his death, he was made Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

[As a favorable example of Howe's oratorical powers—not of the sarcasm and invective in which he excelled—we append the following eloquent extract, in which is clearly shown the essential unity of race and purpose between the Dominion of Canada and the United States.]

We are here to determine how best we can draw together, in the bonds of peace, friendship and commercial prosperity, the three great branches of the British family. In the presence of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked. We are not dealing with the concerns of a city, a province or a state, but with the future of our race in all time to come.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON ACTOR AND ORATOR

Joseph Jefferson was not only a famous actor, but an eloquent impromptu speaker. He was famous for his part as "Rip Van Winkle," from Washington Irving's Great Story.

HENRY C. POTTER PULPIT ORATOR

Bishop Potter was one of the most distinguished clergymen in America, and a most eloquent speaker on the platform or in the pulpit. He is represented speaking on a great question of reform.

Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish, under different systems of government it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct, and yet united, let us live and flourish. Why should we not? For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings, and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour. In the earlier and later civil wars, we can wear our white and red roses without a blush, and glory in the principles those conflicts established. Our common ancestors won the great Charter and the Bill of Rights; established free Parliaments, the Habeas Corpus, and Trial by Jury. Our Jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language, which is enriched by the genius developed on either side of the Atlantic. In the great navigators from Cortereal to Hudson, and in all their "moving accidents by flood and field," we have a common interest.

On this side of the sea we have been largely reinforced both by the Germans and French; there is strength in both elements. The Germans gave to us the sovereigns who established our freedom, and they give to you industry, intelligence and thrift; and the French, who have distinguished themselves in arts and arms for centuries, now strengthen the Provinces which the fortune of war decided they could not control.

But it may be said we have been divided by two wars. What then? The noble St. Lawrence is split in two places—by Goat Island and Anticosti—but it comes down to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the pictured rocks of Lake Superior, and encircle in their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls as we were at the Revolutionary War, but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided on their passage to the sea; but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce, or when, drawn up to heaven, they form the rainbow or the cloud? . . . . I see around the door the flags of the two countries. United as they are there, I would have them draped together, fold within fold, and let

> "Their varying tints unite,
> And form in Heaven's light,
> One arch of peace."

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD (1815-1891)

THE "PERPETUAL PREMIER" OF THE DOMINION

NO other man has played so great a part in Canada as Sir John Alexander Macdonald, in a measure before and notably since the confederation of its provinces. It was the leading purpose of his life to found on the vast Canadian domain a mighty and powerful state, by the union of its peoples and provinces, and this union he succeeded in accomplishing. From 1844 to the end of his career he was the most conspicuous figure in the Canadian Assembly and the Dominion Parliament. The united Canada of to-day is very largely the fruit of his labors. The first government for the new Dominion was formed by him in 1867, and from that time until his death, with only a five years' intermission, he retained the premiership. Another of the great services which Canada owes to him is the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the most magnificent engineering enterprises on the continent, which runs through some of the grandest scenery in the world, and which has aided wonderfully in cementing into one the far-separated members of the Dominion confederacy.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON

[The treaty of Washington, concluded in 1871, was the greatest diplomatic event in Macdonald's career. By it were settled the questions of the fisheries and various other subjects of acrimonious debate between the Dominion and the United States. In this Macdonald had to fight his way not alone against the Washington diplomats, but also against his British colleagues, and it was with the greatest difficulty he obtained a treaty at all. On his return to Canada he was received as John Jay was in the United States after the treaty of 1794. Men called him a Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold in one, and years passed before he received the credit he had well earned by his judicious and patriotic efforts. His speech before the Canadian Parliament on this subject was the most eloquent ever heard from his lips. We give an extract from the peroration of this able address.]

I shall now move the first reading of this bill, and I shall simply sum up my remarks by saying that with respect to the treaty I consider that every portion of it is unobjectionable to the country, unless the articles connected with the fisheries may be considered objectionable. With respect to those articles, I ask this House fully and calmly to consider the circumstances, and I believe, if they fully consider the situation, that they will say it is for the good of Canada that those articles should be ratified. Reject the treaty, and you do not get reciprocity; reject the treaty, and you leave the fishermen of the Maritime Provinces at the mercy of the Americans; reject the treaty, and you will leave the merchants engaged in that trade off from the American market: reject the treaty, and you will have a large annual expenditure in keeping up a marine police force to protect those fisheries, amounting to about $84,000 per annum; reject the treaty, and you will have to call upon England to send her fleet and give you both her moral and physical support, although you will not adopt her policy; reject the treaty, and you will find that the bad feeling which formerly and until lately existed in the United States against England will be transferred to Canada; that the United States will say, and say justly: "Here, where two great nations like England and the United States have settled all their differences and all their quarrels upon a perpetual basis, these happy results are to be frustrated and endangered by the Canadian people, because they have not got the value of their fish for ten years."

It has been said by the honorable gentleman on my left (Mr. Howe), in his speech to the Young Men's Christian Association, that England had sacrificed the interests of Canada. If England has sacrificed the interests of Canada, what sacrifice has she not made in the cause of peace? Has she not, for the sake of peace between these two great nations, rendered herself liable, leaving out all indirect claims, to pay millions out of her own treasury? Has she not made all this sacrifice, which only Englishmen and English statesmen know, for the sake of peace—and for whose sake has she made it? Has she not made it principally for the sake of Canada? Let Canada be severed from England, let England not be responsible to us, and for us, and what could the United States do to England? Let England withdraw herself into her shell, and what can the United States do? England has got the supremacy of the sea—she is impregnable in every point but one, and that point is Canada; and if England does call on us to make a financial sacrifice; does find it for the good of the empire that we, England's first colony, should sacrifice something; I say that we would be unworthy of our proud position if we were not prepared to do so.

I hope to live to see the day, and if I do not that my son may be spared to see Canada the right arm of England, to see Canada a powerful auxiliary to the empire,—not as now a cause of anxiety and a source of danger. And I think that if we are worthy to hold that position as the right arm of England, we should not object to a sacrifice of this kind when so great an object is attained, and the object is a great and lasting one. It is said that amities between nations cannot be perpetual; but I say that this treaty, which has gone through so many difficulties and dangers, if it is carried into effect, removes almost all possibility of war. If ever there was an irritating cause of war, it was from the occurrences arising out of the escape of those vessels, and when we see the United States people and Government forget this irritation, forget those occurrences, and submit such a question to arbitration, to the arbitration of a disinterested tribunal, they have established a principle which can never be forgotten in this world. No future question is ever likely to arise that will cause such irritation as the escape of the *Alabama* did, and if they could be got to agree to leave such a matter to the peaceful arbitrament of a friendly power, what future cause of quarrel can, in the imagination of man, occur that will not bear the same pacific solution that is sought for in this? I believe that this treaty is an epoch in the history of civilization; that it will set an example to the wide world that must be followed; and with the growth of the great Anglo-Saxon family, and with the development of that mighty nation to the south of us, I believe that the principle of arbitration will be advocated and adopted as the sole principle of settlement of differences between the English-speaking peoples, and that it will have a moral influence on the world.

GEORGE BROWN (1818-1880)

JOURNALIST, STATESMAN AND DIPLOMAT

LIKE many of the Canadian leaders, George Brown was born on the island of Great Britain, Edinburgh being his natal home. He became a journalist in New York in 1838, and from there drifted to Canada, where, in 1844, he founded the *Toronto Globe.* Of this he remained the proprietor until his death, which was due to a wound received from a discharged employee of the paper. Brown's legislative career began in the Parliament of Upper Canada, of which for a short time in 1857 he was the premier. In 1873 he was elected to the Dominion Senate, and in the following year served at Washington as a plenipotentiary from Canada. Politically he was one of the principal leaders of the Reform or Liberal party, whose principles he advocated with voice and pen.

THE GREATNESS AND DESTINY OF CANADA

[Hopkins's "Story of the Dominion" in speaking of the conference of the "Fathers of Confederation" at Quebec, in 1864, tells us that "George Brown, the energetic, forceful personality, the honest lover of his country, the bitter antagonist of French or Catholic supremacy in its affairs, was present with a sincere desire to advance the cause or union which, for some years, he had been most earnestly advocating." We give the forceful peroration of his speech before the Canadian Parliament on this important subject.]

One hundred years have passed away since the conquest of Quebec, but here we sit, the children of the victor and the vanquished, all avowing hearty attachment to the British Crown, all earnestly deliberating how we shall best extend the blessings of British institutions; how a great people may be established on this continent, in close and hearty connection with Great Britain. Where, sir, in the page of history, shall we find a parallel to this? Will it not stand as an imperishable monument to the generosity of British rule? And it is not in Canada alone that this scene

has been witnessed. Four other colonies are at this moment occupied as we are—declaring their hearty love for the parent State, and deliberating with us how they may best discharge the great duty entrusted to their hands, and give their aid in developing the teeming resources of these vast possessions.

And well, Mr. Speaker, may the work we have unitedly proposed rouse the ambition and energy of every true man in British America. Look, sir, at the map of the continent of America. Newfoundland, commanding the mouth of the noble river that almost cuts our continent in twain, is equal in extent to the Kingdom of Portugal. Cross the straits to the mainland, and you touch the hospitable shores of Nova Scotia, a country as large as the Kingdom of Greece. Then mark the sister Province of New Brunswick—equal to Denmark and Switzerland combined. Pass up the St. Lawrence to Lower Canada—a country as large as France. Pass on to Upper Canada—twenty thousand square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together. Cross over the continent to the shores of the Pacific, and you are in British Columbia, the land of golden promise—equal in extent to the Austrian Empire. I speak not now of the vast Indian territories that lie between, greater in extent than the whole soil of Russia; and that will, ere long, I trust, be opened up to civilization, under the auspices of the British American Confederation. Well, sir, the bold scheme in your hands is nothing less than to gather all these countries into one; to organize them under one government, with the protection of the British flag, and in heartiest sympathy and affection with our fellow-subjects in the land that gave us birth. Our scheme is to establish a government that will seek to turn the tide of emigration into this northern half of the American continent; that will strive to develop its great national resources, and that will endeavor to maintain liberty, and justice, and Christianity throughout the land.

What we propose now is but to lay the foundations of the structure, to set in motion the governmental machinery that will, one day, we trust, extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And we take especial credit to ourselves that the system we have devised, while admirably adapted to our present situation, is capable of gradual and efficient expansion in future years to meet all the purposes contemplated by our scheme. But if honorable gentlemen will recall to mind that when the United States seceded from the mother country, and for many years afterwards, their population was not nearly equal to ours at the present moment, that their internal improvements did not then approach to what we have already attained, and that their trade and commerce was not a third of what ours has already reached, I think they will see that the fulfilment of our hopes may

not be so very remote as at first sight might be imagined. And they will be strengthened in that conviction, if they remember that what we propose to do is to be done with the cordial sympathy and assistance of that great Power of which it is our happiness to form a part. And said I not rightly, Mr. Speaker, that such a scheme is well fitted to fire the ambition and rouse the energy of every member of this House? Does it not lift us above the petty politics of the past, and present to us high purposes and great interests, that may well call forth all the intellectual ability, and all the energy and enterprise to be found among us?

Sir, the future destiny of these great Provinces may be affected, by the decision we are about to give, to an extent which at this moment we may be unable to estimate. But assuredly the welfare, for many years, of four millions of people hangs on our decision. Shall we then rise equal to the occasion? Shall we approach this discussion without partisanship, and free from every personal feeling but the earnest resolution to discharge, conscientiously, the duty which an overruling Providence has placed upon us? Sir, it may be that some among us may live to see the day when, as the result of this measure, a great and powerful people shall have grown up in these lands; when the boundless forest all around us shall have given way to smiling fields and thriving towns, and when one united government, under the British flag, shall extend from shore to shore; but who could desire to see that day, if he could not recall with satisfaction the part he took in this discussion? Mr. Speaker, I have done. I leave the subject to the conscientious judgment of the House, in the confident expectation and belief that the decision it will render will be worthy of the Parliament of Canada.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN (1843-1901)

EDITOR, AUTHOR AND ORATOR

NICHOLAS F. DAVIN, connected in his later years with the journalism of Assiniboia, owed his birth to Ireland, while his early career, as a lawyer and journalist, was spent in London. During the Franco-German War he served as war correspondent for the *Irish Times* and the *London Standard.* Seeking Canada, he was called to the Ontario bar in 1874, and later to that of the Northwest province, being created Queen's Counsel by the Earl of Derby in 1890. In 1893, he established at Regina the *Leader,* the pioneer newspaper of Assiniboia. His powers as an orator made him prominent in political life, and from 1887 to 1890 he represented Assiniboia in the Dominion House of Commons, being noted as one of the most scholarly men in that body.

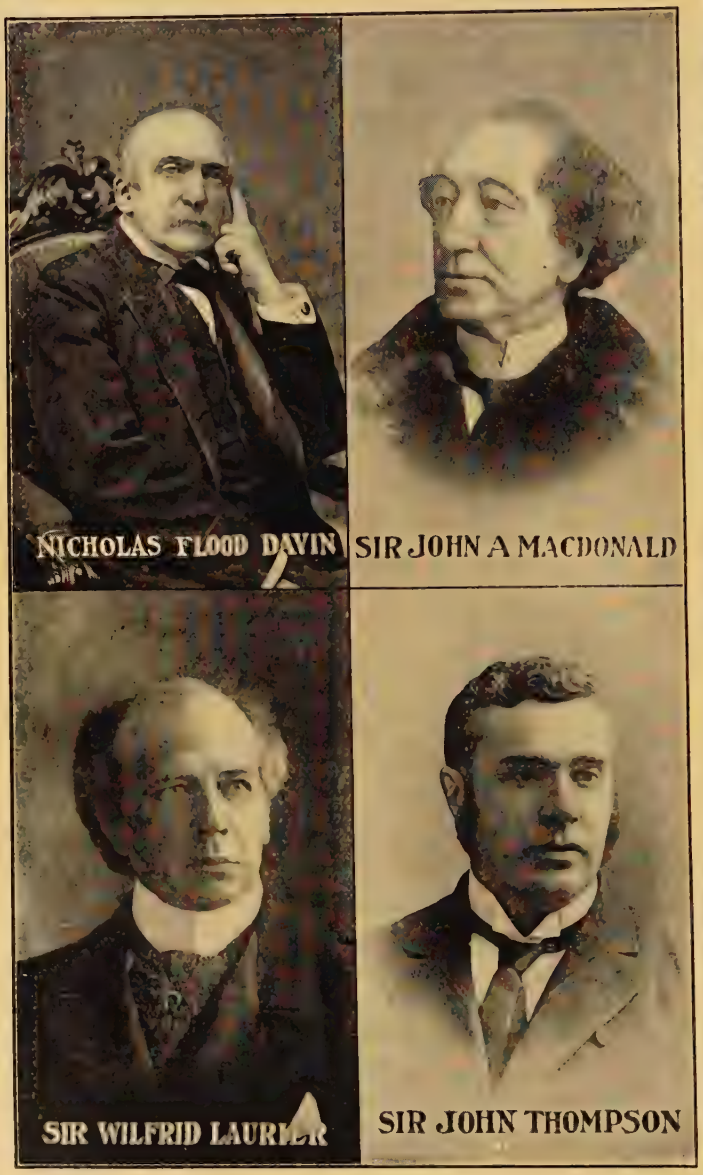
THE BRITISH COLONIAL EMPIRE

[In 1897, during the Queen's Diamond Jubilee celebration, Mr. Davin represented Canada at the meeting held in Boston, Massachusetts, in honor of that event, and delivered there an eloquent address, suited to the occasion. A selection follows.]

This is a magnificent festival ; but, contrary to the rule, it is greater relatively than absolutely. Grand as it is, its grandeur is enhanced when we think that at this moment, not merely in London is the Empire's Queen gathering her children around her, but in great cities in all lands ; in a land like this, which no British heart can heartily call foreign—for what is this great Republic but one of the lion's whelps grown to lionhood and for distinction's sake growing a pair of wings, and calling itself a lion of the air ; and, as we know from a hundred battlefields, when we look at your literature and see your extraordinary power and commercial activity, we conclude that, although you may be an eagle in the air, after all there is a great deal of the British lion about you. In great cities and capitals, under the southern cross, under northern auroral lights, in the eye of the

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT IN SESSION

This has been the scene of many eloquent debates, which have drawn forth the finest outbursts of oratory from men who rank among the first of the world's orators. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Hon. George Brown and a host of others have won fame here.



DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN ORATORS

These are representative orators of the 19th and 20th Centuries, distinguished both for Parliamentary debates and popular discussions of great national questions.

lean white bear, in the light of the midnight sun, under torrid skies everywhere in the civilized world—nay, in its uncivilized corners also—wherever British energy and pluck, fortitude and indomitable tenacity have carried British commerce and arms—and where have they not?—everywhere in the civilized world the same feast is held; in city and jungle; on mountain and plain; in lonely remote deserts, or in far-off isles and seas. There is no clime so inhospitable, there is no tract so dangerous, no isle so little, no sea so lone, but over tower and turret and dome, over scud and sand and palm tree, at this hour, the flag bearing the three crosses of the three great nations of the two heroic isles rises with solemn splendor and sublime significance; where it is day the winds of heaven reverently caress its immortal folds, and where it is night the stars salute it as a fellow star. . . . .

Macaulay, led away by a love for effect, pictured a traveler from New Zealand sitting on a broken arch of St. Paul's; and the great Daniel Webster in one of his addresses reflected that if England should pass into decay, the great Republic which was her child, born in storm and bitterness and fated to greatness, would preserve her memory, her arts, her language, her love of freedom. England's time cannot come unless her Empire's time should come. Where is the nation, or combination of nations, which could meet this world-wide Empire united to fight? Instead of the New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, we should have the Maori swelling the Imperial army. The men living in the two heroic isles show no decay, and as for their colonial children and brethren, our Toronto Highlanders beat the regulars the other day. In earlier hours of danger we sent the 100th regiment to the Imperial camp. We guided the Imperial troops up the Nile. Australia sent her sons to fight, and had arranged for her own naval contingent. South Africa has followed suit. What I see is more and fuller life everywhere.

It may be that we shall see despotism and tyranny and barbarism, civilized only in the art of war, combined against this Empire with its fifty millions of English-speaking men and millions of loyal subject races. It may be that we may have to face an Armageddon in which the oceans and seas of the round world will be purple with blood and flame, and it may be that this is not beyond the bounds of possibility—it may be we should succumb. If so, we would, to use language which my gallant friend and his marines and bluejackets will understand, we should fall as they fall and die as our fathers died, with the jack still floating nailed to the mast, leaving a name without a parallel and which never could have a parallel. Much more likely we should send tyranny skulking to its hold, cooped up in narrower bounds, and make the three-crossed flag still more the world's flag of freedom. All the signs are signs of life; of expanding material, moral and spiritual power. This Empire will go forward, becoming greater in power and a still greater blessing to mankind.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER (1821-1915)

A DISTINGUISHED DOMINION STATESMAN

AMONG the statesmen of the Dominion of Canada Sir Charles Tupper long held a foremost place. Born, the son of a Baptist minister, at Amhurst, Nova Scotia, he studied medicine, and for years practiced as a physician. Entering the field of politics in 1855, his powers as an orator and his statesmanlike ability soon gave him high standing, he becoming Premier of his native province in 1864, President of the Privy Council in 1870, and for years afterward holding various ministries in the Macdonald Cabinet. For a number of years he was High Commissioner for Canada in England, and in April, 1896, he became Conservative Premier of the Dominion. His term of office was a brief one. In the general election that followed the Liberals won, and Sir Wilfred Laurier succeeded as Premier.

ON THE PROTECTION OF THE FISHERIES

[As a strenuous and aggressive orator, of excellent powers of logical argument, Sir Charles Tupper won popular favor and has long been much esteemed The selection here given is from a speech made by him in the House of Commons, Ottawa, May 12, 1887, in the protection of the Fisheries, which was at that time a matter of controversy between Canada and the United States. After introducing the subject, he continued as follows.]

I had the honor of being sent on a confidential mission to Washington by the Governor-General previous to assuming my duties in England in 1884, and had a long and interesting conversation with the late Secretary Frelinghuysen on that subject. I may say I regard it is a misfortune that the administration of which he was a member was not returned to power, and that his life had not been spared to carry out what I am certain he was prepared to carry out. The result was that a Democratic President was elected in the United States, and a Democratic administration was

framed; but that administration had not, as the honorable gentlemen know, a majority in the Senate; and although the Government of the United States in good faith carried out the engagement with the Government of Canada, and sent down a proposal to dispose of this matter by an international commission, their proposal was rejected by the Senate. It was for that reason, and not because I wish to express any preference for one party or the other in the United States, that I said I think it was a misfortune that the recommendation of the Democratic President and Government had to be acted upon by a Republican Senate.

That proposal was rejected, and Canada was forced, as you know, *ex necessitate rei*, to adopt the policy of temperately and judiciously, but firmly, protecting the rights of Canadian fisherman in Canadian waters; and I am glad to be able to state that during my term of office as High Commissioner in London, where I had constant and frequent intercourse with the great statesmen of both of the political parties in that country in relation to this question,—whatever party was in power, or whatever might be representing the Government—I met the firm and unqualified desire, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, to study carefully what were the undoubted rights of Canada and the Empire; and I speak of the Governments which represented both the great parties in England, when I say I found on their part the steady and uniform desire and determination firmly to maintain Canada in the assertion of her just and legitimate rights.

I believe that, anxious as are Her Majesty's Government—and everybody knows how extremely anxious they are to avoid the slightest cause of difference with the United States—the time is far distant when the Government of England will shrink in the slightest degree from giving fair and candid consideration to whatever are the just claims of Canada in relation to that question.

Under these circumstances I think we had a right to expect from the Congress of the United States a different course to that which they pursued. When the President of the United States sent this appeal to Congress for an international commission, what did the people interested in the fisheries say? They said, "We do not want to have anything to do with Canadian waters; we want no international commission. The fish have all turned south; they are coming into our waters; we do not require to go into Canadian waters at all; we want no commission, no international arrangement, but simply to keep ourselves to ourselves, and let the Canadians do the same." I think that is very much to be regretted. I think the interests of that great country and the interests of Canada alike require close commercial relations and extended reciprocal relations. I

have no hesitation in saying so. It would be, in my judgment, a great misfortune if anything were to prevent reciprocal trade arrangements with the United States, which would be, as they were when they existed before, alike beneficial to both countries. We know we were satisfied with reciprocity, but we do not conceal from ourselves, because the statistics of our own country prove it beyond question, that, advantageous as was the Reciprocity Treaty from 1854, for twelve years, to the people of Canada, it was infinitely more advantageous to the people of the United States. But as I say, we were met by the proposal to arm the President with the power of declaring non-intercourse. I do not believe he will put that power into force, and I am strengthened in this belief by the letter which the President of the United States addressed to the parties who communicated with him on the subject, and which showed that that gentleman, armed with this tremendous power, fully recognized the enormous interests that had grown up under that peaceful intercourse between Canada and the United States, and that he was fully alive to that momentous responsibility that would rest upon his shoulders if he should put it in operation. . . . .

That is the solitary cloud now upon the horizon, but it is not without its silver lining. Non-intercourse would not be an unmixed evil. I would deeply deplore it. Every member of the House, and every intelligent Canadian, would deeply deplore any interruption of the commercial relations which exist between this country and the United States; but I cannot forget that, if this policy of non-intercourse were adopted, it would lead to the development of the channels of communication between ourselves; and that the commerce of Canada, which is to-day building up New York, Boston and Portland, would be carried through exclusively Canadian channels to Canadian ports, and would build up Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax with a rapidity which the people of this country can scarcely understand. So, looking at this question in all its bearings, while I most earnestly hope that no such policy will be adopted; while I have not the slightest idea that it will; I say that should it be adopted, great as is the American Republic, enormous as is their population, they will find that Canada feels that she has as great and as valuable a portion of this North American continent under her management and control and to be developed as that lying to the south of us; and they will find the people of this country an united land of patriots, who, sinking every other consideration, will say they owe it to their country, they owe it to themselves, to show that there will be no faltering in maintaining to the utmost the undoubted and admitted rights that belong to the people of Canada.

GOLDWIN SMITH (1823-1910)

THE DISTINGUISHED LECTURER AND WRITER

GOLDWIN SMITH dwelt and made his mark on three separate soils. Born in England and educated at Oxford, he was made Professor of Modern History at that university in 1858. Coming to the United States in 1864, he was for four years Professor of English History at Cornell University. His life in Canada began in 1871. Here he made his home in Toronto, engaged in editorial work, authorship and lecturing. As a lecturer Smith ranked high among modern speakers, evincing much breadth and depth of thought and felicity in expression. He was in England an advanced Liberal in politics, and a champion of the American Union during the Civil War. In addition to his productions as an orator, his written works are numerous and valuable.

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE

[Goldwin Smith is not among those who think that science has probed to the bottom the mystery of things. Ambitious as are its efforts, and far and deep as it has reached, it still stands only on the threshold of the secret of time and space, with the creative Deity looming in impenetrable vastness beyond its ken. Such is the text of the extract we select from his eloquent and suggestive address delivered at Oxford on the Study of History.]

What is the sum of physical science? Compared with the comprehensible universe and with conceivable time, not to speak of infinity and eternity, it is the observation of a mere point, the experience of an instant. Are we warranted in founding anything upon such data, except that which we are obliged to found on them, the daily rules and processes necessary for the material life of man? We call the discoveries of science sublime; and truly. But the sublimity belongs not to that which they reveal, but to that which they suggest. And that which they suggest is, that through this material glory and beauty, of which we see a little and

imagine more, there speaks to us a Being whose nature is akin to ours, and who has made our hearts capable of such converse. Astronomy has its practical uses, without which man's intellect would scarcely rouse itself to those speculations; but its greatest result is a revelation of immensity pervaded by one informing mind; and this revelation is made by astronomy only in the same sense in which the telescope reveals the stars to the eye of the astronomer. Science finds no law for the thoughts which, with her aid, are ministered to man by the starry skies. Science can explain the hues of sunset, but she cannot tell from what urns of pain and pleasure its pensiveness is poured. These things are felt by all men, felt the more in proportion as the mind is higher. They are a part of human nature; and why should they not be as sound a basis for philosophy as any other part? But if they are, the solid wall of material law melts away, and through the whole order of the material world pours the influence, the personal influence, of a spirit corresponding to our own.

Again, is it true that the fixed or unvarying is the last revelation of science? These risings in the scale of created beings, this gradual evolution of planetary systems from their centre, do they bespeak mere creative force? Do they not rather bespeak something which, for want of an adequate word, we must call creative effort, corresponding to the effort by which man raises himself and his estate? And where effort can be discovered, does not spirit reign again?

A creature whose sphere of vision is a speck, whose experience is a second, sees the pencil of Raphael moving over the canvas of the Transfiguration. It sees the pencil moving over its own speck, during its own second of existence, in one particular direction, and it concludes that the formula expressing that direction is the secret of the whole.

There is truth as well as vigor in the lines of Pope on the discoveries of Newton:

> "Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And showed a Newton as we show an ape."

If they could not show a Newton as we show an ape, or a Newton's discoveries as we show the feats of apish cunning, it was because Newton was not a mere intellectual power, but a moral being, laboring in the service of his kind, and because his discoveries were the reward, not of sagacity only, but of virtue. We can imagine a mere organ of vision so constructed by Omnipotence as to see at a glance infinitely more than could be discovered by all the Newtons, but the animal which possessed that organ would not be higher than the moral being.

Reason, no doubt, is our appointed guide to truth. The limits set to it by each dogmatist, at the point where it comes into conflict with his dogma, are human limits; the providential limits we can learn only by dutifully exerting it to the utmost. Yet reason must be impartial in the acceptance of data and in the demand of proof. Facts are not the less facts because they are not facts of sense; materialism is not necessarily enlightenment; it is possible to be at once chimerical and gross.

We may venture, without any ingratitude to science as the source of material benefits and the training school of inductive reason, to doubt whether the great secret of the moral world is likely to be discovered in her laboratory, or to be revealed to those minds which have been imbued only with her thoughts, and trained in her processes alone. Some, indeed, among the men of science who have given us sweeping theories of the world, seem to be not only one-sided in their view of the facts, leaving out of sight the phenomena of our moral nature, but to want one of the two faculties necessary for sound investigation. They are acute observers, but bad reasoners. And science must not expect to be exempt from the rules of reasoning. We cannot give credit for evidence which does not exist, because if it existed it would be of a scientific kind; nor can we pass at a bound from slight and precarious premises to a tremendous conclusion, because the conclusion would annihilate the spiritual nature and annul the divine origin of man.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER (1841 ——)

THE GREAT LIBERAL REFORMER

THE Dominion of Canada, as is well known, has a population made up of two distinct races, the French and the British, representing to-day the successive ownership of that great area. Though these are amalgamated to a considerable extent, their original diversity has by no means disappeared, the French stratum of the population retaining its old language and many of its old ideas. In 1896 the Canadian French became more intimately affiliated with the Government than ever before, when Wilfrid Laurier, a statesman of their race, was appointed to the high dignity of Premier of the Dominion, the first of his people to hold that position. He was invested with the honor of knighthood in the following year. For many years the Conservative party had been predominant in Canada. With Laurier the Liberals came into power, after a long interregnum. They could not have done so under an abler leader than Sir Wilfrid, who is considered by many as the ablest orator Canada has ever known, and is distinguished "not more by the finished grace of his oratory than by the boldness and authority with which he handled the deepest political problems" in the Dominion House of Commons. He designates himself "A Liberal of the English school, a pupil of Charles James Fox, Daniel O'Connell, and William Ewart Gladstone."

GLADSTONE'S ELEMENTS OF GREATNESS

[Laurier's political orations are numerous, and many of them evince great ability. We append from these an example of his powers as a political orator, but we give in precedence his eulogy of Gladstone, as one of the most appreciative, striking and brilliant estimates of the character of the great English statesman.]

The last half century in which we live has produced many able and strong men, who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention

of the world at large; but of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine all others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the resources at command; if we remember that out of the small kingdom of Sardinia grew United Italy, we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of marvelous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the presidency, exhibited a power for the government of men which has scarcely been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he enfranchised the black race, and for the task he had to perform he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct the supreme quality in a statesman of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment, and expressing it in language of incomparable felicity. Prince Bismarck was the embodiment of resolute common sense, unflinching determination, relentless strength, moving onward to his end, and crushing everything in his way as unconcernedly as fate itself. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly excelled every one of these men. He had in his person a combination of varied powers of the human intellect rarely to be found in one single individual. He had the imaginative fancy, the poetic conception of things, in which Count Cavour was deficient. He had the aptitude for business, the financial ability, which Lincoln never exhibited. He had the lofty impulses, the generous inspirations, which Prince Bismarck always discarded, even if he did not treat them with scorn. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a poet, and a man of business.

As an orator he stands certainly in the very front rank of orators of his country or any country, of his age or any age. I remember when Louis Blanc was in England, in the days of the Second Empire, he used to write to the press of Paris, and in one of his letters to *Le Temps* he stated that Mr. Gladstone would undoubtedly have been the foremost orator of England if it were not for the existence of Mr. Bright. It may be admitted, and I think it is admitted generally, that on some occasions Mr. Bright reached heights of grandeur and pathos which even Mr. Gladstone did not attain. But Mr. Gladstone had an ability, a vigor, a fluency which no man in his age, or any age, ever rivaled, or even approached. That is not all. To his marvelous mental powers he added no less marvelous physical gifts. He had the eye of a god; the voice of a silver bell; and the very fire of his eye, the very music of his voice, swept the

hearts of men even before they had been dazzled by the torrents of his eloquence. . . . .

In a character so complex and diversified one may be asked what was the dominant feature, what was the supreme quality, the one characteristic which marked the nature of the man. Was it his incomparable genius for finance? Was it his splendid oratorical powers? Was it his marvelous fecundity of mind? In my estimation it was not any one of those qualities. Great as they were, there was one still more marked; and, if I have to give my own impression, I would say that the one trait which was dominant in his nature, which marked the man more distinctly than any other, was his intense humanity, his paramount sense of right, his abhorrence of injustice, wrong, and oppression wherever to be found, or in whatever shape they might show themselves. Injustice, wrong, oppression, acted upon him, as it were, mechanically, and aroused every fibre of his being, and, from that moment, to the repairing of the injustice, the undoing of the wrong, and the destruction of the oppression, he gave his mind, his heart, his soul, his whole life, with an energy, with an intensity, with a vigor paralleled in no man unless it be the First Napoleon.

RIEL AND THE GOVERNMENT

[In the Dominion House of Commons in the early months of 1886 an acrimonious debate took place, in which Mr. Laurier and Mr. Blake took the ground that in the execution for treason of Louis Riel, the half-breed insurgent, the Government was seriously culpable, having knowingly and deliberately goaded the half-breeds to desperation and revolt. Sir John Thompson and others as vigorously defended the Government in its action. Mr. Laurier's speech on this subject, delivered March 16, 1886, is looked upon by many as his best effort and the finest oration ever heard in Canadian Parliament. We give its opening and closing passages.]

Mr. Speaker: Since no one on the other side of the House has the courage to continue this debate, I will do so myself. The Minister of Public Works stated the Government were ready and anxious to discuss this question; and is this an evidence of the courage they pretend to possess? Sir, in all that has been said so far, and that has fallen from the lips of honorable gentlemen opposite, there is one thing in which we can all agree, and one thing only—we can all agree in the tribute which was paid to the volunteers by the Minister of Public Works when he entered into a defence of the Government. The volunteers had a most painful duty to perform, and they performed it in a most creditable manner to themselves and the country. Under the uniform of a soldier there is generally to be found a warm and merciful heart. Moreover, our soldiers are citizens who have an interest in this country; but when they are on duty they know nothing but duty. At the same time it can fairly be presumed

that when on duty the heart feels and the mind thinks; and it may be fairly presumed that those who were on duty in the Northwest last spring thought and felt as a great soldier, a great king, King Henry IV. of France, thought and felt when engaged in battle for many years of his life, in fighting his rebellious subjects. Whenever his sword inflicted a wound he used these words:

"The king strikes thee, God heal thee."

It may be presumed that perhaps our soldiers, when fighting the rebellion, were almost animated by a similar spirit, and prayed to God that he would heal the wounds that it was their duty to inflict, and that no more blood should be shed than the blood shed by themselves. The Government, however, thought otherwise. The Government thought that the blood shed by the soldiers was not sufficient, but that another life must be sacrificed. We heard the Minister of Public Works attempting to defend the conduct of the Government, and stating that its action in this matter was a stern necessity which duty to our Queen and duty to our country made inevitable. Mr. Speaker, I have yet to learn—and I have not learned it from anything that has fallen from the lips of gentlemen opposite—that duty to Queen and country may ever prevent the exercise of that prerogative of mercy which is the noblest prerogative of the Crown. The language of the honorable gentleman was not the first occasion when responsible or irresponsible advisers of the Crown attempted to delude the public, and perhaps themselves as well, into the belief that duty to Queen and country required blood, when mercy was a possible alternative.

When Admiral Byng was sentenced to be shot for no other crime than that of being unfortunate in battle, there were men at the time who said to the King that the interests of the country required that the sentence should be carried out; though the court, which had convicted him, strongly recommended him to mercy. Those evil counsels prevailed, and the sentence was carried out; but the verdict of history, the verdict of posterity —posterity to which honorable gentlemen now appeal—has declared long ago that the carrying out of the sentence against Admiral Byng was a judicial murder. And I venture to predict, Mr. Speaker, that the verdict of history will be the same in this instance. In every instance in which a Government has carried out the extreme penalty of the law, when mercy was suggested instead, the verdict has been the same. Sir, in the province to which I belong, and especially amongst the race to which I belong, the execution of Louis Riel has been universally condemned as being the sacrifice of a life, not to inexorable justice, but to bitter passion and revenge.

Indeed the Government have convinced all the people here mentioned, the half-breeds, the Indians, the white settlers, that their arm is long and strong, and that they are powerful to punish. Would to Heaven that they had taken as much pains to convince them all, half-breeds, Indians and white settlers, of their desire and willingness to do them justice, to treat them fairly. Had they taken as much pains to do right, as they have taken to punish wrong, they never would have had any occasion to convince those people that the law cannot be violated with impunity, because the law would never have been violated at all.

But to-day, not to speak of those who have lost their lives, our prisons are full of men who, despairing ever to get justice by peace, sought to obtain it by war; who, despairing of ever being treated like freemen, took their lives in their hands, rather than be treated as slaves. They have suffered a great deal, they are suffering still; yet their sacrifices will not be without reward. Their leader is in the grave; they are in durance; but from their prisons they can see that that justice, that liberty which they sought in vain, and for which they fought not in vain, has at last dawned upon their country. Their fate well illustrates the truth of Byron's invocation to liberty, in the introduction to the "Prisoner of Chillon":

> Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
> Brightest in dungeons, Liberty thou art!
> For there thy habitation is the heart—
> The heart which love to thee alone can bind;
> And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
> To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
> Their country conquers with their martyrdom.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON (1844-1894)

A NOVA SCOTIAN PREMIER AND ORATOR

SIR JOHN THOMPSON, a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, began his political career in 1877, in the legislature of that province. Subsequently entering the Dominion Parliament, he became a prominent and active Conservative member of that body. An earnest and able orator, and a statesman of excellent powers, he won a position of leadership in his party, and in 1892 was called upon to form a Cabinet, and accept the post of Prime Minister of Canada. He died two years later, at Windsor, while on a visit to England.

THE EXECUTION OF RIEL

[On March 22, 1886, Thompson made a long and able speech before the House of Commons, in response to those of Laurier and Blake on the subject of the execution of Louis Riel, the half-breed leader of insurrection. As a favorable example of his manner we append some passages from this speech.]

Let me call the attention of the House to one point with regard to the fairness of the trial which strikes me as absolutely conclusive. That is, that if there had been an unfair ruling in that trial from beginning to end, either on the application to postpone, or on a question of evidence, or on any part of the judge's charge, it would have been laid open by the prisoner's counsel on their appeal to the Court of Queen's Bench in Manitoba. The prisoner had an advantage which no man has who is tried in the older Provinces. He had a right to appeal to a Bench of judges sitting in another Province, far removed from the agitation in his own country, an appeal on every question of the law and fact involved.

Every lawyer knows that a prisoner in the Provinces has only these chances of appeal; he has his chance of a writ of error, to bring up defects shown by the record, and as regards any objections to the evidence or to the rulings of the judge, the judge may himself decide whether he shall have an appeal or not. Louis Riel was not in that position. He

had the right to bring before the Bench in Manitoba every question of the law or fact that arose on his trial, and when he took that appeal, he was represented by the best counsel, I suppose, that this Dominion could have given him, and yet not a single exception was taken to the fairness of the trial, or the rulings of the judge. The prisoner took this additional step, which is a very rare one in connection with the criminal justice in this country ; he applied to Her Majesty to exercise the prerogative by which Her Majesty, by the advice of Her Privy Council, is able to entertain an appeal in a case connected with the criminal jurisdiction from any one of her subjects in the Empire ; and how is it that in the petition that was prepared to enable the prisoner to take the judgment of that high tribunal which had to make its report to the fountain of justice itself in the British Dominions—how is it that neither the prisoner's counsel nor himself, nor the petition, nor anything said on trial in his favor, urged a single objection to the fairness of the trial, the rulings of the judge at that trial, or the way in which the judge had directed the jury ? I should suppose, sir, that that was exceedingly significant. We were told, the other night, that the judgment of the Privy Council said nothing about the procedure of the trial, that it was silent on that point. The significance of that silence is all we want. When a man has a full opportunity to appeal, and takes his appeal, and makes no complaint about the fairness of a ruling which would have given him his liberty if he could establish its error, I want to know if we need any more than the silence of the able counsel by whom he was advised and represented, to satisfy us that exceptions were not taken in the highest Court of Appeal in the Empire for the simple reason that they did not exist.

And yet, sir, because we administered in the case of Louis Riel, the judgment which the law pronounced, the confidence of this House is asked to be withdrawn from the Government. I must read from the Winnepeg *Free Press* an extract which was read to the House once or twice before, and which I am, therefore, almost ashamed to repeat, but which I must repeat, because it applies directly to the point in hand, and comes from a newspaper as hostile to this Government as any newspaper in the Dominion. It was published on the 17th of December, immediately after the execution. Some papers have been accused of inconsistency in advocating Riel's execution beforehand, and taking the opposite ground afterwards, but after his execution the Winnipeg *Free Press* said : " Riel was fairly tried, honestly convicted, laudably condemned, and justly executed."

But, sir, if our confidence in the tribunals themselves be not sufficient, if the fact that the courts of appeal before which the case was taken, ruled

that the trial was fair, and that justice had been done, be not sufficient, I ask honorable gentlemen opposite if, with any sense of candor or fair play, they can ask that this government should be condemned for not changing the sentence on the ground that the trial had been unfair, when there has not been down to this hour a petition or request presented to the Government, either from Louis Riel, from his counsel, from his ecclesiastical superiors, or from any of the advisers or sympathizers he has had throughout this country, for the commutation of the sentence on the ground that the trial was in any sense unfair. And yet, sir, after the decision of the jury, and the decision of the judge; after the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench in Manitoba, where, as I have said, he had an extraordinary advantage; and after the disposal of his case before the judiciary committee of the Privy Council; and without a single utterance from anybody, either himself or any sympathizers, that anything was unfair, this House is asked to carry this resolution on the ground that his trial was unfair, and give what Riel never asked, redress on the ground that he had been unfairly tried.

[In regard to the plea of insanity which had been brought forward in Riel's trial, Sir John, after considering it at some length, concluded as follows:]

Upon that subject I might cite at some length, but I refrain from doing so. The celebrated case which was tried in the United States a few years ago, and with relation to which the man who was condemned, if the evidence is to be believed, had a tenfold stronger case on which to base a plea of insanity than Louis Riel. I refer to the case of Guiteau. The treatment which he received at the hands of the law and of the Executive, notwithstanding his strong political and religious delusions, is well known, and met with very slight, if any, condemnation, either in the United States or here. On the 24th of January, 1882, a journal which exercises a great influence in this country, and speaks, or professes to speak, for a political party in this country—the journal which I heard an honorable member declare the other night, penetrated to the utmost recesses of the earth—used this language with regard to the case of Guiteau, and I cite it because it is peculiarly applicable to the case of Riel, although the conductors of the journal do not seem to think so now. Speaking of the comments which an observer might make in Guiteau's case, they said, and honorable gentlemen will see as I progress:

"If sufficiently credulous to accept the murderer's asseverations as anything more than a piece of arrant hypocrisy, an artifice of his cunning little mind to save his neck from the gallows; if he could bring himself to credit the wretch with sincerity, he could not resist the inference that the inspiration was from beneath and not from above, and that having done

the bidding of the great adversary on earth, he had better be sent as speedily as a due regard for the forms of human justice would permit to continue the genial service of other spheres.''

I presume a great and responsible paper like the Toronto *Globe* would not make these observations against a man in Guiteau's situation because he was condemned in another country, and treat Riel on a different principle because he lived here, and might be a factor in the politics of this country.

But let me ask attention to another point in this branch of the subject. Let me call attention to the fact that the Indians whom this man incited to rise, perpetrated some very cruel murders at Frog Lake, which called in every sense of the word loudly for the execution of the supreme penalty of the law against the Indians concerned in that massacre, not only because they committed great crimes, but on other ground on which it is deemed proper to inflict capital punishment, namely, that it is absolutely necessary by making a great example by the infliction of such punishment, to deter people disposed to crime from committing it. How could the perpetrators of the Frog Lake massacre have been punished, if the man who incited them to rebel—and the massacre was to them the natural result of rebellion—had escaped? How could the punishment of law have been meted out to them, or any deterrent effect have been achieved, if the "arch conspirator," the "arch traitor,"—if the "trickster," as he has been called by men who did them their best service,—was allowed to go free, or kept in a lunatic asylum until he chose to get rid of his temporary delusions? It was absolutely necessary, as I have said, to show to those people, to those Indians, and to every section of the country, and to every class of the population there, that the power of the Government in the Northwest was strong, not only to protect, but to punish. In the administration of justice with regard to those territories in particular, it was absolutely necessary that the deterrent effect of capital punishment should be called into play. Remote as that territory is, strong as the necessity is for vigorous government there, and through the enforcement of every branch of the law, I am not disposed to be inhumane, or unmerciful, in the enforcement of the penalty which the law pronounces, but in relation to men of this class, who time and again have been candidates for the extreme penalty of the law, who have despised mercy when it was given them before, I would give the answer to appeals for mercy which was given those who proposed to abolish capital punishment in France, "Very well, let the assassins begin."

BOOK VI.

The Famous Pulpit Orators of America

AMONG the many fields for oratorical display, none has been nearly so prolific as the pulpit, in which weekly thousands of sermons are delivered by men trained to the fullest and most effective powers of expression in this art. In this multitude of cultivated orators it would be strange, indeed, if there were not many of superior powers. And their subject, the salvation of man, is one that lends itself to fervid and vehement examples of oratory. The pulpit orator who is thoroughly in earnest has a theme not surpassed in its inspiring force by the most revolutionary and exciting of political conditions. As a rule, however, the incessant repetition of pulpit orations is apt to quench the fire of eloquence in the most earnest of speakers, and leave a tameness from which few escape in the end. Their efforts become forced. They are not due to single stirring occasions, of passing moment, but to permanent conditions against which it is not easy to maintain an inspiring indignation. And the sermon, to be fully interesting, needs to be heard; with all the aids of solemn surroundings, elevation of sentiment, and the grace and power of spoken words. When read, its fine aroma is apt to disappear. In offering selections from the leading pulpit orators, therefore, it seems best to take them, as a rule, from the secular efforts of these eloquent men. The moral force and the trained oratory remain, and with these is associated a living interest in the subject which does not always inhere in that of the printed sermon.

LYMAN BEECHER (1775–1863)

ORATOR AND FATHER OF ORATORS AND WRITERS

THE doctrine of heredity in genius finds warrant in the history of the Beecher family, in which the children of a father of distinguished powers in oratory inherited his mental grasp and surpassed him in fame, in oratory and literature. In the first half of the nineteenth century Lyman Beecher was one of the most popular pulpit orators in the land, a zealous and highly successful defender in New England of the orthodox faith against the Unitarianism. He was an active and earnest promotor of temperance and other moral issues, and was distinguished for boldness and energy of character. His sermons on temperance had an immense circulation.

THE SACREDNESS OF THE SABBATH

[As an orator Lyman Beecher was vigorous and at times rose to high exaltation of style. He strongly opposed any weakening of the old bonds of religious observance, as is evinced in the following selection, in which the growing secularization of the Sabbath and other moral delinquencies are eloquently denounced.]

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away ; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing ; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers ; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land, or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness shall be the stability of our times ; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. Human nature in this state is like human nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions, and habits. It is a moral

influence which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

If we neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to relax, easy to retreat, but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over New England, to rear again the thrown-down altars, and gather again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions. Another New England nor we nor our children shall ever see, if this be destroyed. All is lost irretrievably when the landmarks are once removed and the bands which now hold us are once broken. Such institutions, and such a state of society, can be established only by such men as our fathers were, and in such circumstances as they were in. They could not have made a New England in Holland. They made the attempt, but failed.

The hand that overturns our laws and altars, is the hand of death unbarring the gate of Pandemonium and letting loose upon our land the crimes and the miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But He will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with Him, He will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God. The day of vengeance is in His heart, the day of judgment has come: the great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Is this a time to run upon His neck and the thick bosses of His buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in His wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when His arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? To cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain sea, and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God?

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780–1842)

THE GREAT UNITARIAN ORATOR AND WRITER

IN William Ellery Channing, Rhode Island contributed to the American pulpit one of the most brilliant figures that have ever occupied it. To the Unitarian Church he came as a revelation, a leader of unsurpassed eloquence and influence. Not alone as a pulpit orator, did he win distinction, but as a writer as well, his merit in this field being of a very high order. His style, always clear, forcible and elegant, rises at times into strains of the loftiest eloquence. In this direction no American has ever surpassed him. Of his pulpit orations, that on the fall of Napoleon is regarded as the most splendid, while his lectures on Self Culture had a wide circulation. His oratory always charmed his audience, alike for its winning manner and its moral force.

THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL

[From Channing's works we select two brief examples, as illustrations of his breadth of thought and power of expression; the first clearly showing the true relations of men to the State; the second indicating in what respects military genius falls below the highest mental power.]

It seems to be thought by some that a man derives all his rights from the nation to which he belongs. They are gifts of the State, and the State may take them away if it will. A man, it is thought, has claims on other men, not as a man, but as an Englishman, an American, or a subject of some other State. He must produce his parchment of citizenship before he binds other men to protect him, to respect his free agency, to leave him the use of his powers according to his own will. Local, municipal law is thus made the fountain and measure of rights. The stranger must tell us where he was born, what privileges he enjoyed at home, or no tie links us to one another.

In conformity to these views it is thought that when one community declares a man to be a slave, other communities must respect this decree; that the duties of a foreign nation to an individual are to be determined by a brand set on him on his own shores; that his relations to the whole race may be affected by the local act of a community, no matter how small or how unjust.

This is a terrible doctrine. It strikes a blow at all the rights of human nature. It enables the political body to which we belong, no matter how wicked or weak, to make each of us an outcast from his race. It makes a man nothing in himself. As a man, he has no significance. He is sacred only as far as some State has taken him under his care. Stripped of his nationality, he is at the mercy of all who may incline to lay hold on him. He may be seized, imprisoned, sent to work in galleys or mines, unless some foreign State spreads its shield over him as one of its citizens.

The doctrine is as false as it is terrible. Man is not the mere creature of the State. Man is older than nations, and he is to survive nations. There is a law of humanity more primitive and divine than the law of the land. He has higher claims than those of a citizen. He has rights which date before all charters of communities; not conventional, not repealable, but as eternal as the powers and laws of his being.

This annihilation of the individual by merging him in the State lies at the foundation of despotism. The nation is too often the grave of the man. This is the more monstrous because the very end of the State, of the organization of the nation, is to secure the individual in all his rights, and especially to secure the rights of the weak. Here is the fundamental idea of political association. In an unorganized society, with no legislation, no tribunal, no empire, rights have no security. Force predominates over rights. This is the grand evil of what is called the state of nature. To repress this, to give right the ascendency of force, this is the grand idea and end of government, of country, of political institutions. I repeat it, for the truth deserves iteration, that all nations are bound to respect the rights of every human being. This is God's law, as old as the world. No local law can touch it.

MILITARY GENIUS—FROM THE ESSAY ON NAPOLEON

The chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and accordingly nothing is more common than

to find men, eminent in this department, who are wanting in the noblest energies of the soul; in habits of profound and liberal thinking, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, and in large and original views of human nature and society. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals, away from the camp, are often no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Deep and refined reasonings they cannot comprehend. We know that there are splendid exceptions. Such was Cæsar, at once the greatest soldier and the most sagacious statesman of his age, whilst in eloquence and literature, he left behind him almost all, who had devoted themselves exclusively to these pursuits. But such cases are rare. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, possesses undoubtedly great military talents; but we do not understand, that his most partial admirers claim for him a place in the highest class of minds. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon and Shakespeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped, and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford,—who can think of the form of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid imagination which they conjoined; of the voice of power, in which "though dead, they still speak," and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres, who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed.

THEODORE PARKER (1810-1860)

THE FERVENT ORATOR OF EMANCIPATION

SIDE by side with Phillips and Garrison in opposition to African slavery should be placed Theodore Parker, to whom the Southern system appeared a tissue of abominations, and who gave all the great powers of his ardent and emotional mind to the advocacy of emancipation of the slaves. A heretic to the prevailing sentiment in this respect, he was equally heretical in his religious views, and aroused much acrimonious criticism by his rationalistic teachings. A native of Lexington, Massachusetts, the place of origin of the Revolutionary War, his whole life was a warfare against prevailing views and institutions. Entering the Unitarian ministry, he began to preach in 1836. But his studies of German rationalism caused important changes in his theological belief, changes which he made no effort to conceal, and he was soon vigorously opposed by many of his Unitarian brethren. His unusual ability as an orator and thinker, however, brought him an abundant audience, and in 1846 he was regularly installed at the Melodeon, in Boston, where he continued to disseminate what many criticised as plain heresy for the remainder of his life. While performing his duties as a minister, he was a deep student and for years a highly popular lecturer. But the subject to which he gave the most attention was the iniquity of human slavery, against which for years he fought with all his great powers of mind, and died on the verge of the success of his opinions.

THE GREATNESS AND THE WEAKNESS OF DANIEL WEBSTER

[The public life and private character of Webster has never been so set forth, alike in its greatness and its weakness, as in the memorable attack made by Parker on the mighty orator after he had passed away. Webster's course of action in regard to slavery the ardent abolitionist could not forgive, and while giving him full credit for

his wonderful powers of mind and body, he dissected and laid bare the defects of his character and attainments in a remarkably effective manner. It would be difficult to point to a more complete analysis of a human character in a brief space than in the selection here given from Parker's address.]

Do men mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago. I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the seventh of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannon that have fired "minute guns" for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston—hated then—now respectable men, the companions of princes, enlarging their testimony in the Court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the stars of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succor; and for the first time in all my life, I armed this hand. I mourned when the courthouse was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living and in a living frame. I mourned when the poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand that Daniel Webster was chaining in that house. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sung our song on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then; I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but for me I shall go mourning all my days. I shall refuse to be comforted, and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. Oh, Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a great man, a man of the largest mold, a great body and a great brain; he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive, so huge—seldom such a face since the stormy features of Michael Angelo:—

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome"—

he who sculptured Day and Night into such beautiful forms,—he looked them in his face before he chiseled them into stone. Dupuytren and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment

"MARK TWAIN" TELLING A STORY

Samuel M. Clemens ("Mark Twain") is telling a story to Thomas B. Reed, Rufus Choate, Captain White and Andrew Carnegie in an after dinner speech.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

HENRY WATTERSON

HENRY GRADY

FITZHUGH LEE

DISTINGUISHED AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS

Robert G Ingersoll, great public lecturer; Henry W. Watterson, distinguished Kentucky editor; Henry Grady, of the New South; Fitzhugh Lee, statesman and orator.

he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions and great thoughts:

> "The front of Jove himself;
> And eyes like Mars, to threaten and command."

Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious; and try him on that scale. His late life shows that he had little religion—somewhat of its lower forms—conventional devoutness, formality of prayer, "the ordinances of religion"; but he had not a great man's all-conquering look to God. It is easy to be "devout." The Pharisee was more so than the Publican. It is hard to be moral. "Devoutness" took the Priest and the Levite to the temple; morality the Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves. Men tell us he was religious, and in proof declare that he read the Bible; thought Job a great epic poem; quoted Habakkuk from memory, and knew hymns by heart; and latterly agreed with a New Hampshire divine in all the doctrines of a Christian life.

Of the affections he was well provided by nature—though they were little cultivated—very attractable to a few. Those who knew him, loved him tenderly; and if he hated like a giant, he also loved like a king. Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two chief forms: friendship and philanthropy. Friendship he surely had; all along the shore men loved him. Men in Boston loved him; even Washington held loving hearts that worshipped him.

Of philanthropy, I cannot claim much for him; I find it not. Of conscience, it seemed to me he had little; in his later life exceeding little; his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was not just. Free to give as to grasp, he was charitable by instinct, not disinterested on principle.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man. His intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. But if you look at the forms of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes of

force: the understanding, the imagination, and the reason—the understanding, dealing with details and methods; the imagination, with beauty, with power to create; reason, with first principles and universal laws.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great reason. He does not belong to the great men of that department,—the Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and the other mighties. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right which last forever.

I cannot assign to him a large imagination. He was not creative of new forms of thought or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens the loftiest eloquence. But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill; and fluently reproduced. As a scholar he passed for learned in the Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarcely any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors whom he loved to quote make up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him.

As a statesman his lack of what I call the highest reason and imagination continually appears. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no great maxim, created out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not born in his bosom. He organized nothing. There were great ideas of practical value seeking lodgment in the body; he aided them not.

What a sad life was his! At Portsmouth his house burned down, all uninsured. His wife died,—a loving woman, beautiful and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man; he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican War, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb, —a daughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street,—empty and hollow as the muffled drum. For years he has seemed to me like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate, and latterly—the saddest sight in all this Western World,—widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him as no living or departed man. He blasted us with scornful lightning. Him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887)

PLYMOUTH'S FAMOUS PASTOR AND ORATOR

THE eloquence of the modern pulpit reached its culmination in Henry Ward Beecher, who for forty years made Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the central point of a great weekly pilgrimage of the lovers of fine pulpit oratory. In breadth of mind, originality of thought, racy and often humorous expression, underlined with a deep moral and spiritual earnestness, Beecher dwelt unsurpassed. His fame as an orator was not confined to the pulpit. On the lecture platform he was equally great and popular. Impelled by his training, environment, and hatred of all things evil, he entered earnestly into the crusade against slavery, and won the reputation of being one of the greatest, if not distinctively the greatest, orators of the Civil War period. Certainly, no more splendid bursts of oratory than those of Beecher were called forth by the events of this dread conflict. In the cause of temperance he was also noted, and no reform, social or political, was left without his powerful support.

LINCOLN DEAD AND A NATION IN GRIEF

[Of Beecher's secular orations may especially be named, as among his ablest and most striking efforts, that called forth on the replacing of the flag on Fort Sumter, and that of two days later (April 16, 1865,) on the death of Lincoln. In the former the note of triumph prevails, in the latter the note of pathos. We append the Lincoln oration as one of the finest examples of elegiac oratory.]

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket and forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the

uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or someone to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish. . . . .

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which in their time passed, in party heat, as idle worlds. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right, and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars

and disturbances of his country shake out of place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pallbearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome. Your sorrows, O people, are his peace. Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumphant in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on.

A CORRUPT PUBLIC SENTIMENT

A corrupt public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted, is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals are, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things.

If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience tutored to a severer morality, our night is at hand—our midnight not far off. Woe to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice! Woe to a generation fed by the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their father's unrighteousness; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association with the revered memories of father, brother and friend!

But when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors, and States vie with States in an

infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of the commonwealth, then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young, the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments?

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and runaway cashier—its duel and defaulter, and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villainies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop from very loneliness; in evil, he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young; to domestic fidelity, recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite—base in all that is worthy of man and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful, and yet this wretch could go where he would—enter good men's dwellings and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him, and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves cannot breed honest men.

We have not yet emerged from a period in which debts were insecure; the debtor legally protected against the rights of the creditor; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect, and lowered to a dishonest inefficiency, and when thus diminished, not collected; the citizens resisting their own officers; officers resigning at the bidding of the electors; the laws of property paralyzed; bankrupt laws built up, and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back disdainfully upon the bench to despoil its dignity and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dishonesty, and the gloom of our commercial disaster threatens to become the pall of our morals.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN (1814-1880)

A GREAT ADVOCATE OF GREAT THEMES

AS a popular and eloquent preacher Chapin was unrivaled among the ministers of Unitarianism, and there were few who surpassed him among those of any denomination in our country. As a public lecturer he was equally popular, being accounted one of the ablest and most attractive of this class. He stood on a par with such famous speakers as Beecher, Phillips and Parker, and made his themes much the same—temperance, abolition, universal peace, and the like. In 1850 he was a member of the Peace Convention at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and made there a highly effective address. In 1848 he took charge of a church in New York, which grew, by successive stages, from one of modest size to a great erection, capable of holding the immense congregations that flocked to hear him. He published several volumes of sermons and other works, and in 1872 became editor of the *Christian Leader*.

CHRISTIANITY THE GREAT ELEMENT OF REFORM

[From Chapin's numerous addresses we select some brief passages as illustrations of his style and eloquent handling of any subject touched by him. There is an element of picturesqueness in all he says, and his delivery was so effective as to give him great influence over the minds of his hearers.]

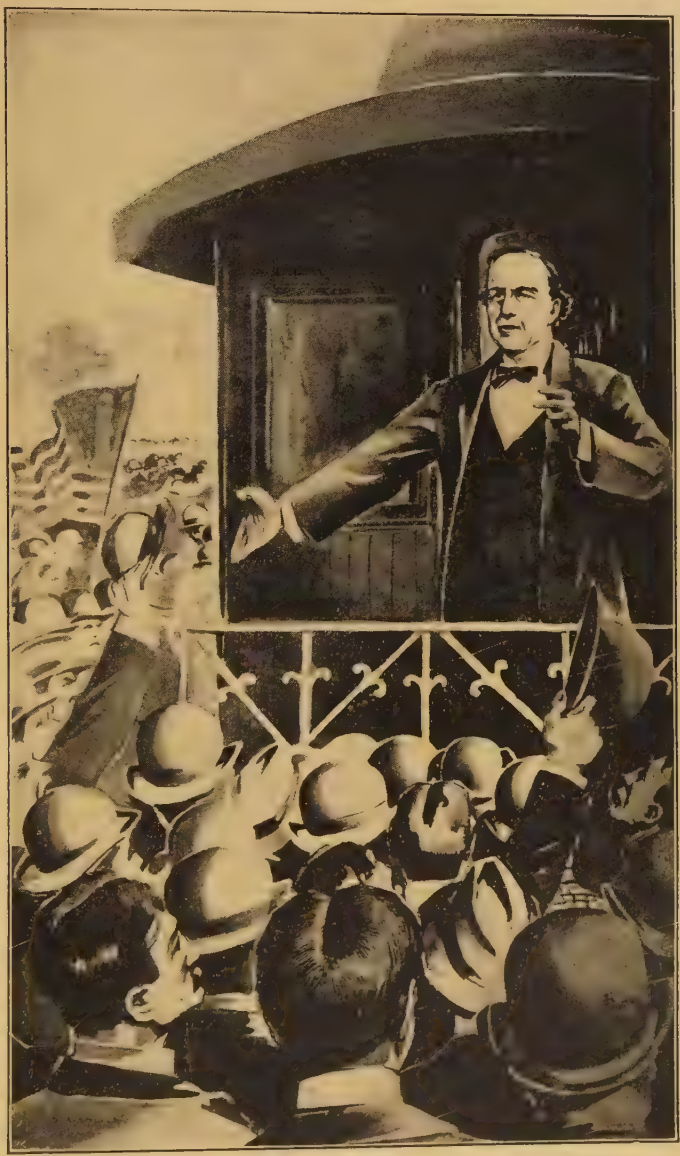
The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom, it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble

and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul, living in harmony with the divine will, this earth would become like Heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity; it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress, our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man. That men have misunderstood it and perverted it is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human amelioration have come out of it; have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just; who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy; come from your tomb, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life. Come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory, and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors,—not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number,—ye nameless ones who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth and seeking your record in the Record on High,—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye profess can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of reform! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the present is hopeful because of thee; the future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LABOR

Who can adequately describe the triumphs of labor, urged on by the potent spell of money? It has extorted the secrets of the universe and trained its forms into myriads of powers of use and beauty. From the bosom of the old creation it has developed anew the creation of industry and art. It has been its task and its glory to overcome obstacles. Mountains have been leveled and valleys have been exalted before it. It has broken the rocky soil into fertile glades; it has crowned the hill tops with verdure, and bound round the very feet of ocean ridges of golden corn. Up from the sunless and hoary deeps, up from the shapeless quarry, it drags its spotless marbles and rears its palaces of pomp. It steals the



CAMPAIGN ORATORY

William J. Bryan making a Campaign Speech from the rear end of a train As a political orator, he is distinguished, being well equipped by nature and training for public speaking.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND BOURKE COCKRAN

Here are seen characteristic gestures and poses of two of the most popular speakers of the present day. President Roosevelt is as vigorous in gesture and enunciation as in thought. Bourke Cockran is distinguished by his graceful gesture and easy delivery. He is a happy after dinner orator.

stubborn metals from the bowels of the globe, and makes them ductile to its will. It marches steadily on over the swelling flood and through the mountain clefts. It fans its way through the winds of ocean, tramples them in its course, surges and mingles them with flames of fire. Civilization follows in its path. It achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battlefields into gardens and erects monuments significant of better things. It rides in a chariot driven by the wind. It writes with the lightning. It sits crowned as a queen in a thousand cities, and sends up its roar of triumph from a million wheels. It glistens in the fabric of the loom; it rings and sparkles in the steely hammer; it glories in the shapes of beauty; it speaks in words of power; it makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty, the poor man's heart rich with content, crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with honor, and dignity, and peace.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Nature is republican. The discoveries of Science are republican. Sir, what are these new forces, steam and electricity, but powers that are leveling all factitious distinctions and forcing the world on to a noble destiny? Have they not already propelled the nineteenth century a thousand years ahead? What are they but the servitors of the people, and not of a class? Does not the poor man of to-day ride in a car dragged by forces such as never waited on kings, or drove the wheels of triumphal chariots? Does he not yoke the lightning, and touch the magnetic nerves of the world! The steam engine is a democrat. It is the popular heart that throbs in its iron pulses. And the electric telegraph writes upon the walls of despotism, *mené mené tekel upharsin!*

PHILLIPS BROOKS (1835-1893)

BOSTON'S EMINENT BISHOP-ORATOR

IN a high rank among America's eminent ecclesiastical orators must be placed Phillips Brooks, who for ten years was one of Philadelphia's favorite speakers, and for nearly a quarter of a century preached the Gospel to highly appreciative audiences in Boston. For the last two years of his life he was the Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. Brooks had not the wide-spread popularity of Beecher. He lacked the strongly emotional spirit, the raciness, and verbal originality to which the latter owed much of his effect on the public, yet he was one of the most admired pulpit orators of the country during the greater part of his career. He was more polished in style than Beecher, his language of striking simplicity yet always artistic in treatment; a man of restrained force yet of earnest sentiment and elevated thought.

"THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM"

[Phillips Brooks did not win fame as a great secular orator, as Beecher did. His eminence was won in the pulpit, and confined to the pulpit. We give an example of his pulpit oratory in which is shown at once his simplicity of style, and the cumulative power by which he made his thoughts effective, and held his audiences in rapt attention.]

Tell me you have a sin that you mean to commit this evening that is going to make this night black. What can keep you from committing that sin? Suppose you look into its consequences. Suppose the wise man tells you what will be the physical consequences of that sin. You shudder and you shrink, and perhaps you are partially deterred. Suppose you see the glory that might come to you, physical, temporal, spiritual, if you do not commit that sin. The opposite of it shows itself to you—the blessing and the richness in your life. Again there comes a

great power that shall control your lust and wickedness. Suppose there comes to you something even deeper than that, no consequence on conscience at all, but simply an abhorrence for the thing, so that your whole nature shrinks from it as the nature of God shrinks from a sin that is polluting, and filthy and corrupt and evil.

They are all great powers. Let us thank God for them all. He knows that we are weak enough to need every power that can possibly be brought to bear upon our feeble lives; but if, along with all of them, there could come this other power, if along with them there could come the certainty that if you refrain from that sin to-night you make the sum of sin that is in the world, and so the sum of future evil that is to spring out of temptation in the world, less, shall there not be a nobler impulse rise up in your heart, and shall you not say: "I will not do it; I will be honest, I will be sober, I will be pure, at least, to-night?" I dare to think that there are men here to whom that appeal can come, men who, perhaps, will be all dull and deaf if one speaks to them about their personal salvation; who, if one dares to picture to them, appealing to their better nature, trusting to their nobler soul, and there is in them the power to save other men from sin, and to help the work of God by the control of their own passions and the fulfillment of their own duty, will be stirred to the higher life. Men—very often we do not trust them enough—will answer to the higher appeal that seems to be beyond them when the poor, lower appeal that comes within the region of their selfishness is cast aside, and they will have nothing to do with it.

Oh, this marvelous, this awful power that we have over other people's lives! Oh, the power of the sin that you have done years and years ago! It is awful to think of it. I think there is hardly anything more terrible to the human thought than this—the picture of a man who, having sinned years and years ago in a way that involved other souls in his sin, and then, having repented of his sin and undertaken another life, knows certainly that the power, the consequence of that sin is going on outside of his reach, beyond even his ken and knowledge. He cannot touch it.

You wronged a soul ten years ago. You taught a boy how to tell his first mercantile lie; you degraded the early standards of his youth. What has become of that boy to-day? You may have repented. He has passed out of your sight. He has gone years and years ago. Somewhere in this great, multitudinous mass of humanity he is sinning and sinning, and reduplicating and extending the sin that you did. You touched the faith of some believing soul years ago with some miserable sneer of yours, with some cynical and skeptical disparagement of God and of the man

who is the utterance of God upon the earth. You taught the soul that was enthusiastic to be full of skepticisms and doubts. You wronged a woman years ago, and her life has gone out from your life, you cannot begin to tell where. You have repented of your sin. You have bowed yourself, it may be, in dust and ashes. You have entered upon a new life. You are pure to-day. But where is the skeptical soul? Where is the ruined woman whom you sent forth into the world out of the shadow of your sin years ago? You cannot touch that life. You cannot reach it. You do not know where it is. No steps of yours, quickened with all your earnestness, can pursue it. No contrition of yours can draw back its consequences. Remorse cannot force the bullet back into the gun from which it once has gone forth.

It makes life awful to the man who has ever sinned, who has ever wronged and hurt another life because of this sin, because no sin was ever done that did not hurt another life. I know the mercy of our God, that while He has put us into each other's power to a fearful extent, He never will let any soul absolutely go to everlasting ruin for another's sin; and so I dare to see the love of God pursuing that lost soul where you cannot pursue it. But that does not for one moment lift the shadow from your heart, or cease to make you tremble when you think of how your sin has outgrown itself and is running far, far away where you can never follow it.

Thank God the other living thing is true as well. Thank God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that, too, he can never trace the consequences. Thank God that that which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, you did ten years ago, to make your brother's faith a little more strong, to let your shop-boy confirm and not doubt the confidence in man which he had brought into his business, to establish the purity of a soul instead of staining it and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live, that, too, runs forth.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW (1805-1877)

THE FIGHTING PARSON OF TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE can boast of two citizens who were among the most remarkable products of our frontier civilization—David Crockett, the great hunter, and William G. Brownlow, the fighting parson. For energy and aggressiveness Brownlow was unsurpassed among our pioneer population. A Methodist minister in his early life, he became editor of a Knoxville paper, and with pen and voice made himself a power in that section of the South. Though opposed to the abolition of slavery, the outbreak of war found him an uncompromising adherent of the old flag, which he kept flying over his house in defiance of all threats to pull it down. He was imprisoned for several months by the secessionists, but his voice could not be hushed, though it was raised in unrestrained energy in favor of the North and the Union. After the war he was for two terms governor of Tennessee, and later on was elected to the Senate of the United States.

THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION

[The brief extract here given is taken from a speech of Mr. Brownlow delivered in a debate in Philadelphia with the Rev. Mr. Prynne. No abolitionist of the North could have shown a more ardent love for and belief in the Union than this anti-abolitionist of the mountains of Tennessee.]

Who can estimate the value of the American Union? Proud, happy, thrice-happy America! The home of the oppressed, the asylum of the emigrant! where the citizen of every clime, and the child of every creed, roam free and untrammelled as the wild winds of heaven! Baptized at the fount of Liberty in fire and blood, cold must be the heart that thrills not at the name of the American Union!

When the Old World, with "all its pomp, and pride, and circumstance," shall be covered with oblivion,—when thrones shall have crumbled

and dynasties shall have been forgotten,—may this glorious Union, despite the mad schemes of Southern fire-eaters and Northern abolitionists, stand amid regal ruin and national desolation, towering sublime, like the last mountain in the Deluge—majestic, immutable, and magnificent!

In pursuance of this, let every conservative Northern man, who loves his country and her institutions, shake off the trammels of Northern fanaticism, and swear upon the altar of his country that he will stand by her Constitution and laws. Let every Southern man shake off the trammels of disunion and nullification, and pledge his life and his sacred honor to stand by the Constitution of his country as it is, the laws as enacted by Congress and interpreted by the Supreme Court. Then we shall see every heart a shield, and a drawn sword in every hand, to preserve the ark of our political safety! Then we shall see reared a fabric upon our National Constitution which time cannot crumble, persecution shake, fanaticism disturb, nor revolution change, but which shall stand among us like some lofty and stupendous Apennine, while the earth rocks at its feet, and the thunder peals above its head!

TRIBULATIONS IN TENNESSEE

[The following remarks were made by Parson Brownlow at Nashville in 1862. They tell their own story, and give in plain language the fighting Parson's opinion of the secessionists.]

Gentlemen: Last December I was thrust into an uncomfortable and disagreeable jail,—for what? *Treason!* Treason to the bogus Confederacy; and the proofs of that treason were articles which appeared in the *Knoxville Whig* in May last, when the State of Tennessee was a member of the imperishable Union. At the expiration of four weeks I became a victim of the typhoid fever, and was removed to a room in a decent dwelling, and a guard of seven men kept me company. I subsequently became so weak that I could not turn over in my bed, and the guard was increased to twelve men, for fear I should suddenly recover and run away to Kentucky. But I never had any intention to run; and if I had I was not able to escape. My purpose was to make them send me out of this infamous government, according to contract, or to hang me, if they thought proper. I was promised passports by their Secretary of War, a little Jew, late of New Orleans; and upon the faith of that promise, and upon the invitation of General Crittenden, then in command at Knoxville, I reported myself and demanded my passports. They gave me passports, but they were from my house to the Knoxville jail, and the escort was a deputy-marshal of Jeff Davis. But I served my time out, and have been landed here at last, through much tribulation.

When I started on this perilous journey I was sore distressed both in mind and body, being weak from disease and confinement. I expected to meet with insults and indignities at every point from the blackguard portion of the rebel soldiers and citizens, and in this I was not disappointed. It was fortunate, indeed, that I was not mobbed. This would have been done but for the vigilance and fidelity of the officers having me in charge. These were Adjutant-General Young and Lieutenant O'Brien, clever men, high minded and honorable; and they were of my own selection. They had so long been Union men that I felt assured they had not lost the instincts of gentlemen and patriots, afflicted as they were with the incurable disease of secession.

But, gentlemen, some three or four days ago I landed in this city, as you are aware. Five miles distant I encountered the Federal pickets. Then it was that I felt like a new man. My depression ceased, and returning life and health seemed suddenly to invigorate my system and to arouse my physical constitution. I had been looking at soldiers in uniform for twelve months, and to me they appeared as hateful as their Confederacy and their infamous flag. But these Federal pickets, who received me kindly and shook me cordially by the hand, looked like angels of light. . . . .

Gentlemen, I am no abolitionist; I applaud no sectional doctrines. I am a Southern man, and all my relatives and interests are thoroughly identified with the South and Southern institutions. I was born in the Old Dominion; my parents were born in Virginia, and they and their ancestors were all slaveholders. Let me assure you that the South has suffered no infringement upon her institutions; the slavery question was actually *no* pretext for this unholy, unrighteous conflict. Twelve Senators from the Cotton States, who had sworn to preserve inviolate the Constitution framed by our forefathers, plotted treason at night—a fit time for such a crime—and telegraphed to their States despatches advising them to pass ordinances of secession. Yes, gentlemen, twelve Senators swore allegiance in the daytime, and unswore it at night.

ROBERT COLLYER (1823-1912)

THE BLACKSMITH EXPOUNDER OF THE GOSPEL

FIFTY years or more ago a country blacksmith, working at his trade in a rural district in Pennsylvania, surprised those who knew him by unusual powers of natural eloquence. A man of devout feelings, he exhorted his neighborhood audiences to a Christian life. Some of his hearers, desirous that his eloquence should have a better opportunity, aided him in the study of theology, and he became a Methodist preacher while still working at his trade. Robert Collyer, the person in question, was of English birth, and had learned the blacksmith trade there in his youth. He was not long in America before the forge was abandoned for the pulpit, in which he proved himself as good a preacher as he had been a blacksmith. He did not long continue a Methodist, however, but adopted Unitarianism, and from 1859 to 1879 was pastor of a Unitarian church in Chicago. After the latter date he had the pastoral care of a church in New York. Mr. Collyer was an orator of much eloquence and ability, and alike as preacher and lecturer became highly esteemed in his adopted country.

STOPPING AT HARAN

[The following selection is from a sermon on Genesis ix: 31, 32, in which we learn that old Terah, the father of Abraham, setting out from Edessa to go to Canaan, stopped at Haran, and saw fit to halt and spend the remainder of his life there, instead of pressing on to his goal. From this stopping by the way, Dr. Collyer draws some useful lessons, in an eloquent manner of his own.]

And so this man's life touches yours and mine, and opens out toward some truths we may well lay to our hearts, and this is the first: That, if I want to do a great and good thing in this world, of any sort, while the best of my life lies still before me, the sooner I set about it the better. For, while there is always a separate and special worth in a good old age,

this power is very seldom in it I would try to verify; and it is not your old Philip, but your young Alexander, who conquers the world. I can remember no grand invention, no peerless reform in life or religion, no noble enterprise, no superb stroke of any sort, that was not started from a spark in our youth and early manhood. Once well past that line, and you can dream of Canaan; but the chances are you will stop at Haran, so this putting off any great and good adventure from your earlier to your later age is like waiting for low water before you launch your ship. If we want to make our dream of a nobler and wider life of any sort come true, we must push on while the fresh strong powers are in us, which are more than half the battle. The whole wealth of real enterprise belongs to our youth and earlier manhood. It is then that we get our chance of rising from a collective mediocrity into some sort of distinct nobility. We may be ever so sincere after this, as far as we can go; but we shall go only to Haran. Yes, and we may have a splendid vision, as when this man saw Hermon and Sharon and the sea in his mind's eye as he sat in his chair; and a noble and good intention, as when he started for the mountains, and halted on the plain; but just this is what will befall us also if we are not true to this holy law of our life.

This is my first thought; and my second must take the form of a plea to those who do strike out to do grand and good things in this world, and do not halt, but march right on, and then nourish a certain contempt for those who still lag behind. The chances are, it is because they begin too late, that they end too soon; and it is no small matter that they begin at all. For myself, I can only blame them when, with the vision of a nobler life haunting the heart, they tell me that Haran is good enough for anybody, and we need none of us look for anything better. If they know all the while, as this man knew, that the land of promise still lies beyond the line at which they have halted, and will say so frankly, though they may go only the one day's march, I can still bare my head in reverence before such men.

I know what it is to leave these Edessas of our life, and what it costs; how the old homes and altars still have the pull on you, and the shadows of the palm-trees, and the well at which you have drunk so long, and what loving arms twine about you to hold you back from even the one day's march. So, when I hear those blamed who stop short still of where I think they ought to be, I want to say, have you any idea of what it has cost them to go as far as that, and whether it was possible for them to go any farther? And then, is it not a good thing anyhow to take those who belong to them the one day's march and, setting their faces toward the great fair land of promise, leave God to see to it, that this which may be

more than an impulse in the man who has to halt, may grow again to a great inspiration in the son of his spirit and life who goes right on?

And this, I think, is what we may count on in every honest endeavor after a wider and better life. So I like the suggestion that the way the eagle got his wings, and went soaring up towards the sun, grew out of the impulse to soar. That the wings did not precede the desire to fly, but the desire to fly preceded the wings. Something within the creature whispered: "Get up there into the blue heavens; don't be content to crawl down in the marsh. Out with you!" And so, somehow, through what would seem to us to be an eternity of trying—so long it was between the first of the kind that felt the impulse, and the one that really did the thing—done it was at last, in despite of the very law of gravitation, as well as by it; and there he was, as I have seen him, soaring over the blue summits, screaming out his delight, and spreading his pinions twelve feet, they say, from tip to tip.

I like the suggestion, because it is so true to the life we also have to live—trying and failing; setting out for Canaan, and stopping at Haran; intending great things, and doing little things, many of us, after all. I tell you again, the good intention goes to pave the way to Heaven, if it be an honest and true intention. There is a pin-feather of the eagle's wing started somewhere in our starting—a soaring which goes far beyond our stopping. We may only get to the edge of the slough, but those who come after us will soar far up toward the sun.

So let me end with a word of cheer. The Moslem says: "God loved Abdallah so well that He would not let him attain to that he most deeply desired." And Coleridge says: "I am like the ostrich: I cannot fly, yet I have wings that give me the feeling of flight. I am only a bird of the earth, but still a bird." And Robertson, of Brighton, says: "Man's true destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied."

And you may set out even in your youth, therefore, with this high purpose in you I have tried to touch. You will make your way to a good place, to a wider and more gracious life; do a great day's work; rise above all mediocrity into a distinct nobility; find some day that, though you have done your best, you have fallen far below your dream, and the Canaan of your heart's desire lies still in the far distance. All great and grand things lie in the heart of our strivings.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE (1832-1902)

THE TRUMPET BLAST OF THE PULPIT

"TRUMPET BLASTS" is the title given to one of the works of selections from Talmage's sermons, and it is one which seems well fitting to their character. In popularity as an extemporaneous pulpit orator and lecturer Talmage has had few superiors in this country. He was very eloquent in his way; a way marked by an unstinted fluency in words and abundant duplication in the expression of thoughts. His popularity is shown in the wide circulation of his sermons, which for over thirty years were printed weekly in many hundreds of newspapers, so that his preaching reached an immense audience. After holding various Dutch Reformed pastorates, he became pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn in 1869, and in 1894 transferred his scene of labor to Washington.

THE UPPER FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

[From Talmage's very numerous sermons, we select a passage in which he eloquently points out how the divine energies appear to have wrought for good in American history, raising up men and moulding events for the best results in the development of the United States.]

As it cost England many regiments and two millions of dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the King of Assyria sent out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—the God-fearing prophet Elisha. During the night the army of the Assyrians surrounded the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying, and at early daybreak his man-servant rushed in, exclaiming, "What shall we do? A whole army has come to destroy you! We must die! Alas, we must die!" But Elisha was not frightened, for he looked up and saw that the mountains all around were full of supernatural forces, and he knew that though there might be 50,000 Assyrians against him, there were 100,000 angels for him. In answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his

affrighted man-servant, the young man saw it too; for "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." . . . .

How do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and fifteen years. The American Revolution started from the hand of John Hancock in Independence Hall, in 1776. On one side were the colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige; on the other side were the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies, and the most distinguished commanders, with resources almost inexhaustible, and with nearly all nations to back them up in the fight. Nothing against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarreling of the generals, and through their petty jealousies, and through the violence of the winters, which surpassed all their predecessors in depths of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha, when surrounded by the whole Assyrian army, did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies thus encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and the White Mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges, were filled with reinforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith; and his men endured the frozen feet, the gangrened wounds, the exhausting hunger and the long march, because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American President was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in special powers, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably will never see his like again, because there will never be another such exigency. He was sent down by a divine interposition. He was from God direct. I cannot comprehend how any man can read the history of those times without admitting that the contest was decided by the upper forces.

Again, in 1861, when our Civil War opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, the resources of many generations against the resources of many generations, the prayer

of the North against the prayer of the South, one-half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had served long in battle, but old age had come, with its many infirmities, and he had a right to repose. He could not mount a horse, and he rode to the battlefield in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt too much. During the most of the four years of the contest the commander on the Southern side was a man in midlife, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years rolled on and the scroll of carnage unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a determination that the world had never seen surpassed. What but extermination could come where Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson led their brigades, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sydney Johnston rode in from the North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet we are still a nation, and we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the contest. It was the upper forces that saved our land. They tell us that there was a battle fought above the clouds at Lookout Mountain; but there was something higher than that—a victory of the Lord of Hosts.

Again, the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this nation in 1876, at the close of a Presidential election famous for its acrimony. A darker cloud still threatened to settle down upon this nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States, seemed imminent. It looked as if New York would throttle New York; and New Orleans would grip New Orleans; and Boston, Boston; and Savannah, Savannah; and Washington, Washington. Some said that Mr. Tilden was elected; others said that Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces, the army of divine rescue. The chariot of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet through all the mountains of the North and the South, and the East and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. God is the friend of this nation. In the awful excitement of the massacre of Lincoln, where there was a prospect that greater slaughter would come upon us, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put his foot on the neck of the cyclone.

HENRY CODMAN POTTER (1835-1908)

THE ELOQUENT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF NEW YORK

THE Potter family is highly distinguished in the Episcopal Church in the United States, it having furnished three bishops to that Church within the nineteenth century. These include Alonzo Potter, consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845; Horatio Potter, his brother, Bishop of New York in 1861; and Henry Codman Potter, his son, who was consecrated Bishop of New York in 1887. The last named had previously held various rectorships, the most noteworthy being at Grace Church, New York. He became the author of a number of valuable works of literature, and was a pulpit orator of fine powers and high estimation.

THE HEROISM OF THE UNKNOWN

[As a fitting example of the warmth and effectiveness of Bishop Potter's eloquence, we give the following extract from an address made by him at the dedication of a monument in commemoration of the men of New York who fell at the battle of Gettysburg. After speaking of the seemingly inevitable character of the Civil War, and the great moral problem which it solved, he offered the following tribute to the unknown heroes who gave their lives at Gettysburg in their country's cause.]

Thirty years ago to-day these peaceful scenes were echoing with the roar and din of what a calm and unimpassioned historian, writing of it long years afterward, described as the "greatest battle-field of the New World." Thirty years ago to-day the hearts of some thirty millions of people turned to this spot with various but eager emotions, and watched here the crash of two armies which gathered in their vast embrace the flower of a great people. Never, so declared the seasoned soldiers who listened to the roar of the enemy's artillery, had they heard anything that was comparable with it. Now and then it paused, as though the very throats of the mighty guns were tired; but only for a little. Not for one day, nor for two, but for three, raged the awful conflict, while the Republic gave its best life to

redeem its honor, and the stain of all previous blundering and faltering was washed away forever with the blood of its patriots and martyrs. How far away it all seems, as we stand here to-day! How profound the contrast between those hours and days of bloodshed and the still serenity of Nature as it greets us now! The graves that cluster around us here, the peaceful resting-places of a nation's heroes, are green and fair; and, within them, they who fell here, after life's fierce and fitful fever, are sleeping peacefully the sleep of the brave. . . . .

This day, this service, and most of all these our heroic dead, stand—let us here swear never to forget it—for the sanctity of law, for the enduring supremacy of just and equitable government, and so for the liberties of a united and law-abiding people.

What, now, is that one feature in this occasion which lends to it supreme and most pathetic interest? Here are tombs and memorials of heroes whose names are blazoned upon them, and whose kindred and friends have stood round them, have recited their deeds, and have stood in tender homage around those forms which were once to them a living joy.

But for us there is no such privilege, no such tender individuality of grief. These are our unknown dead. Out of whatever homes they came we cannot tell. What were their names, their lineage, we are ignorant. One thing only we know. They wore our uniform. And that is enough for us.

We need to know no more. From the banks of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence; from the wilds of the Catskills and the Adirondacks: from the salt shores of Long Island; from the fresh lakes of Geneva and Onondaga, and their peers; from the forge and the farm, the shop and the factory; from college halls and crowded tenements; all alike, they came here and fought and fell—and shall never, never be forgotten. Our great unknown defenders! Ah, my countrymen, here we touch the foundations of a people's safety—of a nation's greatness. We are wont to talk much of the world's need of great leaders, and their proverb is often on our lips who said of old, "Woe unto the land whose King is a child." Yes, verily, that is a dreary outlook for any people when among her sons there is none worthy to lead her armies, to guide her councils, to interpret her laws, or to administer them. But that is a still drearier outlook, when in any nation, however wise her rulers, and noble and heroic her commanders, there is no greatness in the people equal to a great vision in an emergency, and a great courage with which to seize it. And that, I maintain, was the supreme glory of the heroes whom we commemorate to-day. All the more are they the fitting representatives of you and of me—the people. Never in all history, I venture to affirm, was there a war

whose aims, whose policy, whose sacrifices were so absolutely determined by the people, in whom lay the strength and the power of the Republic. When some one reproached Lincoln for the seeming hesitancy of his policy, he answered—great seer as well as great soul that he was—"I stand for the people. I am going just as fast and as far as I can feel them behind me."

And so, as we come here to-day and plant this column, consecrating it to its enduring dignity and honor as the memorial of our unknown dead, we are doing, as I cannot but think, the fittest possible deed that we can do. These unknown that lie about us here—ah, what are they but the peerless representatives, elect forever by the deadly gauge of battle, of those sixty millions of people, as to-day they are, whose rights and liberties they achieved! Unknown to us are their names; unknown to them were the greatness and glory of their deeds! And is not this, brothers of New York, the story of the world's best manhood, and of its best achievement? The work by the great unknown, for the great unknown—the work that, by fidelity in the ranks, courage in the trenches, obedience to the voice of command, patience at the picket line, vigilance at the outpost, is done by that great host that bear no splendid insignia of rank, and figure in no Commander's despatches—this work, with its largest, and incalculable, and unforseen consequences for a whole people—is not this work, which we are here to-day to commemorate, at once the noblest and most vast? Who can tell us now the names even of those that sleep about us here; and who of them would guess, on that eventful day when here they gave their lives for duty and their country, how great and how far-reaching in its effects would be the victory they should win?

And thus we learn, my brothers, where a nation's strength resides. When the German Emperor, after the Franco-Prussian War, was crowned in the Salle des Glaces at Versailles, on the ceiling of the great hall in which that memorable ceremony took place, there were inscribed the words: "The King Rules by His Own Authority." "Not so," said that grand old man of blood and iron who, most of all, had welded Germany into one mighty people—"not so: 'The Kings of the earth shall rule under me, saith the Lord.' Trusting in the tried love of the whole people, we leave the country's future in God's hands!" Ah, my countrymen, it was not this man or that man that saved our Republic in its hour of supreme peril. Let us not, indeed, forget her great leaders, great generals, great statesmen, and greatest among them all, her great martyr and President, Lincoln. But there was no one of these then who would not have told us that which we may all see so plainly now, that it was not they who saved the country, but the host of her great unknown

DWIGHT L. MOODY (1837-1899)

THE ELOQUENT EVANGELIST

FOR many years Dwight L. Moody was immensely popular as an evangelist, preaching to vast crowds both in the United States and Great Britain. In both countries he had remarkable success, and exerted a powerful influence for good on various classes of the people. The success of his ministrations was very greatly enhanced by the sweet voice and fine native powers of song of Ira D. Sankey, who accompanied him in his wanderings, singing the familiar "Ninety and Nine" and various other hymns, original and striking in music and words.

Mr. Moody was born in Massachusetts, but went to Chicago in 1856, where, while engaged in business, he carried on an active missionary work. He was joined by Mr. Sankey in 1870, and for years afterward he was engaged in evangelical labors. As an orator Mr. Moody depended largely on his power of working on the emotions of an audience, his sermons manifesting little original thought and being by no means examples of classic English.

GOD IS LOVE

[From one of Mr. Moody's sermons, with the above title, we select an interesting and very well told anecdote, which will serve as a favorable example of his powers.]

My text is taken from the 1st epistle of John, and it is one of those texts the world does not believe. If I could make every one in this building believe this text, I would not preach a sermon. If we all believed it, we would not need a sermon. "God is love." That is one of the texts the devil would like to blot out of the Bible. For six thousand years he has been going up and down the world trying to make men believe that God is not love. Love begets love, and hate begets hate. Let me tell

any one of you that I heard a man say this week that you were one of the meanest men in town, and you will soon come to the conclusion that the man who said that was the meanest man you ever heard of. Let me tell you that I heard a man say he thought more of you than of any other man in the city, and, though you may not have thought about him before, your love will spring up and you will say, "I think a great deal of that man."

Now, men are believing the devil's lies when they don't believe God is love. A few years ago, when we built a church in Chicago, a friend put up over the pulpit in gas-jets the words, "God is love." We thought, if we couldn't preach it into the hearts of the people, we would burn it in. A man happened to see that text up there, and he said to himself: "God is not love; God does not love me;" and he came around into the church, not to hear the sermon, but to see the text as it was burning there upon the wall. The arrow reached its mark. He went into the inquiry meeting. I inquired what it was impressed him. He said it was not the sermon; it was those words that had burned into his soul. He was weeping, and he wanted to know what he should do to be saved.

"God is love." I hope this text will find its way into every heart here. I want to prove it from Scripture. The great trouble with men is, they are all the time trying to measure God by their own rule, and from their own standpoint. A man is apt to judge others from his own standard. If a man is covetous, he thinks every one else is covetous. If he is a selfish man, he thinks every one else is selfish. If a man is guilty of adultery, he thinks every other man is. If a man is dishonest, he thinks every other man is. Many are trying to bring God down to their own level. They don't know that between human love and divine love there is as much difference as there is between darkness and light. God's love is deep and high; Paul says it passeth knowledge. We love a man as long as he is worthy of our love, and when he is not we cast him off; but we don't find in the Word of God that God casts off those who are not worthy of His love. If He did, there would be no one in the kingdom of God except Jesus himself.

A poor woman came into the inquiry room, and said she had no strength. I said: "Thank God for that, Christ died for us when we were without strength." Christ died for the ungodly. There was a time when I preached that God hated the sinner, and that God was after every poor sinner with a double-edged sword. Many a time have I represented that God was after every poor sinner, ready to hew him down. But I have changed my ideas upon this point. I will tell you how.

In 1867, when I was preaching in Dublin, in a large hall, at the close of the service a young man, who did not look over seventeen, though he

was older, came up to me and said he would like to go back to America with me and preach the gospel. I thought he could not preach it, and I said I was undecided when I could go back. He asked me if I would write to him when I went, and he would come with me. When I went I thought I would not write to him, as I did not know whether I wanted him or not. After I arrived at Chicago I got a letter saying he had just arrived at New York, and he would come and preach. I wrote him a cold letter, asking him to call on me if he came West. A few days after, I got a letter stating he would be in Chicago next Thursday. I didn't know what to do with him. I said to the officers of the church: "There is a man coming from England, and he wants to preach. I am going to be absent on Thursday and Friday. If you will let him preach on those days, I will be back on Saturday, and take him off your hands."

They did not care about him preaching, being a stranger; but at my request they let him preach. On my return on Saturday I was anxious to hear how the people liked him, and I asked my wife how that young Englishman got along. "How did they like him?" She said, "They liked him very much. He preaches a little different from what you do. He tells people God loves them. I think you will like him." I said he was wrong. I thought I could not like a man who preached contrary to what I was preaching. I went down Saturday night to hear him, but I had made up my mind not to like him because he preached different from me. He took his text,—and I saw everybody had brought their Bibles with them. "Now," he says, "if you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text." He preached a wonderful sermon from that text. "For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." My wife had told me he had preached the two previous sermons from that text, and I noticed there was a smile over the house when he took the same text. Instead of preaching that God was behind them with a double-edged sword to hew them down, he told them God wanted every sinner to be saved, and He loved them. I could not keep back the tears. I didn't know God thought so much of me. It was wonderful to hear the way he brought out Scripture. He went from Genesis to Revelation, and preached that in all ages God loved the sinner.

On Sunday night there was a great crowd came to hear him. He took for his text the third chapter of John and sixteenth verse, and he preached his fourth sermon from that wonderful text, "For God so loved the world," &c., and he went from Genesis to Revelation to show that it was love, love, love that brought Christ from Heaven, that made Him

step from the throne to lift up this poor, fallen world. He struck a higher chord that night, and it was glorious. The next night there was an immense crowd, and he said: "Turn to the third chapter and sixteenth verse of John," and he preached his fifth sermon from that wonderful text. He did not divide his text up into firstly, secondly, and thirdly, but he took the whole text and threw it at them. I thought that sermon was better than ever. I got so full of love that I got up and told my friends how much God loved them. The whole church was on fire before the week was over. Tuesday night came, and there was a greater crowd than ever. The preacher said: "Turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse and you will find my text," and he preached his sixth sermon from that wonderful text, "God so loved the world," &c. They thought that sermon was better than any of the rest. It seemed as if every heart was on fire, and sinners came pressing into the kingdom of God.

On Wednesday night people thought that probably he would change his text now, as he could not talk any longer on love. There was great excitement to see what he was going to say. He stood before us again, and he said: "My friends, I have been trying to get a new text, but I cannot find any as good as the old one, so we will again turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse." He preached his seventh sermon from that wonderful text. I have never forgotten those nights. I have preached a different gospel since, and I have had more power with God and man since then. In closing up that seventh sermon he said: "For seven nights I have been trying to tell you how much God loved you, but this poor stammering tongue of mine will not let me. If I could ascend Jacob's ladder and ask Gabriel, who stands in the presence of the Almighty, to tell me how much love God the Father has for this poor lost world, all that Gabriel could say would be 'That God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

When he got through preaching in Chicago we had to get the largest building there, and then thousands went away because they could not get in. He went to Europe, and returned again. In the meantime our church had been burned, and you people of Philadelphia put us up a temporary building. When he came there he preached in this temporary building, and he said: "Although the old building is burnt up, the old text is not burnt up, and we will preach from that." So he preached from where he had left off preaching about the love of God.

WILLIAM A. SUNDAY (1862 ——)

THE BASEBALL EVANGELIST

THE United States has long been the land of the evangelist. From the camp-meeting enthusiasts of the early nineteenth century to the present day an unbroken succession of excitable religious propagandists has arisen, acting on the emotion of their hearers and seeking their conversion from the error of their ways by the channel of intense denunciation of sin in all its forms. None of these have been more prominent than "Billy Sunday," as he is familiarly called, who is still in the heat of his campaign against wrong-doing and unbelief. He does not mince words in his diatribes and has a wonderful effect upon his audiences. A few extracts will serve to show his forcible style.

THE EVIL OF DRUNKENNESS

[Our redoubtable crusader against sin does not confine himself to a fight against irreligion, but attacks all the evils of the day, and is especially vigorous in his denunciation of liquor selling and imbibing. Here are some quotations from his "battling with 'Booze'."]

The saloon is the sum of all villainies. It is worse than war or pestilence. It is the crime of crimes. It is the parent of crimes and the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery and crime in the land. And to license such an incarnate fiend of hell is the dirtiest, low-down, damnable business on top of this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it.

The legislature of Illinois appropriated $6,000,000 in 1908 to take care of the insane people in the State, and the whisky business produces seventy-five per cent of the insane. That is what you go down in your pockets for to help support. Do away with the saloons and you will close these institutions. The saloons make them necessary, and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Who has to

pay the bills? The landlord who doesn't get the rent because the money goes for whisky; the butcher and the grocer and the charitable person who takes pity on the children of drunkards; and the taxpayer who supports the insane asylums and other institutions that the whisky business keeps full of human wrecks.

Do away with the cursed business and you will not have to put up to support them. Who gets the money? The saloon-keepers and the brewers, and the distillers, while the whisky fills the land with misery, and poverty, and wretchedness, and disease, and death, and damnation, and it is being authorized by the will of the sovereign people.

In these days when the question of saloon or no saloon is at the fore in almost every community, one hears a good deal about what is called "personal liberty." These are fine, large, mouth-filling words, and they certainly do sound first rate; but when you get right down and analyze them in the light of common old horse-sense, you will discover that in their application to the present controversy they mean just about this: "Personal liberty" is for the man who, if he has the inclination and the price, can stand up at a bar and fill his hide so full of red liquor that he is transformed for the time being into an irresponsible, dangerous, evil-smelling brute. But "personal liberty" is not for his patient, long-suffering wife, who has to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses; nor is it for his children, who, if they escape his insane rage, are yet robbed of every known joy and privilege of childhood, and too often grow up neglected, uncared for and vicious as the result of their surroundings and the example before them. "Personal liberty" is not for the sober, industrious citizen who from the proceeds of honest toil and orderly living, has to pay, willingly or not, the tax bills which pile up as a direct result of drunkenness, disorder and poverty, the items of which are written in the records of every police court and poor-house in the land; nor is "personal liberty" for the good woman who goes abroad in the town only at the risk of being shot down by some drink-crazed creature. This rant about "personal liberty" as an argument has no leg to stand upon.

The saloon is a coward. It stands behind stained glass doors and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at a blind door; and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from the officers of the law; and it marks its wares with false bills-of-lading, and offers to ship green goods to you and marks them with the name of wholesome articles of food so people won't know what is being sent to you. And so vile did that business get that the legislature of Indiana passed a law forbidding a saloon to ship goods without being properly labeled. And the United States Congress passed a law forbidding them to send whisky through the mails.

The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery. Yes, it sends the husband home with a lie on his lips to his wife; and the boy home with a lie on his lips to his mother; and it causes the employee to lie to his employer. It degrades. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. It spares neither youth nor old age. It is waiting with a dirty blanket for the baby to crawl into the world. It lies in wait for the unborn.

It cocks the highwayman's pistol. It puts the rope in the hands of the mob. It is the anarchist of the world and its dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children. It sent the bullet through the body of Lincoln; it nerved the arm that sent the bullets through Garfield and William McKinley. Yes, it is a murderer. Every plot that was ever hatched against the government and law, was born and bred in and crawled out of the grog-shop to damn this country.

I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knocking it out. The Masons and Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias and the A. O. U. W. are closing their doors to the whisky sellers. They don't want you wriggling your carcass in their lodges. Yes, sir, I tell you, the curse of God is on it. It is on the down grade. It is headed for hell, and, by the grace of God, I am going to give it a push, with a whoop, for all I know how.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN

[Our evangelist does not confine himself to denunciation. He steps at times into other paths. Here is an extract from his sermon "Give Attendance to Reading."]

Some years ago, after I had been romping and playing with the children, I grew tired and lay down, and half awake and half asleep, I had a dream. I dreamed I was in a far-off land; it was not Persia, but all the glitter and gaudy raiment were there; it was not India, although her coral strands were there; it was not Ceylon, although all the beauties of that island of paradise were there; it was not Italy, although the soft dreamy haze of the blue Italian skies shone above me. I looked for weeds and briars, thorns and thistles and brambles and found none. I saw the sun in all its regal splendor and I said to the people, "When will the sun set and it grow dark?"

They all laughed and said: "It never grows dark in this land; there is no night here."

I looked at the people, their faces wreathed in a simple halo of glory, attired in holiday clothing. I said: "When will the working men go by

clad in overalls? and where are the brawny men who work and toil over the anvil?"

They said, "We toil not, neither do we spin; there remaineth a rest for the people of God."

I strolled out in the suburbs. I said, "Where are the graveyards, the grave-diggers? Where do you bury your dead?"

They said "We never die here."

I looked out and saw the towers and spires; I looked at them, but I did not see any tombstones, mausoleums, green or flower-covered graves. I said, "Where, where are the hearses that carry your dead? Where are the undertakers that embalm the dead?"

They said, "We never die in this land."

I said, "Where are the hospitals where they take the sick? Where is the minister, and where are the nurses to give the gentle touch, the panacea?

They said, "We never grow sick in this land."

I said, "Where are the homes of want and squalor? Where live the poor?"

They said, "There is no penury; none die here; none ever cry for bread in this land." I was bewildered. I strolled along and heard the ripple of the waters as the waves broke against the jeweled beach. I saw boats with oars dipped with silver, bows of pure gold. I saw multitudes that no man could number. We all jumped down through the violets and varicolored flowers, the air pulsing with bird song, and I cried,

"Are—all—here?" And they echoed,

"All—are—here."

And we went leaping and shouting and vied with tower and spire, and they all caroled and sung my welcome, and we all bounded and leaped and shouted with glee, "Home—Home—Home."

BOOK VII.

Leaders in the Lecture Field

IT is not alone in the legislative hall or the pulpit that oratory flourishes. It is also to be found in the field of forensic argument, and the lecture field. In the former of these, while rare displays of eloquence are ot times given, their subject is usually one of local and passing interest, which fact renders them unsuitable for popular reading. In the latter, while the topic is usually of an educational character, this is by no means always the case. The lecturer's purpose may not be to teach, but to convince and reform. Of such character are the many addresses on the subjects of temperance, woman's suffrage, industrial oppression, and numerous other topics in which some wrong is to be righted, some evil to be overcome. At the present day the lecture is a widely-prevailing form of the oration. In the absence of stirring causes for legislative eloquence, even the political speech verges towards this form. In a nation that is entirely peaceful and prosperous, with no vital difference of opinion between its citizens, the oration will become more and more of the lecture character, its purpose being to instruct, interest or amuse, rather than to cure the political or social evils of the age. In the past many lecturers of fine powers have appeared, and English and American literature contains numerous readable and inspiring examples in this field. We shall here give extracts from some of the more eloquent and famous of these public favorites.

JOSEPH STORY (1779-1845)

JURIST AND COLLEGE LECTURER

JUDGE STORY, appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1811, when thirty-two years of age, had the honor of being the youngest man who had ever held so high a judicial position either in America or England. He continued to hold that office until his death in 1845. He had previously been a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and of Congress, and for many years during his judicial term was at the head of the Law School of Harvard University. Throughout his life he pursued an active literary career, beginning as a jurist and devoting himself after 1804 to legal study. His subsequent treatises upon the law were of the most profound character, his writings being more voluminous than those of any other lawyer of great eminence. "For learning, industry, and talent," says Chancellor Kent, "he is the most extraordinary jurist of the age."

As an orator Judge Story won wide esteem, and his lectures upon the dry themes of the law were delivered with such an enthusiasm, and were so richly embellished with anecdotes and illustrative episodes, that they gained the piquancy of literary lectures. No educator ever had a stronger hold upon his students or a more unbounded influence over their minds, and he was great and popular alike in the college hall and on the judicial bench.

THE DESTINY OF THE INDIAN

[Of Judge Story's oratory, the best known and most picturesque example is the often quoted passage upon the melancholy fate of the American Indians. This formed part of his discourse, before the Essex Historical Society, upon the first settlement of Salem, Massachusetts. No nobler specimen could be chosen of his oratorical style, it being a gem of literary finish and sympathetic eloquence.]

There is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much, which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the Western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages and warriors and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores, a plague which the touch of the white man communicated, a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of their race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes—the aged, the helpless, the women and the warriors—"few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow

unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

HASTY WORK IS PRENTICE WORK

It was a beautiful remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds that "Great works, which are to live and stand the criticism of posterity, are not performed at a heat." "I remember," says he, "when I was at Rome, looking at the Fighting Gladiator in company with an eminent sculptor, and I expressed my admiration of the skill with which the whole is composed, and the minute attention of the artist to the change of every muscle in that momentary exertion of strength. He was of opinion that a work so perfect required nearly the whole life of man to perform."

What an admonition! What a melancholy reflection to those who deem the literary fame of the present age the best gift to posterity! How many of our proudest geniuses have written, and continue to write, with a swiftness which almost rivals the operations of the press! How many are urged on to the ruin of their immortal hopes by that public favor which receives with acclamation every new offspring of their pen! If Milton had written thus, we should have found no scholar of our day, no *Christian Examiner*, portraying the glory of his character with the enthusiasm of a kindred spirit. If Pope had written thus, we should have had no fine contests respecting his genius and poetical attainments by our Byrons and Bowleses and Roscoes. If Virgil had written thus, he might have chanted his verses to the courtly Augustus; but Marcellus and his story would have perished. If Horace had written thus, he might have enchanted gay friends and social parties; but it would never have been said of his composition: *decies repetita placebit.*

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS (1808-1851)

THE CICERO OF THE SOUTH

AMONG the natural orators of America, the men to whom the gift of fluent speech is part of their very being, there have been none to surpass Sergeant S. Prentiss, a son of Maine, but for many years a resident of the South. In the words of one of his contemporaries: "His most striking talent was his oratory. We have never known nor read of a man who equalled Prentiss in the faculty of thinking on his legs, or of extemporaneous eloquence. He required no preparation to speak on any subject, and on all he was equally happy. We have heard from him, thrown out in a dinner speech, or at a public meeting, when unexpectedly called on, more brilliant and striking thoughts than many of the most celebrated poets and orators ever elaborated in their closets."

Born at Portland, Maine, an opportunity for a lucrative tutorship took him from college to Natchez, Mississippi, and it was in this city and in New Orleans that he afterward resided, obtaining in each a very large legal practice. Elected to Congress in 1837, his seat was contested, and he addressed the House in support of his claim in a most admirable burst of oratory. His reputation as an orator had preceded him, and the House was crowded with those who desired to test the quality of his eloquence. Rarely has Congress heard an abler or more telling address. Webster said, on leaving the hall, "Nobody could equal it." Ex-President Fillmore remarked: "I can never forget that speech. It was certainly the most brilliant that I ever heard." Prentiss did not remain long in Congress. A parliamentary career was not to his taste. But his brief stay there was one of brilliancy and success, his few speeches winning him public applause and firmly establishing his fame as a statesmanlike orator. He continued, how-

ever, to take part in political movements, and became widely known as a most effective campaign speaker. In 1845 he removed from Vicksburg to New Orleans, in which city he died in 1851.

THE PILGRIMS

[One of Mr. Prentiss' best known orations is the address delivered before the New England Society of New Orleans, on December 22, 1845. His eulogy of the Pilgrims was a most effective bit of word painting, especially in his contrast of their character and aims with those of the Spanish adventurers of the South.]

Two centuries and a quarter ago, a little tempest-tost, weather-beaten bark, barely escaped from the jaws of the wild Atlantic, landed upon the bleakest shore of New England. From her deck disembarked a hundred and one care-worn exiles. To the casual observer no event could seem more insignificant. The contemptuous eye of the world scarcely deigned to notice it. Yet the famous vessel that bore Cæsar and his fortunes, carried but an ignoble freight compared with that of the *Mayflower*. Her little band of Pilgrims brought with them neither wealth nor power, but the principles of civil and religious freedom. They planted them, for the first time, in the Western Continent. They cherished, cultivated and developed them to a full and luxuriant maturity; and then furnished them to their posterity as the only sure and permanent foundations for a free government. Upon those foundations rests the fabric of our great Republic; upon those principles depends the career of human liberty. Little did the miserable pedant and bigot who then wielded the sceptre of Great Britain imagine that from this feeble settlement of persecuted and despised Puritans would arise a nation capable of coping with his own mighty empire in arts and arms. . . . .

How proudly can we compare their conduct with that of the adventurers of other nations who preceded them. How did the Spaniard colonize? Let Mexico, Peru and Hispaniola answer. He followed in the train of the great Discoverer, like a devouring pestilence. His cry was gold! gold!! gold!!! Never in the history of the world had the *sacra fames auri* exhibited itself with such fearful intensity. His imagination maddened with visions of sudden and boundless wealth, clad in mail, he leaped upon the New World, an armed robber. In greedy haste he grasped the sparkling sand, then cast it down with curses, when he found the glittering grains were not of gold.

Pitiless as the blood-hound by his side, he plunged into the primeval forests, crossed rivers, lakes, and mountains, and penetrated to the very heart of the continent. No region, however rich in soil, delicious in climate, or luxuriant in production, could tempt his stay. In vain the

soft breeze of the tropics, laden with aromatic fragrance, wooed him to rest; in vain the smiling valleys, covered with spontaneous fruits and flowers, invited him to peaceful quiet. His search was still for gold: the accursed hunger could not be appeased. The simple natives gazed upon him in superstitious wonder, and worshipped him as a god; and he proved to them a god, but an infernal one—terrible, cruel and remorseless. With bloody hands he tore the ornaments from their persons, and the shrines from their altars: he tortured them to discover hidden treasure, and slew them that he might search, even in their wretched throats, for concealed gold. Well might the miserable Indians imagine that a race of evil deities had come among them, more bloody and relentless than those who presided over their own sanguinary rites.

Now let us turn to the Pilgrims. They, too, were tempted; and had they yielded to the temptation how different might have been the destinies of this continent—how different must have been our own! Previous to their undertaking, the Old World was filled with strange and wonderful accounts of the New. The unbounded wealth drawn by the Spaniards from Mexico and South America, seemed to afford rational support for the wildest assertions. Each succeeding adventurer, returning from his voyage, added to the Arabian tales a still more extravagant story. At length Sir Walter Raleigh, the most accomplished and distinguished of all those bold voyagers, announced to the world his discovery of the province of Guiana, and its magnificent capital, the far-famed city of El Dorado. We smile now at his account of the "great and golden city," and "the mighty rich and beautiful empire." We can hardly imagine that any one could have believed, for a moment, in their existence. At that day, however, the whole matter was received with the most implicit faith. Sir Walter professed to have explored the country, and thus glowingly describes it from his own observation:

"I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys—the river winding into divers branches—the plains adjoining, without bush or stubble—all fair green grass—the deer crossing in every path—the birds, towards the evening, singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes—the air fresh, with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stopped to take up promised either gold or silver by its complexion. For health, good air, pleasure, and riches, I am resolved it cannot be equalled by any region either in the East or West."

The Pilgrims were urged, in leaving Holland, to seek this charming country, and plant their colony amid its Arcadian bowers. Well might the poor wanderers cast a longing glance towards its happy valleys, which

seemed to invite to pious contemplation and peaceful labor. Well might the green grass, the pleasant groves, the tame deer, and the singing birds allure them to that smiling land beneath the equinoctial line. But while they doubted not the existence of this wondrous region, they resisted its tempting charms. They had resolved to vindicate, at the same time, their patriotism and their principles—to add dominion to their native land, and to demonstrate to the world the practicabilty of civil and religious liberty. After full discussion and mature deliberation, they determined that their great objects could be best accomplished by a settlement on some portion of the northern continent which would hold out no temptation to cupidity, no inducement to persecution. Putting aside, then, all considerations of wealth and ease, they addressed themselves with high resolution to the accomplishment of their noble purpose. In the language of the historian, "trusting to God and themselves," they embarked upon their perilous enterprise.

As I said before, I shall not accompany them on their adventurous voyage. On the 22d day of December, 1620, according to our present computation, their footsteps pressed the famous rock which has ever since remained sacred to their venerated memory. Poets, painters, and orators have tasked their powers to do justice to this great scene. Indeed, it is full of moral grandeur; nothing can be more beautiful, more pathetic, or more sublime. Behold the Pilgrims, as they stood on that cold December day—stern men, gentle women, and feeble children—all uniting in singing a hymn of cheerful thanksgiving to the good God, who had conducted them safely across the mighty deep, and permitted them to land upon that sterile shore. See how their upturned faces glow with a pious confidence, which the sharp winter winds cannot chill, nor the gloomy forest shadows darken:

> "Not as the conqueror comes,
> They, the true-hearted came;
> Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
> Nor the trumpet, that sings of fame;
> Nor as the flying come,
> In silence and in fear—
> They shook the depths of the desert gloom
> With their hymns of lofty cheer."

Noble and pious band! your holy confidence was not in vain; your "hymns of lofty cheer" find echo still in the hearts of grateful millions. Your descendants, when pressed by adversity, or when addressing themselves to some high action, turn to the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and find heart for any fate—strength for any enterprise.

WENDELL PHILLIPS (1811-1884)

SLAVERY'S RELENTLESS FOE

"YOU are looking for a man who is all art and thunder. Lo! a quiet man glides upon the platform and begins talking in a simple, easy, conversational way. Presently he makes you smile at some happy turn, then he startles you by a rapier-like thrust, then electrifies you by a grand outburst of feeling. You listen, believe and applaud. And that is Wendell Phillips. That also is oratory—to produce the greatest effect by the simplest means."

We cannot better present Wendell Phillips in his role as an orator, than by this quotation from one of his admirers. As an uncompromising foe to human slavery, he was one of the group of which Parker and Garrison were other conspicuous members. The assault by a Boston mob, led by gentlemen, on William Lloyd Garrison, in which the latter barely escaped with life, made Phillips an abolitionist. He took his stand publicly in a memorable speech at Faneuil Hall in 1837, which Dr. Channing designated as "morally sublime." So bitter did Phillips become in his hatred of the slavery system, that he refused to practice law under a Constitution which recognized it, and was ready to welcome a dissolution of the Union as an effectual method of freeing the slaves. He was president of the Anti-Slavery Society till its dissolution in 1870, and was also a warm advocate of woman suffrage, prohibition, prison reform, and greenback currency, on all of which he made eloquent speeches.

JOHN BROWN AND LIBERTY

[The growing sentiment in the North in favor of the abolition of slavery, rapid as it was, moved too slowly for the impatient spirit of Wendell Phillips, and when John Brown made his memorable assault on Harper's Ferry, in a hopelessly futile attempt to promote an insurrection of the slaves, Phillips regarded him as one of the

great heroes of humanity, and could scarcely find words strong enough to express his appreciation of the old man's effort. In November, 1859, while Brown lay under sentence of death, his defender eulogized him in the following exaggerated but vigorous style, in an address at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. It is an excellent example of his oratory.]

There are two kinds of defeat. Whether in chains or in laurels, Liberty knows nothing but victories. Bunker Hill, soldiers call a defeat! But Liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field. Men say the attempt did not succeed. No man can command success. Whether it was well planned, and deserved to succeed, we shall be able to decide when Brown is free to tell us all he knows. Suppose he did fail, he has done a great deal still. Why, this is a decent country to live in now. Actually, in this Sodom of ours, seventeen men have been found ready to die for an idea. God be thanked for John Brown, that he has discovered or created them. I should feel some pride if I were in Europe now in confessing that I was an American. We have redeemed the long infamy of twenty years of subservience. But look back a bit. Is there anything new about this? Nothing at all. It is the natural result of anti-slavery teaching. For one, I accept it; I expected it. I cannot say that I prayed for it; I cannot say that I hoped for it; but at the same time no sane man has looked upon this matter for twenty years and supposed that we could go through this great moral convulsion, the great classes of society clashing and jostling against each other like frigates in a storm, and that there would not be such scenes as these.

Why in 1835 it was the other way. Then it was my bull that gored your ox. Their ideas came in conflict, and men of violence, and men who had not made up their minds to wait for the slow conversion of conscience, men who trusted in their own right hands, men who believed in Bowie knives—why such sacked the city of Philadelphia, such made New York to be governed by a mob; Boston saw its mayor suppliant and kneeling to the chief of broadcloth in broad daylight. It was all on that side. The natural result, the first result of this starting of ideas, is like people who get half-awaked and use the first weapons that appear to them. The first developing and unfolding of national life were the mobs of 1835. People said it served us right; we had no right to the luxury of speaking our own minds; it was too expensive: these lavish, luxurious persons walking about here and actually saying what they think! Why it was like speaking aloud in the midst of avalanches. To say "Liberty" in a loud tone, the Constitution of 1789 might come down—it would not do. But now things have changed. We have been talking thirty years. Twenty years we have talked everywhere, under all circumstances; we

have been mobbed out of great cities and pelted out of little ones; we have been abused by great men and by little papers.

What is the result? The tables have been turned; it is your bull that has gored my ox now. And men that still believe in violence,—the five points of whose faith are the fist, the Bowie knife, fire, poison, and the pistol —are ranged on the side of liberty, and—unwilling to wait for the slow but sure steps of thought—lay on God's altar the best they have. You cannot expect to put a real Puritan Presbyterian, as John Brown is, —a regular Cromwellian dug up from two centuries ago,—in the midst of our New England civilization, that dares not say its soul is its own, nor proclaim that it is wrong to sell a man at auction, and not have him show himself as he is. Put a hound in the presence of a deer, and he springs at his throat if he is a true bloodhound. Put a Christian in the presence of sin, and he will spring at its throat if he is a true Christian. And so into an acid we might throw white matter, but unless it is chalk it will not produce agitation. So if in a world of sinners you were to put American Christianity, it would be calm as oil; but put one Christian like John Brown, of Ossawatomie, and he makes the whole crystallize into right and wrong, and marshal themselves on one side or the other. And God makes him the text, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon and to say to the American people that, whether that old man succeeded in a worldly sense or not, he stood a representative of law of government, of right, of justice, of religion, and they were pirates that gathered around him and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life.

The banks of the Potomac are doubly dear now to history and to man! The dust of Washington rests there; and history will see forever on that riverside the brave old man on his pallet, whose dust, when God calls him hence, the Father of his Country would be proud to make room for beside his own. But if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two more Washingtons at least to make the name of the State anything but abominable to the ages that come after. Well, I say what I really think. George Washington was a great man. Yes, I say what I really think. And I know, ladies and gentlemen, that, educated as you have been by the experience of the last ten years here, you would have thought me the silliest as well as the most cowardly man in the world if I should have come, with my twenty years behind me, and talked about anything else to-night except that great example which one man has set us on the banks of the Potomac. You expected, of course, that I should tell you my opinion of it.

I value this element that John Brown has introduced into American politics for another reason. The South is a great power. There are no

cowards in Virginia. It was not cowardice. Now, I try to speak very plainly, but you will misunderstand me. There is no cowardice in Virginia. The people of the South are not cowards. The lunatics in the Gospel were not cowards when they said: "Art thou come to torment us before the time?" They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle; they knew its inevitable victory. Virginia did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper's Ferry. They trembled at a John Brown in every man's own conscience. He had been there many years, and, like that terrific scene which Beckworth has drawn for us in his "Hall of Eblis," where all ran round, each man with an incurable wound in his bosom, and agreed not to speak of it, so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement, in Church and State, that it never shall be mentioned for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word. Brown uttered it, and the whole machinery trembled to its very base.

CLEAR VISION VERSUS EDUCATION

Some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe because we have free schools and cheap books and a public opinion that controls. But this is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school-system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years. And books are as cheap in Central and Northern Asia as they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion, to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and self-supporting, and as representatative of thought, as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Tocqueville says that three years before the great Revolution, public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is to-day; but it did not save France. You cannot save men by machinery. What India and France and Spain wanted was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own functions and their own responsibilities in the face. "Grant me to see, and Ajax wants no more," was the prayer the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes and seeing things as they are.—(.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

THE PHILOSOPHER, POET AND ORATOR

AMERICA has produced only one Emerson, one to whom all nature was a song of beauty and use, to whom flower and weed alike told the story of uplifting, who looked through the veil of the future and saw man growing ever higher and nobler, wrong ever giving way to right, and glory replacing gloom. Emerson was an evolutionist by nature. He offered no theory of means and methods, but endless progress was to him the inherent law of the universe. He was at once essayist, poet and orator; but in all these he was one, the social optimist and philosopher. His essays read like strings of verbal gems, epigrams and apothegms linked together by one common significance. The same may, in a measure, be said of his orations. His was the eloquence of the ideal. His sentences are crowded with striking thoughts, and only thinkers could justly appreciate him—the deepest thinker of his times.

MAN THE REFORMER

[We subjoin an extract from one of Emerson's lectures which will serve as a fair example of his method of speech and field of thought. Whatever he said was of an elevating tendency, and all his thoughts rang true to the spirit of love and aspiration that inspired him.]

What is man born for but to be a Reformer; a re-maker of what man has made; a renouncer of lies; a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every hour a new day, and with every pulsation a new life? Let him renounce everything which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are inconveniences, and what is called ruin, in the way,

because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

The power which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in man which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment. Is it not the highest duty that man should be honored in us? I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought,—neither by comfort, neither by pride,—and though I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me. And if, at the same time, a woman or a child discover a sentiment of piety, or a juster way of thinking than mine, I ought to confess it by my respect and obedience, though it go to alter my whole way of life.

The Americans have many virtues, but they have not Faith and Hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as Selah and Amen. And yet they have the broadest meaning, and the most cogent application in Boston in 1841. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. . . . .

Every triumph and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet, who, in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea, was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. The women fought like men, and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were Temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia and Africa and Spain on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking-stick struck more terror into those who saw it than another man's sword. His diet was barley bread; his sauce was salt; and ofttimes, by way of abstinence, he ate his bread without salt. His drink was water; his palace was built of mud; and when he left Medina to go to the conquest of Jerusalem, he rode on a red camel, with a wooden platter hanging at his saddle, with a bottle of water and two sacks, one holding barley and the other dried fruits.

But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith, in the sentiment of love. This

is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history for these thousand years has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust the thief and burglar and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service. See this wide society of laboring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them, and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world. . . . .

Let our affection flow out to our fellows; it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind. The state must consider the poor man, and all voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the amelioration in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich, not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the equitable rule is, that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich. Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is the better for me and to find my reward in the act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies and lines of defense would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own lever, fulcrum and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom,—a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly,—by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers, and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824-1892)

THE EASY-CHAIR PHILOSOPHER

IT was in the National Republican Convention of 1884 that George William Curtis decisively declared himself on the subject of party politics. On a proposition being made that all delegates should bind themselves to support the nominee of the Convention, Curtis rose and firmly said: "Gentlemen of the Convention: A Republican and a free man I came into this Convention; by the grace of God, a Republican and a free man will I go out of this Convention." This ringing declaration checked the movement to bind the minds of the members, and gave rise to the independent Republican movement of that year. A graceful and often a brilliant writer, Curtis also won a high reputation as a lecturer and public speaker, and was long a favorite with American audiences.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND HIS LIFE LABOR

[Wendell Phillips, looked upon by many as an unmanageable agitator, had a highly moral "method in his madness," as an uncompromising foe of human slavery and of the oppression of labor in any form. Chief among those who gave him credit for the utility and humanity of his life work was George William Curtis, whose eloquent oration in Tremont Temple, Boston April 18, 1884, was one of the finest tributes to the memory of the famous abolitionist. We give the most effective portion of this address.]

When the war ended, and the specific purpose of his relentless agitation was accomplished, Phillips was still in the prime of life. Had his mind recurred to the dreams of earlier years, had he desired, in the fulness of his frame and the maturity of his powers, to turn to the political career which the hopes of the friends of his youth had forecast, I do not doubt that the Massachusetts of Sumner and of Andrew, proud of his genius and owning his immense service to the triumphant cause, although a service beyond the party line, and often apparently directed against the party itself, would have gladly summoned him to duty. It would, indeed, have

been a kind of peerage for this great Commoner. But not to repose and peaceful honor did this earnest soul incline. "Now that the field is won," he said gaily to a friend, "do you sit by the camp-fire, but I will put out into the underbrush." The slave, indeed, was free, but emancipation did not free the agitator from his task. The client that suddenly appeared before him on that memorable October day was not an oppressed race alone; it was wronged humanity; it was the victim of unjust systems and unequal laws; it was the poor man, the weak man, the unfortunate man, whoever and whatever he might be. This was the cause that he would still plead in the forum of public opinion. "Let it not be said," he wrote to a meeting of his old abolition friends two months before his death, "that the old abolitionist stopped with the negro, and was never able to see that the same principles claimed his utmost effort to protect all labor, white and black, and to further the discussion of every claim of humanity."

Was this the habit of mere agitation, the restless discontent that followed great achievement? There were those who thought so. But they were critics of a temperament which did not note that with Phillips agitation was a principle, and a deliberately chosen method to definite ends. There were still vast questions springing from the same root of selfishness and injustice as the question of slavery. They must force a hearing in the same way. He would not adopt in middle life the career of politics which he had renounced in youth, however seductive that career might be, whatever its opportunities and rewards, because the purpose had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength to form public opinion rather than to represent it, in making or executing the laws. To form public opinion upon vital public questions by public discussion, but by public discussion absolutely fearless and sincere, and conducted with honest faith in the people to whom the argument was addressed—this was the service which he had long performed, and this he would still perform, and in the familiar way. . . . .

No man, I say, can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national policies, of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and, firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement, good fame rests secure. Eighty years ago, in this city, how unsparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party; for his dogmatism, his vanity and ambition; for his exasperating impracticability—he, the Colossus of the Revolution! And

Thomas Jefferson? I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Cœur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But, when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest American patriots—and their fellow-citizens of every party bowed their heads and said, Amen. I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no American life—no, not one—offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived,—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to books and pictures and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew; the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings; the ceaseless charity untold; the strong sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affections that must not here be named; the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale; that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall; the surrender of ambition; the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone! As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that, if with perfect faith and hope assured America would still stand and "bid the distant generations hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

JOSEPH COOK (1838-1901)

THE BOSTON MONDAY LECTURER

AMONG men who seem born with the capability of handling every subject, and treating all with a fair degree of effectiveness, may he named Joseph Cook, the famed Monday lecturer. Educated at Yale and Harvard Universities and in Germany, he gave four years to study at Andover Theological Seminary, which he left with a license to preach, and spent four years in the pulpit. He subsequently became of great repute as a lecturer, speaking to great audiences on Mondays, at Boston, for twenty years, and lecturing widely in all English-speaking countries. His Monday lectures have been published in ten volumes covering such diverse subjects as "Biology," "Orthodoxy," "Transcendentalism," "Conscience," "Heredity," etc. As an orator Mr. Cook was fluent and facile, with fine powers of description and a warm imagination.

EFFICIENT BUT NOT SUFFICIENT

[From Mr. Cook's very numerous addresses we choose a striking extract from one of the best, a lecture delivered in New York on July 4, 1884, its subject, "Ultimate America." In it he gave a prophetic vision of the forces upon which national greatness is based. This highly-imaginative conception is given below.]

Once in the blue midnight, in my study on Beacon Hill, in Boston, I fell into long thought as I looked out on the land and on the sea; and passing through the gate of dreams, I saw the angel having charge of America stand in the air, above the continent, and his wings shadowed either shore. Around him were gathered all who at Valley Forge and at Andersonville and the other sacred places suffered for the preservation of a virtuous Republic; and they conversed of what was and is and is to be. There was about the angel a multitude whom no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and tribes and tongues, and their voices were as

the sound of many waters. And I heard thunderings and saw lightnings and the majesty of his words above that of the thunders.

Then came forth before the angel three spirits whose garments were as white as the light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth,—Washington and Lincoln and Garfield. And behind them stood Hampden and Tell and Miltiades and Leonidas and a multitude who had scars and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of liberty. We will heal America by equality." And the angel said: "Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient."

Meanwhile, under emigrant wharves, and under the hovels of the perishing poor, and under crowded factories, and under the poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard, far in the subterranean depths, the black angels laugh.

Then came forward before the angel three other spirits, whose garments were white as the light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth,—Franklin and Hamilton and Irving. And behind them stood Pestalozzi and Shakespeare and Bacon and Aristotle and a multitude who had scrolls and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of intelligence. We will heal America by knowledge." And the angel said: "Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient."

Meanwhile, under the emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and under Washington, and under scheming conclaves of man acute and unscrupulous, and under many newspaper presses, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard the black angels laugh.

Then came forward before the angel three other spirits whom I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call by names known on earth,—Adams and Jefferson and Webster. And behind them stood Chatham and Wilberforce and Howard and the Roman Gracchi and a multitude who had keys and crowns. And they said to the angel: "We will go on earth and teach diffusion of property. We will heal America by the self-respect of ownership." And the angel said, "Go. You will be efficient, but not sufficient."

Meanwhile, under emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and beneath Wall Street, and under the poisonous alleys of suffocated great cities, I heard yet the black angels laugh.

Then came, lastly, forward before the angel three other spirits, with garments white as the light; and I saw not their faces, but I heard the ten thousand times ten thousand call them by names known on earth,—

Edwards and Dwight and Whitefield. And behind them stood Wickliffe and Cranmer and Wesley and Luther and a multitude who had harps and crowns. And they said to the angel; "We will go on earth and teach the diffusion of conscientiousness. We will heal America by righteousness." Then the angel arose, and lifted up his far-gleaming hand to the heaven of heavens, and said? "Go. Not in the first three, but only in all four of these leaves from the tree of life, is to be found the healing of the nations,—the diffusion of liberty, the diffusion of intelligence, the diffusion of property, the diffusion of conscientiousness. You will be more than ever efficient, but not sufficient."

I listened, and under Plymouth Rock and the universities there was no sound; but under emigrant wharves and crowded factories, and under Wall Street, and in poisonous alleys of great cities, I heard yet the black angels laugh; but, with the laughter there came up now from beneath a clanking of chains.

Then I looked, and the whole firmament above the angel was as if it were one azure eye; and into it the ten thousand times ten thousand gazed; and I saw that they stood in one palm of a Hand of Him into whose face they gazed, and that the soft axle of the world stood upon the finger of another palm, and that both palms were pierced. I saw the twelve spirits which had gone forth and they joined hands with each other and with the twelve hours, and moved perpetually about the globe; and I heard a voice, after which there was no laughter: "Ye are efficient but I am sufficient."

JOHN B. GOUGH (1817–1886)

THE FAMOUS TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

HE who can best make himself felt on any subject is he who has gone through the fire of experience. Thus it was with John B. Gough, the eminent temperance lecturer. While learning the bookbinding trade in New York he fell into the habit of drinking, and for ten years was such a slave to intemperance that he sank into the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. About 1840 he was induced to sign the total-abstinence pledge, and from that time forward devoted his life to the reclamation of the intemperate. Gifted by nature with fine powers of emotional oratory, and combining with this the qualities of an actor, he soon distinguished himself as the most eloquent and successful advocate of the temperance cause. Oratory, anecdote, impersonation, impassioned relations of his own degradation, combined in him to yield a wonderful effect upon his audiences. He lectured for many years widely through the English speaking world, and doubtless was the happy instrument for saving myriads from the curse of drink.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE

[Gough's orations on his chosen subject were multitudinous. The utmost we can do here is to offer an extract showing his manner of speech. But few orators depended more than he upon the manner, rather than the matter, of his addresses for his effect upon an audience. He acted as well as spoke, and his orations were in their way examples of histrionic ability.]

Our enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken dragon worshipped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely,

scorn, and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly, and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amid the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison: "Here is such a dungeon, in which such a one was confined;" "Here, among the ruins of an old castle, we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. "There is a monument to such a one; there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying, "Crucify them! crucify them!" and danced around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes, and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. O, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York, in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days: it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted; they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep

as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery; through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it, and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in Heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL (1833-1899)

A MASTER OF THE POETRY OF PROSE

INGERSOLL was an orator among orators, a man of extraordinary eloquence and unsurpassed control over his audience. His sentences breathe music and read like poetry. So rythmical is his language that it might almost be divided up into epic verse. Many deplored his power, for it was exerted in what was, to the Christian World, a wrongful cause. He was best known as an opponent of Biblical interpretation,—the cultured Tom Paine of modern times,—while his remarkable powers in oratory enabled him to win far more converts to his views than Paine ever did. Yet our language does not contain a more truly religious oration than that spoken by him over his brother's grave; a eulogy more instinct with tender feeling and lofty sentiment. Ingersoll was a lawyer by profession, a cavalry colonel in the Civil War, and later was Attorney-General of Illinois.

BLAINE, THE PLUMED KNIGHT

[Ingersoll's oratory was not confined to religious—or irreligious—subjects. He won fame as a political orator as well. And in this field his most notable effort was his speech before the Republican Convention of 1876, in which he rose to nominate James G. Blaine for the Presidency. We have already spoken of this splendid effort in our notice of Blaine. We need only say further that Ingersoll shares with Conkling the honor of delivering the two most effective nominating speeches on record.]

Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by seventy-five thousand majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest, and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people, with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire—greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil. This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any Government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of Church and School. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has in full, heaped and rounded measure all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the greatest combination of heart, conscience, and brain beneath

her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine. For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year ; a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution, filled with proud and tender memories of the past, with the sacred legends of liberty ; a year in which the sons of Freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiam ; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field ; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander ; for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of Rebellion ; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republicans to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the Convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth ; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters ; in the name of all her soldiers living ; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle ; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

ORATION AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

[A discourse with the deep feeling and pathos of this is one that would hardly be looked for from a man with the reputation of a contemner of religion. It shows that, despite his ordinary attitude, Ingersoll had a religion of his own, and a trust in the hereafter.]

Friends, I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died, where manhood's morning almost touched noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the West.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love, and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched with tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands, he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice, all place a temple, and all season, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of the wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now to you who have been chosen, from among the many that he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN (1844-1878)

THE ORATOR OF MUNICIPAL REFORM

AMONG the promising orators of the latter half of the nineteenth century must be named Henry Armitt Brown, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, gifted by nature with rare eloquence, yet cut down by fate before he reached the zenith of his powers. His reputation, which had grown widely before his death, was gained as a political orator in presidential campaigns and in the service of municipal reform in Philadelphia. His early decease was a serious loss to the latter cause, which has moved backward decidedly in the years that have since followed, though it can hardly be hoped that oratory would have materially shaken the retrograde movement.

MAN'S PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS

[Of the public addresses of Mr. Brown perhaps the most admirable, as the most admired, was that delivered at the Valley Forge centennial. The extract given is full of suggestive truth as to the life of man and the conditions surrounding him.]

The century that has gone has changed the face of nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We stand to-day at the dawn of an extraordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world. Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt; no region too remote, no place too sacred, for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens! He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature; he has made the fire his steed, the winds his ministers, the seas his pathway, the lightning his messenger. He has descended into the bowels of the earth, and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds, and made the impalpable

air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished. And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But of all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the future. Not one step have we taken toward the mystery of the solution of life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that veil we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter it. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lands are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them, as for us, shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that death out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that, to them, union will seem as dear, and liberty as sweet, and progress as glorious, as they were to our fathers, and are to you and me, and that the institutions that have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into his eternal care commend ourselves, our children and our country.

HENRY WATTERSON (1840——)

THE POPULAR ORATOR AND EDITOR OF KENTUCKY

AMONG the phrases widely current in the American political world is that of "Tariff for revenue only," a Democratic slogan which has formed the war-cry in more than one hard-fought battle for the Presidency, and which is credited to the fertile brain of Henry Watterson, one of the ablest among Western editors. As a counterpoise against tariff for protection, this phrase has had a telling effect in political and economical argument. Watterson began hir career as a newspaper writer in Washington, returning to his paternal home in Tennessee at the outbreak of the Civil War, and serving in the Confederate army. Since 1868 he has been known as the able and trenchant editor of the *Courier Journal*, of Louisville. An old-line Democrat of the Jefferson and Jackson school, he has steadily worked for this wing of his party. Watterson is eloquent and popular as an orator, both in the political and lecture field, and in the lighter vein of the "after-dinner" speech.

A VISION OF AMERICAN HISTORY

[One of Watterson's choicest efforts in oratory is his oration delivered October 21, 1892, at the dedication of the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago. From this fine address we select one of the most eloquent passages.]

We look before and after, and we see, through the half-drawn folds of time, as though through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream. The caravals, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East, and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread upon one another

fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches. But even as simple justice was denied Columbus, was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard.

We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the Old World struggle between the French and English transferred to the New, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay but dauntless Cavaliers, to the southward, join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And lo, down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the ear, like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum-taps of the Revolution; the tramp of the minute-men, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof-beats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit battle; the gleam of Marion's watch-fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there in serried, saint-like ranks on Fame's eternal camping-ground stand,

> "The old Continentals
> In their ragged regimentals,
> Yielding not,"

as, amid the singing of angels in Heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young republic, and the gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to see the second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then,—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow or its sorrow,—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost save liberty and honor, and, praise God! our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see to-day—this land filled with the treasures of earth; this city, snatched from the ashes to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind of man to preconceive? Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man; out of disaster comes the glory of the state.

THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER

To tell you the truth, I am afraid that I have gained access here on false pretences; for I am no Cavalier at all; just plain Scotch-Irish; one of

those Scotch-Irish Southerners who ate no fire in the green leaf and has eaten no dirt in the brown, and who, accepting, for the moment, the terms Puritan and Cavalier in the sense an effete sectionalism once sought to ascribe them—descriptive labels at once classifying and separating North and South; verbal redoubts along that mythical line called Mason and Dixon, over which there were supposed by the extremists of other days to be no bridges—I am much disposed to say, "A plague o' both your houses!"

Each was good enough and bad enough in its way, whilst they lasted; each in its turn filled the English-speaking world with mourning; and each, if either could have resisted the infection of the soil and climate they found here, would be to-day striving at the sword's point to square life by the iron rule of Theocracy, or to round it by the dizzy whirl of a petticoat! It is very pretty to read about the Maypole of Virginia and very edifying and inspiring to celebrate the deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers. But there is not Cavalier blood enough left in the Old Dominion to produce a single crop of first families, whilst out in Nebraska and Iowa they claim that they have so stripped New England of her Puritan stock as to spare her hardly enough for farm hands. This I do know from personal experience, that it is impossible for the stranger-guest, sitting beneath a bower of roses in the Palmetto Club at Charleston, or by a mimic log-heap in the Algonquin Club at Boston, to tell the assembled company apart—particularly after ten o'clock in the evening! Why, in that great, final struggle between the Puritans and the Cavaliers—which we still here sometimes casually mentioned, although it ended nearly thirty years ago—there had been such a mixing up of Puritan babies during the two or three generations preceding it that the surviving grandmothers of the combatants could not, except for their uniforms, have picked out their own on any field of battle!

Turning to the Cyclopædia of American Biography, I find that Webster had all the vices that are supposed to have signalized the Cavalier, and Calhoun all the virtues that are claimed for the Puritan. During twenty years three statesmen of Puritan origin were the chosen party leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: Robert J. Walker, born and reared in Pennsylvania; John A. Quitman, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. That sturdy Puritan, Slidell, never saw Louisiana until he was old enough to vote and to fight; native here—an alumnus of Columbia College—but sprung from New England ancestors. Albert Sydney Johnston, the most resplendent of modern Cavaliers—from tip to toe a type of the species; the very rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy—did not have a drop of Southern blood in his veins; Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and

mother arrived there from Connecticut. The Ambassador who serves our Government near the French Republic was a gallant Confederate soldier and is a representative Southern statesman; but he owns the estate in Massachusetts where his father was born, and where his father's fathers lived through many generations.

And the Cavaliers, who missed their stirrups, somehow, and got into Yankee saddles? The woods were full of them. If Custer was not a Cavalier, Rupert was a Puritan. And Sherwood and Wadsworth and Kearny, and McPherson and their dashing companions and followers! The one typical soldier of the war—mark you!—was a Southern, not a Northern, soldier; Stonewall Jackson, of the Virginia line. And, if we should care to pursue the subject farther back, what about Ethan Allen and John Stark and Mad Anthony Wayne—Cavaliers each and every one? Indeed, from Israel Putnam to "Buffalo Bill," it seems to me the Puritans have had rather the best of it in turning out Cavaliers. So the least said about the Puritan and the Cavalier—except as blessed memories or horrid examples—the better for historic accuracy.

If you wish to get at the bottom of facts, I don't mind telling you—in confidence—that it was we Scotch-Irish who vanquished both of you; some of us in peace, others of us in war—supplying the missing link of adaptability, the needed ingredient of common sense, the conservative principle of creed and action, to which this generation of Americans owes its intellectual and moral emancipation from frivolity and pharisaism, its rescue from the Scarlet Woman and the mailed hand, and its crystallization into a national character and polity, ruling by force of brains and not by force of arms.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR. (1835-1915)

THE POLISHED EXPONENT OF HIGH IDEALS

THE Adams family, as was said in a former sketch, has been notable in the history of oratory and patriotism. It has two Presidents to its credit, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, father and son, both famous statesmen and ardent patriots. Later in the line we meet with Charles Francis Adams, the able statesman and diplomatist, and his son, of the same name; the latter a cavalry soldier in the war, later on a railroad commissioner and arbitrator, and always a true scion of his patriotic ancestry. He was elected president of the Union Pacific Railway in 1884, and became presiding officer of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1895. While all the distinguished men of the family won reputation as orators, the one now under consideration was certainly not the least eloquent among them. In 1883, in his address entitled, "A College Fetich," he sharply criticised the American system of higher education, stirring up the adherents of the system to an acrimonious discussion of his strongly expressed views.

THE VETERANS OF GETTYSBURG

[On the 4th of July, 1869, the sixth anniversary of the greatest battle of the Civil War, Mr. Adams delivered an oration at Quincy, Massachusetts, on this subject, which is looked upon as his masterpiece, though he has other eloquent speeches to his credit. We give the patriotic peroration of this admirable address, following a most animated description of the hasty march to Gettysburg.]

It is said that at the crisis of Solferino, Marshal McMahon appeared with his corps upon the field of battle, his men having run for seven miles. We need not go abroad for examples of endurance and soldierly bearing. The achievement of Sedgwick and the brave Sixth Corps, as they marched upon the field of Gettysburg on that second day of July, far excels the vaunted efforts of the French Zouaves.

Twenty-four hours later we stood on that same ground. Many dear friends had yielded up their young lives during the hours which had elapsed; but, though twenty thousand fellow-creatures were wounded or dead around us, though the flood-gates of heaven seemed opened, and the torrents fell upon the quick and the dead, yet the elements seemed electrified with a certain magic influence of victory, and as the great army sank down over-wearied in its tracks, it felt that the crisis and danger were passed—that Gettysburg was immortal.

May I not, then, well express the hope that never again may we or ours be called upon so to celebrate this anniversary? And yet, now that the passionate hopes and fears of those days are all over, now that the grief which can never be forgotten is softened and modified by the soothing hand of time, now that the distracted doubts and untold anxieties are buried and almost forgotten, we love to remember the gathering of the hosts, to hear again in memory the shock of battle, and to wonder at the magnificence of the drama. The passion and the excitement are gone, and we can look at the work we have done and pronounce upon it. I do not fear the sober second judgment. Our work was a great work,—it was well done, and it was done thoroughly. Some one has said, "Happy is the people which has no history." Not so! As it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, so it is better to have lived greatly, even though we have suffered greatly, than to have passed a long life of inglorious ease. Our generation—yes, we ourselves have been a part of great things. We have suffered greatly and greatly rejoiced; we have drunk deep of the cup of joy and of sorrow; we have tasted the agony of defeat, and we have supped full with the pleasures of victory. We have proved ourselves equal to great deeds, and have learned what qualities were in us, which in more peaceful times we ourselves did not respect.

And, indeed, I would here in closing fain address a few words to such of you, if any such are here, who like myself have been soldiers during the War of the Rebellion. We should never more be partisans. We have been a part of great events in the service of the common country, we have worn her uniform, we have received her pay and devoted ourselves to the death, if need be, in her service. When we were blackened by the smoke of Antietam, we did not ask or care whether those who stood shoulder to shoulder beside us, whether he who led us, whether those who sustained us, were Democrats or Republicans, Conservatives or Radicals; we asked only that they might prove as true as was the steel we grasped, and as brave as we ourselves would fain have been. When we stood like a wall of stone vomiting fire from the heights of Gettysburg,—nailed to

our position through three long days of mortal hell,—did we ask each other whether that brave officer who fell while gallantly leading the counter-charge; whether that cool gunner steadily serving his piece before us amid the storm of shot and shell; whether the poor wounded, mangled, gasping comrades, crushed and torn, and dying in agony around us, had voted for Lincoln or Douglas, for Breckenridge or Bell? We then were full of other thoughts. We prized men for what they were worth to the common country of us all, and recked not of empty words. Was the man true, was he brave, was he earnest, was all we thought of then;—not, did he vote or think with us, or label himself with our party name? This lesson let us try to remember. We cannot give to party all that we once offered to country, but our duty is not yet done. We are no longer, what we have been, the young guard of the Republic; we have earned an exemption from the dangers of the field and camp, and the old musket or the crossed sabres hang harmless over our winter fires, never more to be grasped in these hands henceforth devoted to more peaceful labors; but the duties of the citizen, and the citizen who has received his baptism in fire, are still incumbent upon us. Though young in years, we should remember that henceforth, as long as we live in the land, we are the ancients, the veterans of the Republic. As such, it is for us to protect in peace what we preserved in war; it is for us to look at all things with a view to the common country and not to the exigencies of party politics; it is for us ever to bear in mind the higher allegiance we have sworn, and to remember that he who has once been a soldier of the motherland degrades himself forever when he becomes the slave of faction. Then, at last, if through life we ever bear these lessons freshly in mind, will it be well for us, will it be well for our country, will it be well for those whose names we bear, that our bones also do not molder with those of our brave comrades beneath the sods of Gettysburg, or that our graves do not look down on the swift-flowing Mississippi from the historic heights of Vicksburg.

GROVER CLEVELAND (1837-1908)

THE ORACLE OF DEMOCRACY

THE career of Grover Cleveland was a remarkable one. All previous American Presidents had been chosen on the basis either of military service or of reputation as orators and statesmen. Cleveland was known neither as general nor orator, and it would appear to have been chiefly his record for inflexible integrity in office that raised him rapidly through the offices of District Attorney, Sheriff, Mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York, to that of President of the United States. Such reputation as he possessed as an orator was made principally after the expiration of his two terms in the Executive office, in his earnest upholding of the basic principles of the Democratic party, and in words of calm wisdom and judicious advice on other subjects of interest.

MANUAL TRAINING FOR THE COLORED RACE

[As an example of Ex-President Cleveland's addresses on public occasions, we offer the following selection from his remarks of December 11, 1902, at the opening in Philadelphia of the Berean Manual Training and Industrial School, for the purpose of giving an industrial education to people of the colored race.]

It has often occurred to me that ever since we have become a nation the American people have almost constantly been confronted with large problems, more or less perplexing, and directly affecting the political, industrial and social phases of our national welfare. This experience, in so far as it has accustomed us to difficulties, has made us a strong and strenuous people. I think it must be admitted, however, that our success in overcoming these difficulties has engrafted upon the American character such confidence in our ability to extricate ourselves from embarrassments as amounts to actual national vanity. We seem to have a contented notion that, whatever dangers press upon us, and whatever obstacles

are to be surmounted, we "are able because we seem to be able," and that, because we have thus far escaped threatening perils, a happy-go-lucky reliance on continued good fortune will avail us to the end of the chapter. I plead guilty as the chief among sinners in the vanity of my Americanship. I have a suspicion, however, that our serene self-confidence has sometimes not only made us very brave and daring, but has stood in the way of an early and provident treatment of national problems, which, having been allowed to grow and harden, have invited increased pain and difficulty in their rectification. I am, therefore, impressed with the importance of this occasion, because it has to do with certain conditions which, I believe, in their present stage, should be dealt with speedily and effectively. . . . .

It is foolish for us to blind our eyes to the fact that more should be done to improve the condition of our negro population; and it should be entirely plain to all of us that the sooner this is undertaken, the sooner will a serious duty be discharged, and the more surely will we guard ourselves against future trouble and danger.

We cannot forget, however, that we have to deal with those whose deficiencies do not result entirely from their lack of education, as that term is commonly used. The circumstances of their case are peculiar and exceptional. Generations of dependence and enforced monotonous daily toil, without wages or other incentive to willing labor, and without the chance of instructive or constructive work, tainted in days past the very blood of their ancestors; and from them the present generation has inherited, not only unfitness for such diversified work as best suits the needs of self-respecting American citizenship, but also listless disinclination to attempt such work. . . . .

Unquestionably all this should be corrected—and corrected speedily. But how? No one who has given the subject deliberate thought can doubt that, if we are to be just and fair towards our colored fellow-citizens, and if they are to be more completely made self-respecting, useful and safe members of the body politic, they must be taught to do something more than to hew wood and draw water. The way must be opened for them to engage in something better than menial service, and their interest must be aroused to the rewards of intelligent occupation and careful thrift.

I believe that the exigency can only be adequately met through the instrumentality of well equipped manual training and industrial schools, conducted either independently or in connection with ordinary educational institutions. I place so much reliance on this agency for the solution of the problem of negro citizenship that I am inclined to estimate it above all others in usefulness.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON (1858-1915)

THE EVANGEL OF THE NEGRO RACE

WE have long had before us a significant example of an American nobleman, in a man of black skin, born to slavery and degradation, who raised himself, by force of character, to be an honored citizen and the admired of all generous-hearted people everywhere. Booker T. Washington, whose very name is borrowed, was in the most absolute sense a self-made man. No one could have been more destitute of advantages or more completely have made his own way. Fairly forcing himself into Hampton Institute, with nothing to help him but eagerness to learn and determination to succeed, he left it a man of education, and with the warm friendship of the whole faculty. Chosen to conduct a normal school for colored people at Tuskegee, Alabama, he found himself obliged to begin absolutely on the ground floor, without land, buildings or apparatus, and without money to obtain them with. In the short period of twenty years he had obtained buildings and land worth over $300,000, with an endowment fund in addition of $215,000; his pupils had increased from thirty to eleven hundred, and the graduates of the institution, with an excellent literary and industrial education, were spread widely over the South. Such are the results which a man can attain with character, energy and ability to back him, and sustained by the force of a great humanitarian idea.

CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE

[Booker T. Washington is a natural orator. It is largely to the effect of his oratory that he owes his success. His method is of the simplest; there is nothing ornate in his language, his words being those of every day speech; rhetoric and flights of fancy are not thought of; a child could understand him, and yet his influence over grown men and women has been great. Indeed, his address at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition of 1895, was one of the most effective bits of natural oratory of

the age; less, however, from the eloquence of the speaker than from what he had to say, his pointing out how the whites and blacks could live together in harmony in the South. The Boston *Transcript* said of this speech: "It seems to have dwarfed all the other proceedings and the Exposition itself. The sensation that it has caused in the press has never been equalled." We give the main portions of this address.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND CITIZENS: One-third of the population of the South is of the Negro race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every stage of its progress. It is a recognition that will do more to cement the friendship of the two races than any occurrence since the dawn of our freedom.

Not only this, but the opportunity here afforded will awaken among us a new era of industrial progress. Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or the State Legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy farm or truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal, "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back, "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." And a third and fourth signal for water was answered, "Cast down your bucket where you are." The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I will say: "Cast down your bucket where you are,"—cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, in mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. And in this connection, it is well to bear in mind that whatever other sins the South may be called to bear, when it comes to business, pure and simple, it is in the South that the Negro is

given a man's chance in the commercial world, and in nothing is this Exposition more eloquent than in emphasizing this chance. Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor, and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities. To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight millions of negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among those people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them as you are doing on these grounds, and to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories.

While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defence of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests of both races one. In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.

BOOK VIII.

Notable Women Orators

THE advent of woman into the field of oratory belongs in great measure to the latter half of the nineteenth century. Kept for ages from any active participation in the political affairs of the nations, deprived of all opportunity of attaining the higher education, and confined as closely as possible to domestic duties and social interests, it is not surprising that the appearance of woman upon the rostrum in the past was almost a thing unknown. The greater freedom and broader education which came to her within the nineteenth century caused a marked change in this situation of affairs. And this was especially the case in the United States, whose republican institutions favored free thought and untrammeled action among all classes of the community. Naturally such great moral issues as those of the abolition of slavery and the development of the temperance cause came early to the front, and enlisted the active co-operation of many women of broad thought and warm sympathies. But while woman was encouraged in giving her most earnest attention to these evils, the field of politics was firmly closed against her; it not being opened until 1848, when the first Woman's Rights Convention was called. In the succeeding period the voice of woman has been often and effectively heard, dealing with the varied subjects of woman suffrage, temperance reform, slavery abolition, and other moral and political issues. Woman as an orator has come to stay, and fairly claims a place in our record of the world's oratory.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON (1815-1902)

THE DISTINGUISHED ADVOCATE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON passed a life spent in forceful displays of oratory, and in active labors for the political and legal advancement of her sex, organizing movements in favor of the rights of women, and literary labors directed to the same end. The daughter of Judge Daniel Cady, of Johnstown, New York, she early displayed marked intelligence, and her indignation at being refused admittance to the college in which her brother was educated had much to do with the trend of her later life labors. She, however, studied Latin and Greek and stored her mind with much useful information. In everything she undertook she proved that she had the courage and ability displayed by her brothers. Marrying Henry B. Stanton, a prominent orator and writer on anti-slavery subjects, in 1840, she entered actively into the abolitionist movement, and was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention held in 1841 in London. The Woman's Rights movement was inaugurated by her and Lucretia Mott, they issuing a call for the first convention, which met in 1848 at Seneca Falls, New York. She was the soul of the convention, and all her life afterward worked actively for the cause thus instituted. In 1895 her eightieth birthday was celebrated in New York by three thousand delegates from women's societies. As an orator Mrs. Stanton was forceful, logical, witty, sarcastic and eloquent.

A PLEA FOR EQUAL RIGHTS

[On the assembling of the first Woman's Rights Convention, July 19, 1848, Mrs. Stanton delivered an impressive oration, of which we give the eloquent peroration.

Our churches are multiplying on all sides; our missionary societies, Sunday-schools, and prayer meetings, and innumerable charitable and reform organizations are all in operation; but still the tide of vice is

swelling; and threatens the destruction of everything, and the battlements of righteousness are weak against the raging elements of sin and death. Verily the world waits the coming of some new element, some purifying power, some spirit of mercy and love. The voice of woman has been silenced in the state, the church, and the home, but man cannot fulfill his destiny alone, he cannot redeem his race unaided. There are deep and tender cords of sympathy and love in the hearts of the down-fallen and oppressed that woman can touch more skillfully than man. The world has never yet seen a truly great and virtuous nation, because in the degradation of woman the very fountains of life are poisoned at their source. It is vain to look for silver and gold from the mines of copper and lead. It is the wise mother that has the wise son. So long as your women are slaves you may throw your colleges and churches to the winds. You can't have scholars and saints so long as your mothers are ground to powder between the upper and nether millstone of tyranny and lust. How seldom, now, is a father's pride gratified, his fond hopes realized, in the budding genius of his son. The wife is degraded, made the mere creature of caprice, and the foolish son is heaviness to his heart. Truly are the sins of the father visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. God, in His wisdom, has so linked the human family together, that any violence done at one end of the chain is felt throughout its length; and here, too, is the law of restoration—as in woman all have fallen, so in her elevation shall the race be recreated. "Voices" were the visitors and advisers of Joan of Arc. Do not "voices" come to us daily from the haunts of poverty, sorrow, degradation and despair, already too long unheeded?

Now is the time for the women of this country, if they would save our free institutions, to defend the right, to buckle on the armor that can best resist the keenest weapons of the enemy—contempt and ridicule. The same religious enthusiasm that nerved Joan of Arc to her work nerves us to ours. In every generation God calls some men and women for the utterance of the truth, a heroic action, and our work to-day is the fulfilling of what has long since been foretold by the prophet—Joel ii. 28: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." We do not expect our path will be strewn with the flowers of popular applause, but over the thorns of bigotry and prejudice will be our way, and on our banners will beat the dark storm-clouds of opposition from those who have entrenched themselves behind the stormy bulwarks of custom and authority, and who have fortified their position by every means, holy and unholy. But we still steadfastly abide the result. Unmoved we will bear it aloft. Undauntedly we will unfurl it to the

gale, for we know that the storm cannot rend from it a shred, that the electric flash will but more clearly show to us the glorious words inscribed upon it, "Equality of Rights."

AN APPEAL TO THE LAWMAKERS

[From Mrs. Stanton's address to the Legislature of New York, under the sanction of the State Woman's Rights Convention, February 14, 1854, we quote as follows.]

The tyrant, Custom, has been summoned before the bar of Common Sense. His majesty no longer awes the multitude; his sceptre is broken; his crown is trampled in the dust; the sentence of death is pronounced upon him. All nations, ranks and classes have, in turn, questioned and repudiated his authority; and now, that the monster is chained and caged, timid woman, on tiptoe, comes to look him in the face, and to demand of her brave sires and sons, who have struck stout blows for liberty, if, in this change of dynasty, she too shall find relief.

Yes, gentlemen, in republican America, in the nineteenth century, we, the daughters of the revolutionary heroes of '76, demand at your hands the redress of our grievances—a revision of your State Constitution—a new code of laws. . . . . We demand the full recognition of all our rights as citizens of the Empire State. We are persons; native, free-born citizens; property-holders, tax-payers, yet we are denied the exercise of our right to the elective franchise. We support ourselves, and, in part, your schools, colleges, churches, your poor-houses, jails, prisons, the army, the navy, the whole machinery of government, and yet we have no voice in your councils. We have every qualification required by the Constitution, necessary to the legal voter, but the one of sex. We are moral, virtuous and intelligent, and in all respects quite equal to the proud white man himself, and yet by your laws we are classed with idiots, lunatics and negroes.

In fact, our legal position is lower than that of either; for the negro can be raised to the dignity of a voter if he possess himself of $250; the lunatic can vote in his moments of sanity, and the idiot, too, if he be a male one, and not more than nine-tents a fool; but we, who have guided great movements of charity, established missions, edited journals, published works on history, economy and statistics; who have governed nations, led armies, filled the professor's chair, taught philosophy and mathematics to the savants of our age, discovered planets, piloted ships across the sea, are denied the most sacred rights of citizens, because, forsooth, we came not into this republic crowned with the dignity of manhood!

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (1820-1906)

THE NOTED WOMAN REFORM ADVOCATE

FEW women in the nineteenth century were so widely known as Susan B. Anthony. Long derided for her opinions, in time she won the respect and admiration of all who were capable of appreciating earnest effort, and the devotion of all who were concerned in the woman suffrage movement. She continued a worker all her life, first laboring for higher wages and equal rights for women teachers, and in the cause of temperance, and subsequently in that of woman suffrage. She was also an active abolitionist. In 1892 she was elected president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, a post which Mrs. Stanton had held for many years.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO THE SUFFRAGE

[A dramatic event in Miss Anthony's life was her arrest and trial for voting at the Presidential election of 1872. She was fined $100 and costs, but she vowed she would never pay this fine, and she never did. The charge against her of illegal action called forth the following forensic argument.]

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I stand before you to-night, under indictment for the alleged crime of having voted at the last Presidential election, without having a lawful right to vote. It shall be my work this evening to prove to you that in thus voting, I not only committed no crime, but, instead, simply exercised my *citizen's rights*, guaranteed to me and all United States citizens by the National Constitution, beyond the power of any State to deny. . . . .

The preamble of the Federal Constitution says:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure *domestic* tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

It was we, the people; not we, the white male citizens; nor yet we, the male citizens; but we, the whole people, who formed the Union. And we formed it, not to give the blessings of liberty, but to secure them; not to the half of ourselves and the half of our posterity, but to the whole people—women as well as men. And it is a downright mockery to talk to women of their enjoyment of the blessings of liberty while they are denied the use of the only means of securing them provided by this democratic-republican government—the ballot.

The early journals of Congress show that when the committee reported to that body the original articles of confederation, the very first article which became the subject of discussion was that respecting equality of suffrage. Article IV. said: "The better to secure and perpetuate mutual friendship and intercourse between the people of the different States of the Union, the free inhabitants of each of the States (paupers, vagabonds and fugitives from justice excepted), shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the free citizens of the several States."

Thus, at the very beginning, did the fathers see the necessity of the universal application of the great principle of equal rights to all; in order to produce the desired result—a harmonious union and a homogeneous people. . . . .

B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, in the three days' discussion in the United States Senate in 1866, on Senator Cowan's motion to strike the word male from the District of Columbia suffrage bill, said:

"Mr. President, I say here on the floor of the American Senate, I stand for universal suffrage; and, as a matter of fundamental principle, do not recognize the right of society to limit it on any ground of race or sex." . . . .

Charles Sumner, in his brave protests against the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, insisted that, so soon as by the thirteenth amendment the slaves became free men, the original powers of the United States Constitution guaranteed to them equal rights—the right to vote and to be voted for. . . . .

Article I of the New York State Constitution says:

"No member of this State shall be disfranchised or deprived of the rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers."

And so carefully guarded is the citizen's right to vote that the Constitution makes special mention of all who may be excluded. It says:

"Laws may be passed excluding from the right of suffrage all persons who have been or may be convicted of bribery, larceny or any infamous crime." . . . .

"The law of the land" is the United States Constitution, and there is no provision in that document that can be fairly construed into a permission to the States to deprive any class of their citizens of their right to vote. Hence, New York can get no power from that source to disfranchise one entire half of her members. Nor has "the judgment of their peers" been pronounced against women exercising their right to vote; no disfranchised person is allowed to be judge or juror, and none but disfranchised persons can be women's peers; nor has the Legislature passed laws excluding them on account of idiocy or lunacy; nor yet the courts convicted them of bribery, larceny or any infamous crime. Clearly, then, there is no constitutional ground for the exclusion of women from the ballot-box in the State of New York. No barriers whatever stand to-day between women and the exercise of their right to vote save those of precedent and prejudice. . . . .

For any State to make sex a qualification that must ever result in the disfranchisement of one entire half of the people is to pass a bill of attainder, or an *ex post facto* law, and is therefore a violation of the supreme law of the land. By it the blessings of liberty are forever withheld from women and their female posterity. To them this government has no just powers derived from the consent of the governed. To them this government is not a democracy. It is not a republic. It is an odious aristocracy; a hateful oligarchy of sex; the most hateful aristocracy ever established on the face of the globe; an oligarchy of wealth, where the rich govern the poor. An oligarchy of learning, where the educated govern the ignorant, or even an oligarchy of race, where the Saxon rules the African, might be endured; but this oligarchy of sex, which makes father, brothers, husband, sons the oligarchs over the mother and sisters, the wife and daughters of every household; which ordains all men sovereigns, all women subjects; carries dissension, discord and rebellion into every home of the nation. . . . .

Webster, Worcester and Bouvier all define a citizen to be a person in the United States, entitled to vote and hold office.

The only question left to be settled now is: Are women persons? And I hardly believe any of our opponents will have the hardihood to say they are not. Being persons, then, women are citizens, and no State has a right to make any law, or to enforce any old law, that shall abridge their privileges or immunities. Hence, every discrimination against women in the constitutions and laws of the several States is to-day null and void, precisely as in every one against negroes.

MARY A. LIVERMORE (1821-1905)

A DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC SPEAKER

LIKE most of the noted woman orators, Mary A. Livermore early in life became deeply interested in the various reform movements of the time. Born, the daughter of Timothy Rice, at Boston, Massachusetts, she spent three years of her early womanhood on a Southern plantation, where there were some five hundred slaves. The scenes she beheld there made her one of the most radical of abolitionists, and she actively aided every movement for the freeing of the slaves. Marrying a Universalist minister, she became active in church work, writing many hymns and organizing a flourishing temperance society of boys and girls. During the Civil War she was a valuable worker in the Sanitary Commission service, and after the war became an ardent supporter of the Woman's Suffrage movement. The first Woman's Suffrage Convention in Chicago was organized by her, and she became an editor, author and lecturer on this subject. As a lecture orator she was highly esteemed.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

[Mrs. Livermore's lecture entitled "The Battle of Life," was first delivered in her husband's pulpit, on an occasion when he was too ill to officiate, and has since been given some two hundred and fifty times before audiences from Maine to California. The following selection is from this very popular lecture.]

When it is declared that life is a battle, a statement is made that appeals to every one who has reached adult life; aye, and to a great multitude who are only a little way across the threshold. As our experience deepens we realize that the whole world is one vast encampment, and that every man and woman is a soldier. We have not voluntarily enlisted into this service with an understanding of the hardness of the warfare, and an acceptance of its terms and conditions, but have been drafted into the

conflict, and cannot escape taking part in it. We were not even allowed to take our place in the ranks, but have been pushed into life, to our seeming, arbitrarily, and cannot be discharged until mustered out by death. Nor is it permitted us to furnish a substitute, though we have the wealth of a Rockefeller at our command, and the powerful and far-reaching influence of the Czar of all the Russias. We may prove deserters, or traitors, and straggle to the rear during the conflict, or go over to the enemy and fight under the black flag of wrong. But the fact remains that we are all drafted into the battle of life, and are expected to do our duty according to the best of our ability.

Do you ask: "Why should life be packed so full of conflict? Why was it not planned to be harmonious and congenial?" I am unable to answer that question, and do not propose to discuss the "origin of evil," which has vexed the various schools of philosophy. I accept the fact that the whole world has been a scene of conflict as far back as we know anything about it. The literature of every nation resounds with it, and the poets, teachers, philosophers, and historians of all languages bear uniform and universal testimony to the effect that "the whole creation has always groaned, and travailed in pain." Victory has alternated with defeat, and every experience of development in the animal creation has been purchased with a sharp emphasis of pain. For the world has many lives poured into it which are sustained only as "each living thing is up with bill, or beak, or tooth, or claw, or toilsome hand, or sweating brow, to conquer the means of a living."

The fact that we are obliged to provide for our physical needs, and for those who are dependent upon us, makes of life a perpetual struggle. Nature has not dealt with us as with her brute children. For them, in the habitat to which they are native, there is food, water, clothing, and shelter. Everything is provided for them. But with us, nature has dealt otherwise. She has given us light to our eyes, air for our lungs, earth from which to win food, clothing and shelter, and water for our thirst. Everything else that we need or wish we must win by the hardest effort. As civilization has progressed we have lost two of our natural rights, possession of land and water, and must pay the price demanded for them. And if men by business combination could take possession of air and light, we should lose these also, and be allowed only so much air to breathe, and light for our eyes, as we were able to pay for.

In our battle for physical existence there are times when the elements of nature seem arrayed against us. The farmer plows and harrows his fields, and with bountiful hand sows his carefully selected seed, and prophecies a harvest. But the clouds withhold their rain, the heavens

become brass, and the earth iron, and a fierce drought parches the soil of a whole kingdom, and burns the growing grain to stubble,—and there is a famine. The accidental upsetting of a lamp starts a tiny fire. Combustibles feed it, winds fan it, and it becomes a roaring conflagration, in which granite and iron melt like lead, a city is consumed by the devouring flames, and hundreds of thousands are rendered homeless and helpless. We launch our proud ship into which have gone the strength of oak, the tenacity of iron, and the skillful workmanship of honorable men. We give to its transportation an argosy of wealth, and to its passengers we gladly toss a "good-by," confident of their speedy arrival at their destination. But days pass by, then weeks and months, and no message reaches us from this traveler of the sea, and its fate is a matter of conjecture alone. Some iceberg of the North has crushed it, or it has succumbed to the fury of the tempest, or some unrevealed weakness of construction has betrayed it to destruction in mid ocean. Volcanoes and earthquakes, cyclones, storms, and tempests—how helpless are we when overtaken by their wrath, and how heedless they are of human suffering.

When we enter the world of trade and commerce, the business world, to use the vernacular of the day, we find the battle of life raging fiercely. We find competition that leads one man to tread down others that he may rise on their ruin; the financial panics, which arise decade after decade, of whose cause and cure the wisest and shrewdest are ignorant; the business dishonesty, which at times threatens to make dishonesty and business interchangeable terms; the insane and vulgar greed for riches that actuates corporations, monopolies, trusts, and other like organizations, whose tendency is to deprive the wage-earner of a fair share of the wealth which he helps create, that their gains may be larger and increase more rapidly—all these, and many other practices, which obtain in the money-making world, embitter the struggle for existence, and render the failure of the majority inevitable.

FRANCES E. WILLARD (1839-1898)

THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE ORATOR

IN 1873 began in Ohio the memorable "Women's Crusade" against the liquor sellers. For months together bands of devoted women besieged the saloons, entreating their keepers to give up their soul-destroying business, praying and singing hymns in bar-rooms or on the sidewalks, and with such effect that many of the dealers closed their saloons, and some of them emptied barrels of liquor into the gutters. This movement enlisted the heart-felt sympathy of Frances E. Willard, then president of a college for women at Evanston, Illinois. She studied thoroughly the history of the temperance cause, consulted with Neal Dow and other prohibition advocates, and joined in the crusade in Pittsburgh, kneeling in prayer on the sawdust-covered saloon floors, and leading the crusaders in singing "Rock of Ages," and other hymns.

This crusade movement was a temporary one, but in Miss Willard it had found an organizing head and an energetic spirit. There were separate bands of women temperance workers over the country. These she determined to combine into one organization, and this was done in 1874 in the formation of that great body, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. From that time forward Miss Willard devoted herself, heart and soul, to the furtherance of this noble temperance organization. Under her leadership it spread to all parts of the country, with main and subordinate branches, it built the great "Temperance Temple" at Chicago, it organized an extensive publishing business, and its work for good was extraordinary. Throughout, its energetic president aided it with voice and pen, until, worn out with her labors, death took her work from her hands, leaving it for others to carry on with her resolute spirit. No

woman in the nation has done more for the good of her fellows than Frances E. Willard, and her name should be honored in our memories.

SAFEGUARDS FOR WOMEN

[Miss Willard's voice was often heard in telling appeals for the cause she had most at heart, and for its sister cause, woman suffrage, since she looked to the possession of the ballot by women as an efficient aid in promoting the cause of temperance. From an address delivered in Philadelphia in 1876 we make the following characteristic selection.]

Longer ago than I shall tell, my father returned one night to the far-off Wisconsin home where I was reared, and, sitting by my mother's chair, with a child's attentive ear I listened to their words. He told us of the news that day had brought about Neal Dow, and the great fight for Prohibition down in Maine, and then he said: "I wonder if poor, rum-cursed Wisconsin will ever get a law like that!" And mother rocked awhile in silence, in the dear old chair I love, and then she gently said: "Yes, Josiah, there'll be such a law all over the land some day, when women vote."

My father had never heard her say as much before. He was a great conservative; so he looked tremendously astonished, and replied in his keen, sarcastic voice: "And pray, how will you arrange it so that women shall vote?" Mother's chair went to and fro a little faster for a minute, and then, looking not into his face, but into the flickering flames of the grate, she slowly answered: "Well, I say to you, as the Apostle Paul said to his jailor: 'You have put us into prison, we being Romans, and you must come and take us out.'"

That was a seed-thought in a girl's brain and heart. Years passed on, in which nothing more was said upon the dangerous theme. My brother grew to manhood, and soon after he was twenty-one years old he went with father to vote. Standing by the window, a girl of sixteen years, a girl of simple, homely fancies, not at all strong-minded, and altogether ignorant of the world, I looked out as they drove away, my father and brother, and as I looked I felt a strange ache in my heart, and tears sprang to my eyes. Turning to my sister Mary, who stood beside me, I saw that the dear little innocent seemed wonderfully sober, too. I said, "Don't you wish that we could go with them when we are old enough? Don't we love our country just as well as they do?" and her little frightened voice piped out: "Yes, of course we ought. Don't I know that; but you mustn't tell a soul—not mother, even; we should be called strong-minded."

In all the years since then, I have kept those things, and many others like them, and pondered them in my heart; but two years of struggle in

this temperance reform have shown me, as they have ten thousand other women, so clearly and so impressively my duty, that I have passed the Rubicon of Silence, and am ready for any battle that shall be involved in this honest declaration of the faith that is within me. "Fight behind masked batteries a little longer," whisper good friends and true. So I have been fighting hitherto; but it is a style of warfare altogether foreign to my temperament and mode of life. Reared on the prairies, I seemed pre-determined to join the cavalry force in this great spiritual war, and I must tilt a free lance henceforth on the splendid battlefield of this reform; where the earth shall soon be shaken by the onset of contending hosts; where legions of valiant soldiers are deploying; where to the grand encounter marches to-day a great army, gentle of mien and mild of utterance, but with hearts for any fate; where there are trumpets and bugles calling strong souls onward to a victory which Heaven might envy, and

> "Where, behind the dim Unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own."

I thought that women ought to have the ballot as I paid the hard-earned taxes upon my mother's cottage home—but I never said as much—somehow the motive did not command my heart. For my own sake, I had not courage; but I have for thy sake, dear native land, for thy necessity is as much greater than mine as thy transcendent hope is greater than the personal interest of thy humble child. For love of you, heart-broken wives, whose tremulous lips have blessed me; for love of you, sweet mothers, who in the cradle's shadow kneel this night, beside your infant sons; and you, sorrowful little children, who listen at this hour, with faces strangely old, for him whose footsteps frighten you; for love of you have I thus spoken.

Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them, with snares that men have legalized and set for them on every hand. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Oh! by the danger they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to Heaven, I charge you give them power to protect, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have so long loved. Let it no longer be that they must sit back among the shadows, hopelessly mourning over their strong staff broken, and their beautiful rod; but when the sons they love shall go forth to life's battle, still let their mothers walk beside them, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power.

BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD (1830 ——)

LECTURER AND FORENSIC ORATOR

FOR unflinching perseverance, intellectual power, logic, and eloquence few women have surpassed Belva Ann Lockwood. After the death of her second husband, Rev. Ezekiel Lockwood, in 1877, she entered the Syracuse University, New York, from which she was graduated with the degree of A.M. She had previously studied law in Washington, graduating in 1873, and gaining admission to practice in the highest Court of the District. In 1875, she applied for admission to the Court of Claims, and was refused on the ground that she was a woman; and afterward, that she was a married woman. In 1876 she applied for admission to the Supreme Court of the United States. This was denied her on the plea that there was no English precedent. Not to be put down in this way, she drafted a bill, which was passed by Congress in 1879, admitting women to the Court. Since then she has enjoyed an active and lucrative practice. The bill giving women employees of the Government the same pay as men was originated by her. She has always been active in the cause of women, of temperance and labor reform, and in 1884, and 1888, was nominated for President of the United States by the Equal Rights party of San Francisco.

THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN

[Mrs. Lockwood has often appeared before Congressional Committees in the cause of women, her arguments always declaring for the full enfranchisement of her fellow women. We append an extract from one of these addresses, in favor of woman suffrage.]

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: We come before you to-day, not with any studied eloquence, far-fetched erudition, or new theories for the metamorphosis of our government, or the overthrow of our social economy and relations, but we come, asking for our whole commonwealth, for

the fathers who begat us, and the brothers at our side; for the mothers who bore us, and the sisters who go hand in hand with us; for the orphan and the widow unprotected; for the wretched inebriate and the outcast Magdalene; for the beggars who throng our streets, and the inmates of our jails and asylums: for these we ask you that we too may have a hand and a voice, a share in this matter which so nearly concerns not only our temporal but even our eternal salvation. We ask you that we may have an interest that shall awaken from its apathy fully one-half of the moral and intellectual resources of the country, fully one-half of its productive interest—an interest which contains in the germ the physical power and vital force of the whole nation. Weakness cannot beget power, ignorance cannot beget wisdom, disease cannot produce health. Look at our women of to-day, with their enfeebled bodies, dwarfed intellects, laxness of moral force; without enough of healthy stimulus to incite them to action; and compare them with our grandmothers of the Revolution and the Martha Washington school. Here you find a woman who dared to control her own affairs; who superintended a farm of six hundred acres; giving personal instructions to the workmen, writing her own bills and receipts, and setting an example of industry and frugality to the neighboring women who called to see her.

I need not, gentlemen, enumerate to you to prove what I wish to prove to-day, the countless numbers of women who have participated creditably in government from the days of our Saviour until the present time. You know that Victoria rules in England; and the adoration of the English heart to-day for its Queen found expression but a few weeks since in one of our popular lecture halls, when the audience, composed partly of Englishmen, were asked to sing "God Save the Queen." The wisdom of the reign of Elizabeth, "good Queen Bess," as she has been called, gave to England her prestige—the proud pre-eminence which she holds to-day among the nations of the earth. Isabella I. of Spain, the patron saint of America, without whose generosity our country to-day might have been a wilderness, was never nobler than when, after Ferdinand's refusal, after the refusal of the crowned authority of England, the disapproval of the wise men of her own kingdom, she rose in her queenly majesty, and said, "I undertake it for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." Maria Theresa, of Austria, who assumed the reins of government with her kingdom divided and disturbed, found herself equal to the emergency, brought order out of chaos, and prosperity to her kingdom. Christine, of Sweden, brought that kingdom to the zenith of its power. Eugenie, Empress of the French, in the late disastrous revolution, assumed the regency of the

Empire in defiance of her ministry, and when forced to flee, covered her flight with a shrewdness that would have done credit to Napoleon himself. Florence Nightingale brought order and efficiency into the hospitals of the Crimea; and Clara Barton, with her clear head and generous heart, has lifted up the starving women of Strasburg, and made it possible for them to be self-sustaining. I need not cite to you Catharine of Russia, Cleopatra, or the Queen of Sheba, who came to admire the wisdom of Solomon; or the Roman matrons, Zenobia, Lucretia, Tullia; or revert to the earliest forms of government when the family and the church were lawgivers; remind you of Lydia, the seller of purple and fine linen, who ruled her own household, called to the church; of Aquilla and Priscilla, whom Paul took with him and left to control the church at Ephesus, after they had been banished from Rome by the decree of Claudius; or of Phoebe, the deaconess. It is a well-known fact that women have been sent as ministers and ambassadors, the latter a power fuller than our country grants, to treat on important State matters between the crowned heads of Europe. In many cases they have represented the person of the monarch or emperor himself. France, since the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., through the period of the ascendency of Napoleon I. down to the reign of Napoleon III., has employed women in diplomacy. Instances may be found recorded in a work entitled "Napoleon and His Court," by Madame Junot, and also in our own consular works. The late Empress of France has been said to be especially gifted in this respect. It has been the custom of Russia for the past century, and still continues to be, to send women on diplomatic errands. In this empire, also, where the voting is done by households, a woman is often sent to represent the family.

Women are now writing a large proportion of the books and newspapers of the country, are editing newspapers and commanding ships. They are admitted to law schools, medical schools, and the higher order of colleges, and are knocking at Amherst and Yale. Yea, more, they are admitted to the practice of law, as in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Wyoming and Utah; admitted to the practice of medicine everywhere, and more recently to consultation. One hundred women preachers are already ordained and are preaching throughout the land. Women are elected as engrossing and enrolling clerks in Legislatures, as in Wisconsin, Missouri and Indiana; appointed as justices of the peace, as in Maine, Wyoming and Connecticut: as bankers and brokers, as in New York and St. Louis. They are filling as school teachers three-fourths of the schools of the land.

This is more than true of our own city. Shall we not then have women school trustees and superintendents? Already they are appointed

in the East and in the West, and women are permitted to vote at the school elections. Who has a deeper interest in the schools than the mothers.

Look at the hundreds of women clerks in the government departments. They are all eligible, since the passage of the Arnell bill, to the highest clerkships. Look at the postmistresses throughout the land. Each one a bonded officer of the government, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, the highest executive power in the land. "The power of the President to appoint, and of the Senate to confirm, has never been questioned by our highest Courts. Being bonded officers, they must necessarily qualify before a judicial officer."

And now, gentlemen of the Committee on Laws and Judiciary, whatever may be your report on these bills for justice and equality to women, committed to your trust, I hope you will bear in mind that you have mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, who will be affected by your decision. They may be amply provided for to-day, and be beggared to-morrow. Remember that "life is short and time is fleeting," but principles never die. You hold in your hands a power and an opportunity to-day to render yourselves immortal—an opportunity that comes but once in a lifetime. Shakespeare says: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Gentlemen, the flood-tide is with you! Shall this appeal be in vain? I hold in my hands the names of hundreds of men and women of our city pledged to this work, and they will not relax their efforts until it is accomplished.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies, amid her worshipers."

ANNA E. DICKINSON (1842 ——)

THE ELOQUENT WOMAN ORATOR

OF the many women orators in the United States, it is doubtful if any have equalled Anna E. Dickinson in powers of oratory. In 1861, when only nineteen years of age, she entered the arena of political and reform oratory, astonishing all who heard her by her fervid eloquence and rare elocutionary powers. When a child of fourteen she had written an article against slavery, which was published in the *Liberator*, and at fifteen she made her first appearance as a public speaker, in answer to a man who had delivered a tirade against women. From that time her voice was often heard on the subjects of slavery and temperance. Dismissed in 1861 from a position in the United States Mint, because in a speech at West Chester she had charged General McClellan with causing the disaster at Ball's Bluff, she entered upon her true vocation, that of a lecturer. At the request of William Lloyd Garrison, who had heard her, and named her "The Girl Orator," she delivered a memorable address in Music Hall, Boston, on "The National Crisis." From there she spoke widely, and with the most flattering success, through the East. The war ended, she took up woman's suffrage and other themes, delivering in Utah her famous lecture on "Whited Sepulchres."

In 1877, Miss Dickinson made the serious error of deserting the platform for the stage. She lacked the histrionic faculty, and alike as an actress, a dramatic reader, and a playwright she proved a failure. Her plays were "Marie Tudor" and "Anne Boleyn," in both of which she played the leading part, without previous training as an actress. Several novels written by her also failed to achieve success, and the later period of her life was one of mistakes and misfortunes. Her principal books were "A Paying Investment" and "A Ragged

Register of People, Places and Opinions." As an orator she had singularly fine powers, being a mistress of sarcasm, pathos and wit, and possessing excellent judgment and faculty of logical analysis, combined with that dramatic fervor of eloquence which is necessary to successful oratory.

WHY COLORED MEN SHOULD ENLIST

[At a meeting held at Philadelphia in 1863, to promote the enlistment of colored men in the army, speeches were made by Judge Kelley and Frederick Douglass. But the oratorical feature of the occasion was the stirring appeal of Anna Dickinson. The warrant for the enthusiasm it aroused is evident in the following extract from her speech.]

True, through the past we have advocated the use of the black man. For what end? To save ourselves. We wanted them as shields, as barriers, as walls of defence. We would not even say to them, fight beside us. We would put them in the front—their brains contracted, their souls dwarfed, their manhood stunted—mass them together; let them die! That will cover and protect us. Now we hear the voice of the people, solemn and sorrowful, saying, "We have wronged you enough; you have suffered enough; we ask no more at your hands; we stand aside, and let you fight for your own manhood, your future, your race." Anglo-Africans, we need you; yet it is not because of this need that I ask you to go into the ranks of the regiments forming to fight in this war. My cheeks would crimson with shame, while my lips put the request that could be answered, "Your soldiers? why don't you give us the same bounty, and the same pay as the rest?" I have no reply to that. But for yourselves; because, after ages of watching and agony, your day is breaking; because your hour is come; because you hold the hammer which, upheld or falling, decides your destiny for woe or weal; because you have reached the point from which you must sink, generation after generation, century after century, into deeper depths, into more absolute degradation; or mount to the heights of glory and fame.

The cause needs you. This is not our war, not a war for territory; not a war for martial power, for mere victory; it is a war of the races, of the ages; the Stars and Stripes is the people's flag of the world; the world must be gathered under its folds, the black man beside the white.

Thirteen dollars a month and bounty are good; liberty is better. Ten dollars a month and no bounty is bad, slavery is worse. The two alternatives are before you; you make your own future. The to-be will, in a little while, do you justice. Soldiers will be proud to welcome as comrades, as brothers, the black men of Port Hudson and Milliken's

Bend. Congress, next winter, will look out through the fog and mist of Washington, and will see how, when Pennsylvania was invaded and Philadelphia threatened, while white men haggled over bounty and double pay to defend their own city, their own homes, with the tread of armed rebels almost heard in their streets; black men, without bounty, without pay, without rights or the promise of any, rushed to the beleaguered capital, and were first in their offers of life or of death. Congress will say, "These men are soldiers; we will pay them as such; these men are marvels of loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage; we will give them a chance of promotion." History will write; "Behold the unselfish heroes; the eager martyrs of this war."

You hesitate because you have not all. Your brothers and sisters of the South cry out, "Come to help us, we have nothing." Father! you hesitate to send your boy to death; the slave father turns his face of dumb entreaty to you, to save his boy from the death in life; the bondage that crushes soul and body together. Shall your son go to his aid? Mother! you look with pride at the manly face and figure, growing and strengthening beside you! He is yours; your own. God gave him to you. From the lacerated hearts, the wrung souls, of other mothers, comes the wail, "My child, my child; give me back my child!" The slave-master heeds not; the Government is tardy; mother! the prayer comes to you; will you falter?

Young man, rejoicing in the hope, the courage, the will, the thews and muscles of young manhood; the red glare of this war falls on the faces and figures of other young men, distorted with suffering, writhing in agony, wrenching their manacles and chains, shouting with despairing voices to you for help—shall it be withheld?

The slaves will be freed—with or without you. The conscience and heart of the people have decreed that. Xerxes scourging the Hellespont, Canute commanding the waves to roll back, are but types of that folly which stands up and says to this majestic wave of public opinion, "Thus far." The black man will be a citizen only by stamping his right to it in blood. Now or never! You have not homes!—gain them. You have not liberty!—gain it. You have not a flag!—gain it. You have not a country!—be written down in history as the race who made one for themselves, and saved one for another.

BOOK IX.

Speakers on Festive Occasions

AMONG the various incitements to oratory, we cannot neglect that of the social hall—the banquet, or other occasion of high festivity—in which those capable of "speaking on their feet" are often called upon to add to the enjoyment of the assembled guests. While ceremonial banquets are frequently made the occasion for sober pronouncements on topics of national interest, the after-dinner speech, as a rule, is of a light and amusing character. Even if the speaker has a lesson to teach, an opinion to promulgate, he seeks to interlard his serious sentences with sauce for laughter. The covert satire, the open jest, the merry anecdote are then much in evidence, and the most admired speaker on such an occasion is he who has the art of illuminating his moral with words of mirth, and is best capable of sharpening with wit or mellowing with humor the points of serious intent which he may desire to make. In the following selections of social oratory we have sought to conform to the ruling spirit of such occasions, that of the light touch and the mirthful allusion. Oratory in its more famous examples appeals to the deeper strata of human thought. In the present section, therefore, we have confined our choice to speakers admired for mirth-provoking language, as a foil to the gravity and weight of much of the other material offered. While these, as a rule, cannot justly be classed among the world's great orators, they occupy a distinct and interesting place in the oratorial domain.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW (1834 ——)

THE ORACLE OF HUMOR

AS the pioneer in our list of social orators we cannot do better than select one who ranks as the most famous of them all, Chauncey M. Depew, a man whose unctious humor and rollicking anecdotes have probably set more men roaring with laughter than any other public speaker of the last years of the nineteenth century and the openning of the twentieth. Depew can be serious upon proper occasion. He would scarcely, for instance, be guilty of a joke within the decorous Senate chamber.

Depew, a native of New York State, and a graduate of Yale, became a railroad lawyer, a railroad vice-president, and a railroad president in succession. Since 1885 he has controlled the destinies of the New York Central and the West Shore roads. His public duties have included the office of Secretary of State for New York, and of Minister to Japan. He refused a United States Senatorship offered him by the New York legislature in 1884, had the honor of receiving one hundred votes for the presidential nomination in the National Republican Convention of 1888, and in 1899 was elected to the Senate of the United States from New York. His rich gift of oratory has, doubtless much to do with his successes in the political field.

THE NEW NETHERLANDERS

[The New England Society, an association founded in honor of the landing of the Pilgrims, has spread itself widely over the United States, wherever the sons of the Pilgrims and Puritans have migrated from their native soil. New York boasts a flourishing outgrowth from the parent society; Philadelphia has its representative branch; and various other cities, even as far south as New Orleans, are thus honored. The main public evidence of the existence of the Society is its annual banquet, given on the 22d of December. The Pilgrims, the date of whose landing is thus honored, set foot on Plymouth Rock on December 11th. But this date belongs to the old style

chronology. To change it to New Style ten days need to be added, making the date December 21st. But through some mistate in counting, "Forefather's Day" is usually kept on December 22d in New England, and the Society holds its anniversary on the same date elsewhere. Its meetings have long been favorite occasions for humorous speeches by orators of note, in which the Pilgrims and Puritans are made the victims of many witty and satirical allusions. We select an example from Depew's remarks at the sixth annual festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, December 22, 1886. He responded to the toast: "The New Netherlanders; the Pilgrim Fathers of Manhattan."]

It is a most extraordinary thing that one should come from New York to Philadelphia for the purpose of attending a New England dinner. It is a most extraordinary thing that a New England dinner should be held in Philadelphia. Your chairman to-night spoke of the hard condition of the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock. Let me say that if the Puritans had come up the Delaware, landed here and begun life with terrapin and canvas-back duck, there never would have been any Puritan story to be retailed from year to year at Forefather's dinners. If William Penn had ever contemplated that around his festive board would sit those Puritans with whom he was familiar in England, he would have exclaimed: "Let all the savages on the continent come, but not them."

It is one of the pleasing peculiarities of the Puritan mind, as evinced in the admirable address of Mr. Curtis here to-night (and when you have heard Mr. Curtis you have heard the best that a New Englander, who has been educated in New York, can do) that when they erect a monument in Philadelphia or New York to the Pilgrim or Puritan, they say: "See how these people respect the man whom they profess to revile." But they paid for them and built the monuments themselves! The only New Englanders of Philadelphia whom I have met are the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When I dine with them, enjoy their hospitality, revel in that glorious sociability which is their characteristic and charm, I think that they are Dutchmen. When I meet them in business, and am impressed with their desire to possess the earth, I think that they came over in the "Mayflower."

There is no part of the world to-night, whether it be in the Arctic zone, or under the equatorial sun, or in monarchies, or in despotisms, or among the Fiji Islanders, where the New Englanders are not gathered for the purpose of celebrating and feasting upon Forefather's Day. But there is this peculiarity about the New Englander, that, if he cannot find a body to quarrel with, he gets up a controversy with himself, inside of himself. We who expect to eat this dinner annually—and to take the consequences—went along peacefully for years with the understanding that 22nd of December was the day, when it suddenly broke out that the New

Englander, within himself, had got up a dispute that the 21st was the day. I watched it with interest, because I always knew that when a Yankee got up a controversy with anybody else, it was for his profit; and I wondered how he could make anything by having a quarrel with himself. Then I found that he ate both the dinners with serene satisfaction! But why should a Dutchman, a man of Holland descent, bring "coals to Newcastle" by coming here among the Pennsylvania Dutch for the purpose of attending a New England dinner? It is simply another tribute extorted by the conqueror from the conquered people, in compelling him not only to part with his possessions, his farms, his sisters, his daughters, but to attend the feast, to see devoured the things raised upon his own farm, and then to assist the conqueror to digest them by telling him stories.

My familiarity with the Boston mind and its peculiarities was when I was a small boy, in that little Dutch hamlet on the Hudson where I was born, when we were electrified by the State Superintendant of Massachusetts coming to deliver us an address. He said: "My children, there was a little flaxen-haired boy in a school that I addressed last year; and when I came over this year he was gone. Where do you suppose he had gone?" One of our little Dutch innocents replied, "To heaven." "Oh, no, my boy," the Superintendent said, "he is a clerk in a store in Boston."

OUR ENGLISH VISITORS

[The selection here given is from a speech by Mr. Depew at a dinner given by the Lotus Club, of New York, January 10, 1885, in honor of George Augustus Sala, who had stopped in that city on his way to a lecture in Australia.]

A modern Briton, when he feels that he has a mission to reveal to the world, goes out, not to the country which needs it most, his own, but comes over here and in the spirit of the purest philanthropy lets us have it at $200 a night. And that is the reason why Mr. Sala, notwithstanding his modest declaimer that he is a traveler sojourning through the land, goes to San Francisco by way of Portland and Boston. Now, then, the present commercial difficulties in this country—lack of prosperity, the closing of the mills and all that which we are accustomed to ascribe to the fact that a Democratic Administration has come into power—are due to this horde of English lecturers. But like the Chinaman who comes here, to accumulate and not to stay, he carries away with him all our surplus and leaves nothing but ideas.

I well remember, as do you, Mr. President, when this system of insidious English attack upon our institutions was begun. Thackeray, that grand-hearted and genial critic, began it; Dickens, with his magnificent dramatic talent, continued it, and then what have we suffered since!

Look at Sergeant Ballantyne, who brought to us jokes so old that they fall within the provisions of the penal act, and carried away stories which have since convulsed the British Empire. Look at Herbert Spencer, the dyspeptic—lean, hungry, sleepless, emaciated, prostrated with nervous prostration—he appeared before us looking for all the world like Pickwick gone to seed, and lectured us upon overwork. Look at Matthew Arnold, that apostle of light and sunshine, who came here and had an experience which might excite the compassion of all. He found himself in that region from which Mr. Pulitzer hails, in the midst of what is termed a lecture corpse. The lecture manager made this introductory speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, next week we shall have here those beautiful singers, the Johnson sisters; two weeks from to-night Professor Force-Wind will give us magnificent views of Europe upon the magic lantern; and to-night I have the pleasure of introducing to you that distinguished philosopher who has passed most of his life in India, who is the author of that great poem, 'The Light of Asia.'"

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

[As an example of Depew's graver vein, we select the following extract from his remarks in 1886, during the dedication of the famous statue in New York harbor.]

American liberty has been for a century a beacon light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example, the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been expelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race has demonstrated its power for empire and its ability to govern itself. The Austrian monarch who, when, a hundred years ago, Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmutz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who represented enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which guarantees liberties, and a congress which protects and enlarges them. Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developed into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to bear fruit in an open parliament, a free press, the loss of royal perogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

WHITELAW REID (1837-1912)

AN EXPONENT OF EDITORIAL ORATORY

THE New York *Tribune* was for many years a power in Republican politics and a weight in national affairs, and its destinies, since its establishment almost a century ago, remained largely in the hands of two men: Horace Greeley, who made it what it is, and Whitelaw Reid, who faithfully maintained the policy of his able former chief. During and after the Civil War Reid was a correspondent of the *Gazette*, of Cincinnati, and for several years served as librarian of the House of Representatives. He joined the staff of the *Tribune* in 1868, and made such notable progress in this new field of labor that in 1872, on the death of Greeley, he succeeded him as chief editor and principal proprietor. After this period he played a part in national politics and diplomacy. From 1889 to 1892 he was United States Minister to France. After the war with Spain, in 1898, he was a member of the Peace Commission which handled the aftermath of that brief conflict.

THE PRESS—RIGHT OR WRONG

[On the occasion of the one hundred and eighth annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York,—May 4, 1876—Mr. Reid was one of the guests and orators, responding to the toast, "The Press—right or wrong; when right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be set right." We quote from his remarks on this appropriately placed topic.]

MR. PRESIDENT: The Press is without clergymen or counsel; and you doubtless wish it were without voice. At this hour none of you have the least desire to hear anything or to say anything about the press. There are a number of very able gentlemen who were ranged along that platform —I utterly refuse to say whether I refer to Presidential candidates or not —but there were a number of very able gentlemen who were ranged along

that table, who are very much more anxious to know what the press to-morrow morning will have to say about them, and I know it because I saw the care with which they handed up to the reporters the manuscript copies of their entirely unprepared and extempore remarks.

Gentlemen, the Press is a mild-spoken and truly modest institution which never chants its own praises. Unlike Walt Whitman, it never celebrates itself. Even if it did become me—one of the youngest of its conductors in New York—to undertake at this late hour to inflict upon you its eulogy, there are two circumstances which might well make me pause. It is an absurdity for me—an absurdity, indeed, for any of us—to assume to speak for the Press of New York at a table where William Cullen Bryant sits silent. Besides, I have been reminded since I came here, by Dr. Chapin, that the pithiest eulogy ever pronounced upon the first editor of America, was pronounced in this very room and from that very platform by the man who at that time was the first of living editors in this country, when he said that he honored the memory of Benjamin Franklin because he was a journeyman printer who did not drink, a philosopher who wrote common sense, and an office-holder who did not steal.

One word only of any seriousness about your toast; it says: "The Press—right or wrong; when right, to be kept right, when wrong, to be set right." Gentlemen, this is your affair. A stream will not rise higher than its fountain. The Hudson River will not flow backward over the Adirondacks. The Press of New York is fed and sustained by the commerce of New York, and the Press of New York to-day, bad as it is in many respects—and I take my full share of the blame it fairly deserves—is just what the merchants of New York choose to have it. If you want it better, you can make it better. So long as you are satisfied with it as it is, sustain it as it is, take it into your families and into your counting-rooms as it is, and encourage it as it is, it will remain what it is.

If, for instance, the venerable leader of your Bar, conspicuous through a long life for the practice of every virtue that adorns his profession and his race, is met on his return from the very jaws of the grave, as he re-enters the Court-room to undertake again the gratuitous championship of your cause against thieves who robbed you, with the slander that he is himself a thief of the meanest kind, a robber of defenceless women—I say, if such a man is subject to such persistent repetition of such a calumny in the very city he has honored and served, and at the very end and crown of his life, it is because you do not choose to object to it and make your objection felt. A score of similar instances will readily occur to anyone who runs over in his memory the course of our municipal history for the last dozen years, but there is no time to repeat or even refer to them here.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909)

AUTHOR, LECTURER AND PULPIT ORATOR

IN 1861, the opening year of the Civil War, a decided sensation was produced by the appearance of a remarkable work, entitled "The Man Without a Country." It came at an opportune time, when millions of our people seemed bent upon discarding the country of the Stars and Stripes, and detailed the melancholy experience of one man whose sentence for treason against the United States was that he should thenceforth live in utter oblivion of the land of his birth and allegiance. As worked up by the skillful pen of the writer, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the fate of this exile was most vividly portrayed, and the work became one of the literary phenomena of its day.

NEW ENGLAND CULTURE

[Mr. Hale may be held to have had excellent standing before the American people as an orator as well as a writer; as a lecturer as well as a pulpit speaker. Whatever he wrote was fresh and spicy, and much that he said had the same quality. As a guest of the New England Society in the City of New York, on the occasion of its seventy-first annual banquet, December 22, 1876, he responded as follows to the toast: "New England Culture—the Open Secret of Her Greatness."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: You seem to have a very frank way of talking about each other among yourselves here. I observe that I am the first stranger who has crossed the river which, I recollect Edward Winslow says, divides the Continent of New England from the Continent of America, and, as a stranger, it is my pleasure and duty at once to express the thanks and congratulations of the invited guests here for the distinguished care which has been taken on this occasion outdoors to make us feel entirely at home. As I came down in the snow-storm I could not help feeling that Elder Brewster, and William Bradford, and Carver, and Winslow could not have done better than this in Plymouth; and indeed, as I ate my pork and beans just now, I felt that the Gospel of New England is extending beyond the Connecticut to other nations, and that what

is good to eat and drink in Boston, is good to eat and drink even here on this benighted point of Delmonico's.

When you talk to us about "culture," that is rather a dangerous word. I am always a little afraid of the word "culture." I recollect the very brightest squib that I read in the late election campaign—and as the President says, gentlemen, I am going to respect the proprieties of the occasion. It was sent to one of the journals from the Western Reserve; and the writer, who, if I have rightly guessed his name, is one of the most brilliant of our younger poets, was descanting on the Chinook vocabulary, in which a Chinook calls an Englishman a Chinchog to this day, in memory of King George. And this writer says that when they have a young chief whose war paint is very perfect, whose blanket is thoroughly embroidered, whose leggings are tied up with exactly the right colors, and who has the right kind of star upon his forhead and cheeks, but who never took a scalp, never fired an arrow, and never smelled powder, but was always found at home whenever there was anything that scented of war, he says the Chinooks called that man by the name of "Boston Cultus."

Well now, gentlemen, what are you laughing at? Why do you laugh? Some of you had Boston fathers, and more of you had Boston mothers. Why do you laugh? Ah! you have seen these people, as I have seen them, as everybody has seen them—people who sat in Parker's and discussed every movement of the campaign in the late war, and told us that it was all wrong, that we were going to the bad, but who never shouldered a musket. They are people who tell us that the emigration, that the Pope of Rome, or the German element, or the Irish element, is going to play the dogs with our social system, and yet they never met an emigrant on the wharf or had a word of comfort to say to a foreigner. We have those people in Boston. You may not have them in New York, and I am very glad if you have not; but if you are so fortunate, it is the only place on God's earth where I have not found such a people.

But there is another kind of culture which began even before there was any Boston—for there was such a day as that. There were ten years in the history of this world, ten long years, before Boston existed, and those are the years between Plymouth Rock and the day when some unfortunate men, not able to get to Plymouth Rock, stopped and founded that city. This earlier culture is a culture not of the school-house, or of the tract, but a culture as well of the Church, of history, of the town-meeting, as John Adams says; that nobler culture to which my friend on the right has alluded when he says that it is born of the Spirit of God—the culture which has made New England, which is born of God, and which it is our mission to carry over the world.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891)

THE HOSEA BIGLOW OF ORATORY

AMONG American authors there are none more versatile, none on whose shoulders motley sits more gracefully, than Lowell, the poet, essayist, critic, and humorist, the man who could be everything for every occasion, who could wear the cap and bells of the mirth-maker, flourish the sharp prod of the critic, bring sweet music from the harp strings of the poet, or walk with grave dignity in the cloak of the essayist and professor. They who love laughter cannot do better than read Lowell's inimitable "Biglow Papers," or take in the genial fun of his "Courtin'." For the patrons of poetry he has set out many toothsome morsels; while in the line of the essay we can name no finer example of classical satire than his "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

Lowell did not confine himself to the production of literature. For a number of years he lectured on this subject at Harvard, and then for other years he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*, and after that the *North American Review*. Political honors also came to him. He was Minister to Spain under President Hayes, and afterward Minister to England, where he made the whole country his friend and admirer. As an orator he distinguished himself by numerous public addresses, which brought him high praise. As an example of his manner, we present a brief specimen of his after-dinner speech-making.

THE KINSHIP OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

[The inciting cause of the following remarks was a banqnet to Henry Irving, the celebrated actor, at London, on July 4, 1883. On this, the natal day of the United States, Lowell, then Minister to England, represented and spoke for the great Republic of the West. Among the guests was Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, himself a forceful speaker, whom Lowell especially addressed in the following graceful fragment of social oratory.]

I may be allowed to make one remark as to a personal experience. Fortune has willed it that I should see as many—perhaps more—cities and manners of men as Ulysses; and I have observed one general fact, and that is, that the adjectival epithet which is prefixed to all the virtues is invariably the epithet which geographically describes the country that I am in. For instance, not to take any real name, if I am in the kingdom of Lilliput, I hear of the Lilliputian virtues. I hear courage, I hear common sense, and I hear political wisdom called by that name. If I cross to the neighboring republic Blefusca—for since Swift's time it has become a republic—I hear all these virtues suddenly qualified as Blefuscan.

I am very glad to be able to thank Lord Coleridge for having, I believe for the first time, coupled the name of the President of the United States with that of her Majesty on an occasion like this. I was struck, both in what he said, and in what our distinguished guest of this evening said, with the frequent recurrence of an adjective which is comparatively new—I mean the word "English-speaking." We continually hear nowadays of the "English-speaking race," of the "English-speaking population." I think this implies, not that we are to forget, not that it would be well for us to forget, that national emulation and that national pride which is implied in the words "Englishman" and "American," but the word implies that there are certain perennial and abiding sympathies between all men of a common descent and a common language. I am sure, my lord, that all you said with regard to the welcome which our distinguished guest will receive in America is true. His eminent talents as an actor, the dignified—I may say the illustrious—manner in which he has sustained the traditions of that succession of great actors who, from the time of Burbage to his own, have illustrated the English stage, will be as highly appreciated there as here.

And I am sure that I may also say that the chief magistrate of England will be welcomed by the Bar of the United States, of which I am an unworthy member, and perhaps will be all the more warmly welcomed that he does not come among them to practice. He will find American law administered—and I think he will agree with me in saying ably administered—by judges who, I am sorry to say, sit without the traditional wig of England. I have heard since I came here friends of mine gravely lament this as so serious an innovation. I answered with a little story which I remember hearing from my father. He remembered the last clergyman in New England who still continued to wear the wig. At first it became a singularity and at last a monstrosity; and the good doctor concluded to leave it off. But there was one poor woman among his parishioners who lamented this sadly, and waylaying the clergyman as he

came out of church she said, "Oh, dear doctor, I have always listened to your sermon with the greatest edification and comfort, but now that the wig is gone all is gone." I have thought I have seen some signs of encouragement in the faces of my English friends after I have consoled them with this little story.

But I must not allow myself to indulge in any further remarks. There is one virtue, I am sure, in after-dinner oratory, and that is brevity; and as to that I am reminded of a story. The Lord Chief Justice has told you what are the ingredients of after-dinner oratory. They are the joke, the quotation, and the platitude; and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius. I believe that I have not given you a quotation, but I am reminded of something which I heard when very young—the story of a Methodist clergyman in America. He was preaching at a camp-meeting, and he was preaching upon the miracle of Joshua, and he began his sermon with this sentence: "My hearers, there are three motions of the sun. The first is the straightforward or direct motion of the sun; the second is the retrograde or backward motion of the sun; the third is the motion mentioned in our text—'the sun stood still.'"

Now, gentlemen, I don't know whether you see the application of the story—I hope you do. The after-dinner orator at first begins and goes straight forward—that is the straightforward motion of the sun. Next he goes back and begins to repeat himself—that is the backward motion of the sun. At last he has the good sense to bring himself to the end, and that is the motion mentioned in our text, as the sun stood still.

FITZHUGH LEE (1835-1905)

A SOLDIER ON THE FORUM

AMONG the men who have bravely upheld the dignity of the United States under trying circumstances we must name General Fitzhugh Lee, who was United States Consul at Havana during the period preceding the Spanish War, and in whose hands—ex-Confederate that he was—the honor of the old flag proved safe. Grandson of one of the soldier heroes of the Revolution, and nephew of the soldier hero of the South in the Civil War, the part played by himself as a cavalry leader in the Confederate ranks was no unimportant one, he being chief in command of the cavalry of the army in Virginia at the end of the war. During the years of peace that followed, General Lee was called upon to fill important posts. In 1886, Virginia chose him for her Governor. From 1893 to 1898 he served as Consul-General at Havana, and he was a Major-General of Volunteers in the war with Spain. He subsequently, for a time, held the post of Military-Governor of the Province of Havana, controlling with firm hand the excited patriots of *Cuba libre* during the early days of their new importance as citizens of an independent nationality. His popularity in his own State as well as throughout the country called for his services on many social and public occasions.

HARMONY UNDER THE OLD FLAG

[During the splendid celebration at Philadelphia in 1887 of the hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution, one of the great historical events of which the Quaker City was the seat, Governor Lee was present as the principal representative of the Old Dominion. During his visit he attended, as the guest of Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, a dinner given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia. The distinguished guest was naturally called upon to address the convivial assembly. He did so in words of admirable good fellowship.]

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Hibernian Society:—I am very glad, indeed, to have the honor of being present in this Society once more; as it was my good fortune to enjoy a most pleasant visit here and an acquaintance with the members of your Society last year. My engagements were such to-day that I could not get here earlier; and just as I was coming in Governor Beaver was making his excuses because, as he said, he had to go to pick up a visitor whom he was to escort to the entertainment to be given this evening at the Academy of Music. I am the visitor whom Governor Beaver is looking for. He could not capture me during the war, but he has captured me now. I am a Virginian and used to ride a pretty fast horse, and he could not get close enough to me.

By the way, you have all heard of "George Washington and his little hatchet." The other day I heard a story that was a little variation upon the original, and I am going to take up your time for a minute by repeating it to you. It was to this effect: Old Mr. Washington and Mrs. Washington, the parents of George, found on one occasion that their supply of soap for the use of the family at Westmoreland had been exhausted, and so they decided to make some family soap. They made the necessary arrangements and gave the requisite instructions to the family servant. After an hour or so the servant returned and reported to them that he could not make that soap. "Why not," he was asked, "haven't you all the materials?" "Yes," he replied, "but there is something wrong." The old folks proceeded to investigate, and they found they had actually got the ashes of the little cherry tree that George had cut down with his hatchet, and there was no lye in it.

Now, I assure you, there is no "lie" in what I say to you this afternoon, and that is, that I thank God for the sun of the Union which, once obscured, is now again in the full stage of its glory; and that its light is shining over Virginia as well as over the rest of the country. We have had our differences. I do not see, upon reading history, how they could well have been avoided, because they resulted from different constructions of the Constitution, which was the helm of the ship of the Republic. Virginia construed it one way, Pennsylvania construed it in an other, and they could not settle their differences; so they went to war, and Pennsylvania, I think, probably got a little the best of it.

The sword, at any rate, settled the controversy. But that is behind us. We have now a great and glorious future in front of us, and it is Virginia's duty to do all that she can to promote the honor and glory of this country. We fought to the best of our ability for four years; and it would be a great mistake to assume that you could bring men from their

cabins, from their ploughs, from their houses and from their families to make them fight as they fought in that contest unless they were fighting for a belief. Those men believed that they had the right construction of the Constitution, and that a State that voluntarily entered the Union could voluntarily withdraw from it. They did not fight for Confederate money. It was not worth ten cents a yard. They did not fight for Confederate rations; you would have had to curtail the demands of your appetite to make it correspond with the size and quality of those rations. They fought for what they thought was a proper construction of the Constitution. They were defeated. They acknowledged their defeat. They came back to their father's house, and there they are going to stay. But if we are to continue prosperous, if this country, stretching from the Gulf to the lakes, and from ocean to ocean, is to be mindful of its best interests in the future, we will have to make concessions and compliances, we will have to bear with each other and to respect each other's opinions. Then we will find that that harmony will be secured which is as necessary for the welfare of the States as it is for the welfare of individuals.

I have become acquainted with Governor Beaver—I met him in Richmond. You could not make me fight him now. If I had known him before the war, perhaps we would not have got at it. If all the Governors had known each other, and if all the people of different sections had been known to each other, or had been thrown together in business or social communication, the fact would have been recognized at the outset, as it is to-day, that there are just as good men in Maine as there are in Texas, and just as good men in Texas as there are in Maine. Human nature is everywhere the same; and when intestine strifes occur we shall doubtless always be able by a conservative, pacific course to pass smoothly over the rugged, rocky edges, and the old Ship of State will be brought into a safe, commodious, Constitutional harbor with the flag of the Union flying over her, and there it will remain.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (1835-1910)

THE ORATOR OF LAUGHTER

MARK TWAIN and his literary labors are too well known to every American with a sense of humor to need extensive comment here. With his death passed one of the greatest humorists of the age and one of the most delightful of men. Far famed as an author, he was almost equally well known as an after-dinner speaker, and while his books, from "Innocents Abroad" to "Captain Stormfold's Visit to Heaven," are familiar wherever English is spoken, his memory lives just as verdantly among those who have had the good fortune to hear him across the festive board. Mr. Clemens, born in Missouri, was in his early life a printer, a Mississippi steamboat pilot, and secretary to his brother, who was Secretary of Nevada Territory. His later life was passed in authorship, with intermissions devoted to lecturing, in which his ample vein of humor breaks prominently out. We append a brief example of his method.

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM

["Mark Twain" frequently made his mark as an after-dinner orator. One of his efforts was at a dinner given by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in recognition of his seventieth birthday. The remarks of Mr. Clemens on this occasion formed a good example of his genial wit and humor, and are well worth reproducing.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I would have traveled a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Dr. Holmes; for my feeling towards him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life, it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. You never can receive letters enough from famous men afterward to obliterate that one, or dim the memory of the pleasant surprise it was, and the gratification it gave you. Lapse of time cannot make it commonplace or cheap.

Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from, and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new, a friend of mine said to me, "The dedication is very neat." Yes, I said, I thought it was. My friend said: "I always admired it, even before I saw it in the 'Innocents Abroad'." I naturally said, "What do you mean? Where did you ever see it before?" "Well, I saw it first some years ago as Dr. Holmes' dedication to his 'Songs in Many Keys.'" Of course, my first impulse was to prepare this man's remains for burial, but upon reflection I said I would reprieve him for a moment or two, and give him a chance to prove his assertion if he could. We stepped into a bookstore and he did prove it. I had really stolen that dedication, almost word for word. I could not imagine how this curious thing had happened; for I knew one thing,—that a certain amount of pride always goes along with a teaspoonful of brains, and that this pride protects a man from deliberately stealing other people's ideas. That is what a teaspoonful of brains will do for a man;—and admirers had often told me I had nearly a basketful, though they were rather reserved as to the size of the basket.

However, I thought the thing out and solved the mystery. Two years before I had been laid up a couple of weeks in the Sandwich Islands, and had read and re-read Dr. Holmes' poems till my mental reservoir was filled up with them to the brim. The dedication lay on the top and handy, so, by and by, I unconsciously stole it. Perhaps I unconsciously stole the rest of the volume, too, for many people have told me that my book was pretty poetical, in one way or another. Well, of course, I wrote Dr. Holmes and told him I hadn't meant to steal, and he wrote back and said in the kindest way that it was all right and no harm done; and added that he believed we all unconsciously worked over ideas gathered in reading and hearing, imagining they were original with ourselves. He stated a truth, and did it in such a pleasant way, and salved over my sore spot so gently and so healingly, that I was rather glad I had committed the crime, for the sake of the letter. I afterward called on him and told him to make perfectly free with any ideas of mine that struck him as being good protoplasm for poetry. He could see by that that there wasn't anything mean about me; so we got along right from the start. I have not met Dr. Holmes many times since; and lately he said —however, I am wandering wildly away from the one thing which I got on my feet to do; that is, to make my compliments to you, my fellow-teachers of the great public, and likewise to say I am right glad to see that Dr. Holmes is still in his prime and full of generous life; and as age

is not determined by years, but by trouble and infirmities of mind and body, I hope it may be a very long time yet before any one can truthfully say, "He is growing old."

THE DRESS OF CIVILIZED WOMAN

A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress—as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress; and some would lose all of it. The daughter of modern civilization dressed at her utmost best is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast, her robe is from Paris, her lace is from Venice, or Spain, or France, her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa, her furs from the remoter region of the iceberg and the aurora, her fan from Japan, her diamonds from Brazil, her bracelets from California, her pearls from Ceylon, her cameos from Rome. She has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries. Her watch is from Geneva, her card-case is from China, her hair is from—from—I don't know where her hair is from; I never could find out. That is, her other hair—her public hair, her Sunday hair; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with . . . .

And that reminds me of a trifle; any time you want to you can glance round the carpet of a Pullman car, and go and pick up a hairpin; but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange! But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from cast-iron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman than by any other indiscretion of my life.

HORACE PORTER (1837 ——)

A BRILLIANT AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER

GENERAL HORACE PORTER was well qualified from personal experience to describe the stirring events of war times under Grant, for he served as Brigadier-General under that famous commander during the Civil War, and came very near to him as his private secretary during the eight years of his Presidency. A graduate of West Point in 1860, General Porter served in the field throughout the Civil War, holding in succession every commissioned grade up to that of Brigadier-General. In 1897 he was appointed United States Ambassador to France by President McKinley, holding this important diplomatic post throughout McKinley's term and continuing to represent this country at the French court under President Roosevelt. He has been prominent in business, being president of several railroad corporations. As an orator General Porter delivered the address at the Grant memorial ceremonies, and at the inauguration of the Washington Arch at New York, in 1897. He is especially capable in after-dinner speech-making, his rich vein of humor causing him to be often called upon to respond on such occasions of festivity.

THE HUMOR AND PATHOS OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

[At the dinner given by the Republican Club of New York City on the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, 1889, General Porter responded gracefully to the toast, "Abraham Lincoln—the fragrant memory of such a life will increase as the generations succeed each other." In Porter's remarks two phases of Lincoln's character were prominently brought out, his fondness for humorous story-telling and the innate sadness of his later career. General Porter is best known as a fluent source of amusing oratory; but in the remarks subjoined he shows that he is master of the element of pathos as well.]

I fear your committee is treating me like one of those toy balloons that are sent up previous to the main ascension, to test the currents of the

air; but I hope that in this sort of ballooning I may not be interruped by the remark that interrupted a Fourth of July orator in the West when he was tickling the American eagle under both wings, delivering himself of no end of platitudes and soaring aloft into the brilliant realms of fancy, when a man in the audience quietly remarked: "If he goes on throwing out his ballast in that way, the Lord knows where he will land." If I demonstrate to-night that dryness is a quality not only of the champagne but of the first speech as well, you may reflect on that remark as Abraham Lincoln did at City Point after he had been shaken up the night before in his boat in a storm in Chesapeake Bay. When he complained of the feeling of gastronomic uncertainty which we suffer on the water, a young staff officer rushed up to him with a bottle of champagne and said: "This is the cure for that sort of an ill." Said the President: "No, young man, I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very article."

The story of the life of Abraham Lincoln savors more of romance than reality. It is more like a fable of the ancient days than a story of a plain American of the nineteenth century. The singular vicissitudes in the life of our martyred President surround him with an interest which attaches to few men in history. He sprang from that class which he always alluded to as the "plain people," and never attempted to disdain them. He believed that the government was made for the people, not the people for the government. He felt that true republicanism is a torch—the more it is shaken in the hands of the people, the brighter it will burn. He was transcendently fit to be the first successful standard-bearer of the progressive, aggressive, invincible Republican party. He might well have said to those who chose to sneer at his humble origin, what a marshal of France raised from the ranks said to the haughty nobles of Vienna boasting of their long line of descent, when they refused to associate with him: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants!" He was never guilty of any posing for effect, any attitudinizing in public, any mawkish sentimentality, any of the puppyism so often bred by power, that dogmatism which Johnson said was only puppyism grown to maturity. He made no claim to knowledge he did not possess. He felt with Addison that pedantry and learning are like hypocrisy in religion—the form of knowledge without the power of it. He had nothing in common with those men of mental malformation who are educated beyond their intellects.

The names of Washington and Lincoln are inseparably associated, and yet, as the popular historian would have us believe, one spent his entire life in chopping down acorn trees and the other in splitting them up into rails. Washington could not tell a story. Lincoln always could.

And Lincoln's stories always possessed the true geometrical requisites, they were never too long, and never too broad. He never forgot a point. A sentinel pacing near the watchfire while Lincoln was once telling some stories quietly remarked that, "He had a mighty powerful memory, but an awful poor forgettery." . . . .

But his heart was not always attuned to mirth; its chords were often set to strains of sadness. Yet throughout all his trials he never lost the courage of his convictions. When he was surrounded on all sides by doubting Thomases, by unbelieving Saracens, by discontented Catilines, his faith was strongest. As the Danes destroyed the hearing of their war-horses in order that they might not be affrighted by the din of the battle, so Lincoln turned a deaf ear to all that might have discouraged him, and exhibited an unwavering faith in the justice of the cause and the integrity of the Union.

It is said that for three hundred years after the battle of Thermopylæ every child in the public schools of Greece was required to recite from memory the names of the three hundred martyrs who fell in the defence of that Pass. It would be a crowning triumph in patriotic education if every school child in America could contemplate each day the grand character and utter the inspiring name of Abraham Lincoln.

He has passed from our view. We shall not meet him again until he stands forth to answer to his name at the roll-call when the great of earth are summoned in the morning of the last great reveille. Till then [apostrophizing Lincoln's portrait which hung above the President's head], till then, farewell, gentlest of spirits, noblest of all hearts! The child's simplicity was mingled with the majestic grandeur of your nature. You have handed down unto a grateful people the richest legacy which man can leave to man—the memory of a good name, the inheritance of a great example.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON (1829-1905)

THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF DRAMATIC ORATORY

FOR many decades of the past century the lovers of the theatre feasted full on one oft-served repast, Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," which grew to be a tradition even while it remained a living tenant of the stage. Jefferson so thoroughly identified himself with "Old Rip" that the two fairly became one. He grew especially like him in one particular, old age in time classing him among its veterans; but in one particular he was unlike him, he did not sleep away his years. In fact, no man kept more vitally awake and more fully in the eyes of the people than Joseph Jefferson. He was protean in his character. See him now as "Rip," again as "Bob Eccles," next in some other form, but in none of them did he obliterate himself. Through all these variations something of the genial-hearted Joe Jefferson shone out. Born of a family of actors, he came to his profession by hereditary right, and abundantly proved his claim to fill the throne of his father.

MY FARM IN JERSEY

[Jefferson was not confined in his powers to repeating the words of others, but could speak effectively for himself. And as a comedian, he had naturally a sense of humor. As evidence of this we present the closing portion of his remarks, made at the tenth annual dinner of the Authors' Club, New York, February 28, 1893.]

It is curious that there is one path in which the actor always wanders —he always likes to be land-owner. It is a curious thing that the actors of England—of course in the olden times you must remember that we had none but English actors in this country,—as soon as they came here, they wanted to own land. They could not do it in England. The elder Booth owned a farm at Bellaire. Thomas Cooper, the celebrated English tragedian, bought a farm near Philadelphia, and it is a positive fact that he is the first man who ever owned a fast trotting horse in America. He used

to drive from the farm to rehearsal at the theatre, and I believe has been known, when in convivial company, even to drive out at night afterwards. Following and emulating the example of my illustrious predecessors I became a farmer.

I will not allude to my plantation in Louisiana; my overseer takes care of that. I have not heard from him lately, but I am told he takes very good care of it. I trust there was no expression of distrust on my part. But I allude to my farm in New Jersey. I have not been so successful as Mr. Burroughs, but I was attracted by a townsman and I bought a farm in New Jersey. I went out first to examine the soil. I told the honest farmer who was about to sell me this place that I thought the soil looked rather thin; there was a good deal of gravel. He told me that the gravel was the finest thing for drainage in the world. I told him I had heard that, but I had always presumed that if the gravel was underneath it would answer the purpose better. He said: "Not at all; this soil is of that character it will drain both ways," by what he termed I think caterpillary attraction.

I bought the farm and set myself to work to increase the breadth of my shoulders, to help my appetite, and so forth, about the work of a farm. I even went so far as to emulate the example set by Mr. Burroughs, and split the wood. I did not succeed in that. Of course, as Mr. Burroughs wisely remarks, the heat comes at both ends; it comes when you split the wood and again when you burn it. But as I only lived at my farm during the summer time, it became quite unnecessary in New Jersey to split wood in July, and my farming operations were not successful.

We bought an immense quantity of chickens and they all turned out to be roosters; but I resolved—I presume as William Nye says about the farm—to carry it on; I would carry on that farm as long as my wife's money lasted. A great mishap was when my Alderney bull got into the greenhouse. There was nothing to stop him but the cactus. He tossed the flower-pots right and left. Talk about the flowers that bloom in the spring,—why I never saw such a wreck, and I am fully convinced that there is nothing that will stop a thoroughly well-bred bull but a full-bred South American cactus. I went down to look at the ruins and the devastation that this animal had made, and I found him quietly eating black Hamburg grapes. I don't know anything finer than black Hamburg grapes for Alderney bulls. A friend of mine, who was chaffing me for my farming proclivities, said: "I see you have got in some confusion here. It looks to me from seeing that gentleman there —that stranger in the greenhouse—that you are trying to raise early bulls under glass."

CHARLES EMORY SMITH (1842-1908)

EDITOR, CABINET OFFICER AND ORATOR

THE distinguished member of President McKinley's Cabinet with whom we have now to deal, kept himself long and fully in the public eye, alike as journalist, as diplomat, and as Cabinet official. A native of Connecticut, he was an editor in Albany for the fifteen years from 1865 to 1880, and after the latter date served as the ruling spirit of the Philadelphia *Press*, the oldest and ablest exponent of the Republican party in the Quaker City. In his diplomatic service Mr. Smith was Minister to Russia 1890-92. In 1898 he was appointed Postmaster-General, resigning in 1902, in consequence of the demands of his editorial duties. As a Cabinet officer he won high praise for the merited efficiency of the postal service. The free rural delivery was developed during his administration of the postoffice department. Mr. Smith was ready and capable as an orator, alike on social occasions and in cases of graver demands.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

[Mr. Smith can, on occasion, be very amusing as an after-dinner orator, as evidence of which we make the following selection from his remarks at the thirteenth annual dinner—in 1893—of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, of which he was then the president. He very neatly contrasts the hardships of the Pilgrim Father and the modern legislator.]

If the Pilgrim Fathers were not the sweetest warblers, they at least never wobbled. They always went direct to their mark. As Emerson said of Napoleon, they would shorten a straight line to get at a point. They faced the terrors of the New England northeast blast and starved in the wilderness in order that we might live in freedom. We have literally turned the tables on them, and patiently endure the trying hardships of this festive board in order that their memories may not die in forgetfulness.

We can never forget the hardships which they were forced to endure, but at the same time we must recognize that they had some advantages over us. They escaped some of the inflictions to which we have been compelled to submit. They braved the wintry blast of Plymouth, but they never knew the everlasting wind of the United States Senate. They slumbered under the long sermons of Cotton Mather, but they never dreamed of the fourteen consecutive hours of Nebraska Allen or Nevada Stewart. They battled with Armenian dogmas and Antinomian heresies, but they never experienced the exhilarating delights of the Silver debate or throbbed under the rapturous and tumultuous emotions of a Tariff Schedule.

They had their days of festivity. They observed the annual day of Thanksgiving with a reverent, and not infrequently with a jocund, spirit; but advanced as they were in many respects, they never reached that sublime moral elevation and that high state of civilization which enable us in our day to see that the only true way to observe Thanksgiving is to shut up the churches and revel in the spiritual glories of the flying wedge and the triumphal touchdown. Their calendar had three great red-letter days of celebration: Commencement day, which expressed and emphasized the foremost place they gave to education in their civil and religious polity; Training or Muster day, which illustrated the spirit and the skill which gave them victory over the Indians and made them stand undaunted on Bunker Hill under Warren and Putnam until above the gleaming column of red-coats they could look into the whites of the enemies' eyes; and Election day, upon which, with its election sermon and its solemn choice of rulers, they acted out their high sense of patriotic duty to the Commonwealth.

We are deeply concerned in these days about the debasement of the ballot-box. Perhaps we could find a panacea in the practice of our Pilgrim Fathers. They enacted a law that the right of suffrage should be limited to church members in good standing. Suppose we had such a law now, what a mighty revolution it would work either in exterminating fraud or in promoting piety! "Men and Brethren!" said the colored parson, "two ways are open before you, the broad and narrow way which leads to perdition, and the straight and crooked way which leads to damnation." We have before us now the two ways of stuffed ballot-boxes and empty pews, and our plan is to change the stuffing from the ballot-boxes to the pews. I am not altogether sure which result would be accomplished; but it is quite clear that if the law of our Fathers did not destroy corruption in politics, it would at least kindle a fresh interest in the church.

JOSEPH B. COGHLAN (1844-1908)

AN ORATOR FROM DEWEY'S FLEET

KNOWN as a sea-captain, and not at all as an orator, Joseph B. Coghlan, one of Dewey's officers at the great naval battle of Manila Bay, won a degree of prominence in the domain of after-dinner oratory at New York, in 1899 ; his telling story of how Dewey taught a lesson to the German admiral spreading like wildfire through the country. This one speech is well worth preserving both for its intrinsic interest and as an example of the style adapted to a speech which includes a good story. Captain Coghlan, born at Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1844, graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in 1863, and saw service on the *Sacramento* during the remainder of the war. Subsequently he rose slowly in rank, being made commander in 1882, and captain in 1896. As such he was in command of the *Raleigh*, which was a part of Commodore Dewey's squadron at Hong Kong, when the war with Spain began, and played his part in the memorable, most effective and illustrious affair in the waters of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898.

The event referred to in the following brief speech was one that for the time being excited as much irritation in the United States as in the fleet before Manila. Germany sent to Manila Bay after Dewey's victory a far larger fleet than any other nation, and the actions of the admiral gave rise to the suspicion that an intention was entertained of interfering in the settlement of the Philippine question. This was especially the case after the German gunboat *Irene* prevented the insurgents from attacking the Spaniards on Grande Island, in Subic Bay. This was considered by many in the United States as little short of an act of war. Throughout the blockade of Manila the German admiral acted with what seemed discourtesy to the Americans,

and Admiral Dewey, though he bore it with seeming disregard, was no doubt irritated by it. This is evident in the culminating incident, as described below.

DEWEY AT MANILA

[Captain Coghlan's one appearance as an orator was at the banquet given April 21, 1899, at the Union League Club of New York, to himself and the other officers of the *Raleigh*, then in port at that city. His racy and telling story of the interview between Dewey and the messenger of the German Admiral von Diedrichs, was read with much interest and amusement throughout the country, and helped to enhance the reputation of the gallant Dewey.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE UNION LEAGUE: I thought I came here on the condition that I was to do no talking. I get scared to death when called upon to speak, and sometimes I don't say what I want to. So you will excuse me for everything out of the way that I say to-night. I was almost breathless as I listened to your president's speech. The more he spoke the more I thought: "For God's sake, can he mean us?" As he went on I recognized the name of our beloved chief, Admiral Dewey; I knew he was simply patting the admiral over our shoulders, and I thought to myself: "He can't do too much of that to suit me." We feel that we may be congratulated on our home-coming; not for what we have done, but for having served under Admiral Dewey. We love him and give him all the credit for what was done by the American fleet at Manila. If we thought it was possible by accepting this kind reception to-night to take away from him one iota of this credit, we would feel that we were doing wrong.

We were with Dewey from the start to the finish, and on each day we learned more to love and respect him, that the honor was safe in his hands, and that nothing in which he was engaged but would redound to the credit of our country. During the days after the great fight was over, he suffered the most outrageous nagging; on, on it went, day after day, rubbing clean through the flesh to the bone, but he always held himself and others up. I tell you it was magnificent. I must tell you of an incident which I think will be of interest. Our German friend, Admiral von Diedrichs, sent an officer to complain of the restrictions placed upon him by Admiral Dewey. I happened to be near by at the time, and I overheard the latter part of the conversation between this officer and our chief. I shall never forget it, and I want the people of the United States to know what Admiral Dewey said that day.

"Tell your admiral," said he, "his ships must stop where I say." "But we fly a flag," said the officer. "Those flags can be bought at half a dollar a yard anywhere," said the Admiral, and there wasn't a bit of fun

in his face when he said it either. "Any one can fly that flag," he continued. "The whole Spanish fleet might come on with those colors if they wanted to. Therefore, I must and will stop you. Tell your admiral I am blockading here. I am tired of the character of his conduct. I have made it as lenient as possible for him. Now the time has arrived when he must stop. Listen to me. Tell your admiral that the slightest refraction of these orders by himself or his officers will mean but one thing. Tell him what I say—it will mean war. Make no mistake when I say it will mean war. If you people are ready for war with the United States, you can have it in five minutes."

I am free to admit that the admiral's speech to that officer took my breath away. As that officer left to go back to his ship, he said to an American officer whose name I do not recall: "I think your admiral does not exactly understand." "Oh, yes he does," said the American officer. "He not only understands, but he means every word he says." That was the end of that bosh. After that the Germans didn't dare to breathe more than four times in succession without asking the admiral's permission.

The North and the South fought together at Manila Bay, as they did in Cuba; and, I tell you, together they are invincible. Not only is our country one to-day, but I tell you the English-speaking race is one also. The English people are with us heart and soul, and they were with us before we went to Manila, as I will show you. On the wharves at Hong-Kong, before we started for Manila, strange officers met us and introduced themselves, which you will agree is a very un-English proceeding. They wished us all manner of luck. One said to me: "By Jove, if you fellows don't wipe them out, don't come back to us, because we won't speak to you." Afterward, when we went back to Hong Kong, one of those English officers said to me: "By Jove, we never gave you credit for style; but my! you can shoot!"

And now that is all that I have to say, except to ask a favor. I want you to join me in drinking the health of our chief, Admiral Dewey.

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT (1830-1911)

A STATESMAN AND HUMORIST

IT is not often that Congress, and the country at large, is captured by a single speech, but this was accomplished in 1871, by J. Proctor Knott, then Representative from Kentucky, in perhaps the most irresistibly humorous speech ever delivered before the national law-makers. Duluth survived the satire of his speech, and in later years grew from a name on the map into a flourishing commercial city. But Knott became the victim of his speech. He could be sober and earnest enough on occasion, but Congress thereafter refused to take him seriously, everything he uttered being dissected for the possible spirit of fun, which might lurk somewhere within its sentences. So we may designate Knott as the man of one speech. Mr. Knott was a Kentuckian by birth, though part of his life was passed in Missouri, where he was elected to the Legislature in 1858, and was Attorney-General for the State 1859–62. He served in Congress as a member from Kentucky 1867–83 and was Governor of Kentucky 1885–87. He was professor of civics and economics at Centre College from 1892 to 1894.

THE MYSTERY OF DULUTH

[Early in 1871 a bill was introduced into the House of Representatives for the construction of what was entitled the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad, for the development of a virgin northern corner of Minnesota, its proposed terminus being a newly settled place on Lake Superior named Duluth. The country seems to have been one of barren pine forest, which was being "developed" apparently for some personal interest. We offer a sample selection of the ridicule with which Mr. Knott riddled the project. Though not made on a social occasion, the speech is best fitted for this section of our work.]

No, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was those teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At

what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straightened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land-grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessity or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses; or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panted for the water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsmen of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I suppose was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist, in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long

since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels and with all his geographical research, he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius, upon the long line of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of his poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand;—if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yes, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, I should have whispered "Where is Duluth?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening of Paradise. There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word, "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity, and affords

us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth, not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike, in their tremendous sweep, the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South, and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is, perhaps, one of the most primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is preeminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it. . . . .

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once . . . . Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill. Ah, sir, you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled or roasted; and in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow. My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities. Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

WU TING FANG

A TWENTIETH CENTURY ORATOR FROM CHINA

WE are almost daily learning something new about the great silent empire of Eastern Asia, the "Celestial Kingdom" of the far East. No one, for instance, would have thought of crediting any of the Chinese with powers of oratory. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the conditions of China to develop the art of public speaking—either political, legal, religious or educational. Yet in Wu Ting Fang, late Chinese Minister to the United States, we have had an orator of excellent powers, a living proof that the Chinaman only needs opportunity to develop oratorical ability. Minister Wu, indeed, was educated in Western lands, is proficient in the English language and literature, and has native powers of thought and fluency in expression associated with a sense of humor which gives piquancy to his utterances. It is to these educational and natural powers that he owes his reputation in oratory. During his sojourn at Washington he was often heard in the neighboring cities, on social or other occasions, and proved himself an entertaining and popular orator—not an especially talented speaker, but one capable of interesting an American audience.

A WONDERFUL NATION

[In 1900 the Chinese Minister delivered a brief address at a club dinner in New York, in which he highly eulogized the United States, alike for the progressive spirit of its institutions, the honor and ability of its officials, and its greatness and rare promise as a nation. We append this testimonial to the American spirit.]

Gentlemen, from my boyhood I have learned in the classics of Confucius that in your dealings with others your words should be sincere. I can conscientiously say that I have always acted up to that injunction. It is sometimes said that a diplomatic representative is a gentleman sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. Perhaps that would do two or

three centuries ago, but I firmly believe that diplomats as well as men in other professions should act straightforwardly and honestly, because while the use of falsehood may temporarily secure an advantage, sooner or later the truth will be found out, and the consequences would be very serious. So therefore I believe in the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." I might compare the profession of a diplomat in a foreign country somewhat to that of a lawyer pleading a case before a Court. It would not do for the lawyer in advocating the interest of his client to quote an obsolete law or statutes which have been repealed, or to distort facts with a view of deceiving the Court and the jury. No respectable lawyer, I am sure, would stoop to do such a thing.

In saying this, gentlemen, I do not insinuate that the lawyers in this country are not honest. I believe they are all honest. I would be the last man to slander the legal profession, to which I have the honor to belong. So a diplomat, although he is acting for the interest of his country, should be straightforward and do his best, and while doing his best for the interests of his country, he ought to be a gentleman and act honestly; but without a just tribunal, however able a lawyer may be, his case may be defeated; but in my case it is with gratitude and pleasure that I acknowledge that I have a fair and just tribunal before whom I plead the interests of my country. The potent, wise, and moderate policy of your government, and the fairness and straightforwardness of the administration, headed by your President, assisted in a great measure by your Secretary of State—to them is due the credit, rather than to me, for what has been done in the last summer; and credit is also due to the press generally in this country, which shapes public opinion, and to the people of this country, because as far as I can find out they have almost unanimously endorsed the humane and wise policy of the administration. Since the unfortunate occurrence* I have been receiving from day to day innumerable letters from persons, many of whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, expressing their sympathy for China.

There is a saying in our classics that the people should be made to follow, but not be able to understand, the reason of things. But I may say, in the case of the American people, this maxim of Confucius is inapplicable, because I find in every public question that the people are very intelligent and lovers of fair play. This, indeed, is a wonderful nation. Last Wednesday the city of Washington celebrated its centennial, and I was fortunate enough to listen to the exercises at the Capitol, and among the public addresses given by the Congressman and Senators, there is one speech I will not forget. It is the speech of Senator Daniel. In his

* The Boxer outbreak in China.

MARY A. LIVERMORE

FRANCES WILLARD

ANNA E. DICKINSON

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN ORATORS

Temperance, Equal Rights for Women and Reform in the Moral and Political World have been the themes advocated by these distinguished women orators.

JOHN MITCHELL GREAT LABOR LEADER AND ADVOCATE

Distinguished for his ability to control and manage the largest Labor Organization in the world. His style of public speaking is vigorous and his power to hold an audience is marked. This is a picture of Labor Day meeting near Philadelphia, 1902 where Mr. Mitchell addressed a great assemblage.

opening address, if I remember rightly, he said that ancient history has no precedent for the United States of America, and modern history has no parallel. That is a grand expression, but it is nevertheless true. There is no ancient history for your great country, but your country has been making history. American history dates from the life of Washington, and is enriched by the noble achievements of Lincoln and Grant and the many others whom it is needless for me to enumerate, and of whom you know more than I do. Coming to the present day, it is embellished by such household words as the names of Miles and Dewey, and last, but not the least, the name of William McKinley.

Yes, your history is rapidly filling up with the noble deeds of your men. But we diplomats, we foreign diplomats, do not understand your politics. I am speaking of myself—perhaps I should be going too far thus to refer to my colleagues, who are more learned than I am—but, speaking for myself, I do not understand your politics. Your politics are too complicated for me. For instance, I have not been able to master the intricacies of "sixteen to one" and the "full dinner-pail." These things are too deep for my dull understanding. But I understand this, whichever political party may reign in the White House, the glory of the Stars and Stripes will not in any event grow dim. As long as you remain the people who form this administration, headed by that noble, humane, and level-headed man who is now your President—I say, as long as you have such men at the head of your government, your great nation will continue to command the respect of all the other nations of the world.

Gentlemen, I will not occupy your time much longer, and in concluding will say that Senator Daniel, in concluding his speech, expressed the hope that the city of Washington will be in course of time the capital of a universal republic. When I heard this I could not understand, but when I came home I pondered over it, and I think I have found out his deep meaning. The meaning, if I am not mistaken, is this—that the position, the high position, and the just policy of your nation will be in course of time recognized and will prevail among all different nations, so that the city of Washington will become in the near future the seat of universal peace, justice, and truth. When that day comes, and I hope it will not be far distant, the superior men of this country, of which the members of this club form an element, will have much to do, and will take a prominent part in bringing about that happy state of things.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your courtesy and the honor you have done me.

JOHN MITCHELL (1869 ——)

THE COAL MINER'S ADVOCATE

OF the representatives of the workingmen at the opening of the twentieth century none was more zealous for the advancement of his fellow-artisans, or more widely known to the people alike of America and Europe, than John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers, and leader in the great strike of the anthracite coal miners in 1902, the most famous event of the new century in the world of industry. A miner himself—he entered the mines of Illinois at the age of thirteen—Mitchell early joined the Knights of Labor, studied at night to gain what education he could, read all the books he could find on sociological subjects and, in every way available, fitted himself for his future career. His native powers and genius for organization told. Joining the United Mine Workers in 1890, when twenty-one years of age, he was made vice-president of the organization in January, 1892, and president in the following January. This presidency which he has held for so many years is of an organization of over 300,000 members. He led the soft coal miners successfully through the great strike of 1897, and the hard coal miners through that of 1902, and is looked upon by working men and capitalists alike as a genius in organization and a Napoleon in the management of an industrial convulsion.

As an orator, Mr. Mitchell is not given to the passionate declamation so commonly indulged in by popular leaders, but confines himself to logical treatment of the question at issue, expressed in language so simple that even the breaker boys of the mine can follow him with interest and understanding. He is always cool and self-possessed, never permits himself to become flustered or thrown into a passion, and in all the difficult situations arising from the great coal strike,

conducted himself in a manner to win the respect and admiration of his adversaries. Mr. Mitchell's oratory scarcely appertains to the present section of our work, but as the youngest of American public speakers who has won a reputation, we deem it advisable to place him here at the end of the American section of our work.

AN APPEAL FOR THE MINERS

[On Labor Day, September 1, 1902, John Mitchell addressed an immense audience of workingmen at Washington Park, a place of public resort near Philadelphia. As a favorable example of his oratorical manner, we append his address on that occasion.]

This day has been decreed as labor's special holiday, and from one end of the country to the other the great hosts of labor have assembled and are reviewing the struggles of the past and preparing for the struggles of the future. The year just closed has been unprecedented in the growth of the trades union movement, and of independent thought and action. But new problems have arisen which will tax our greatest strength to solve. We have this year government by injunction and ownership by Divine right in the most accentuated form. If one of the most conspicuous among the capitalists properly represents the sentiment of his associates, then we must take it for granted that they believe that God in His infinite wisdom has given into their hands all the resources of our country. As a boy I was taught to believe that God loved all His people alike; that He conferred no more power or privileges on one than on another. And, notwithstanding the declaration of the controllers of the trusts, I am not prepared to abandon the teachings of my mother and my Sunday-school teacher. Every year sees some struggle of the workers that stands out conspicuously. This year it happens that the coal miners of Pennsylvania are engaged in a life and death struggle for the right to live.

The struggle of the miners is the greatest contest between labor and capital in the history of the world, not only because of its magnitude, but because of the issues involved. The miners are fighting for rights guaranteed by our country and exercised by their employers. They are engaged in a life and death struggle, trying to gain sufficient to enable them to take their children of tender years from the mines and the mills and send them to school, where, as American children, they belong.

I want to repeat to you what I said in a speech in Wilmington: Had the Coal Trust known that it had to fight the American people to beat the miners, they would never have engaged in this fight. I have an abiding faith in the American people. Once they believe that a wrong has been perpetrated the heart of the people goes out in sympathy, and they see that

the wrong is righted. If my reception in Philadelphia and here represents the sentiment throughout this country, and I believe it does, then, my friends, the coal miners cannot lose. I am not one of those who believe that the loss of the miners' strike will destroy the trades union movement; but I do believe it would give to unionism the most severe shock it has had in many years.

The history of the inception and progress of the strike is known to all of you. It is indelibly impressed upon the hearts of the workingmen of the country. It is unnecessary to review that now, but I want to say that this struggle was not started until we had exhausted every conceivable means of settlement. The struggle would not have been inaugurated or continued if the operators had consented to conciliation, mediation or arbitration. They have turned a deaf ear to all. Now we must win or be crushed.

To win this strike we must have the assistance of our fellow-workers and of all generous citizens. It is much more pleasant to give than to receive. I should be much happier if I could come here and say that the miners' union had hundreds of thousands of dollars to give away, rather than ask you to help feed the families of the men. As it is, we are compelled to appeal to workingmen and to the public to give us a small portion of their earnings to keep our people from starving.

I believe the time is not far distant when workingmen will know how to solve this problem. I am free to say that my own views have been somewhat changed since this strike started. Workmen know that I have been identified with every peace movement that might help the workers. I am not prepared to say that they always will be failures, but they will be failures as long as employers will not listen to reason and the truth.

I look forward to the time when the wage earners will take their proper place; when those who build the mansions will not live in hovels; when the men who build the lightning express and the parlor cars will not walk from station to station looking for work; when those whose labor erects the buildings whose spires reach heavenward will not have to pass by the doors because they are too ragged to enter.

I stand for the solidarity of the trades union movement. I hope to see the time when no man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow will be outside of his trade union, when the workers of our country will take possession of their own.

European Orators

Book I. Orators of Greece and Rome

Book II. Pulpit Orators of Mediæval Europe

Book III. English Orators of the Middle Period

Book IV. The Golden Age of British Oratory

Book V. Orators of the Victorian Reign

Book VI. The Pulpit Orators of Great Britain

Book VII. Orators of the French Revolution

Book VIII. Nineteenth Century Orators of France

Book IX. Orators of Southern and Central Europe

BOOK I.

Orators of Greece and Rome

THE history of oratory is as old as the written history of the human race. But for examples of actual discourses we must come down to the literature of the classic age, the period of Greece and Rome. And of the orators of this age, the public utterances of very few have been preserved in their original form. Of the speeches of Pericles, the earliest famous orator of Athens, we have only the version to be found in the works of Thucydides; while the dying speech of Socrates, as given by Plato, was probably invented by Plato himself. It is the same in Roman literature, most of the speeches we possess being the versions given in historical works, such as those of Livy, Sallust and Tacitus, who either invented or modified them to suit their own tastes. Those were not the days of stenographic reporters, and only those orations had a fair chance of future existence which were written out carefully by the orators themselves. Of extemporaneous speakers, the historical recorders may have given the burden of what they said, but scarcely the verbal form. In the case of the most famous orators, however,—including Lysias, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Æschines, and some others of Greece, and Cicero of Rome,—the orations were written before they were spoken, and were heedfully preserved as part of the literary productions of their authors. Many of these have come down, in their original form to the present time, and translations of them have been made which closely preserve the spirit of the original. Our selections are made from these translations.

PERICLES (495-429 B. C.)

FOUNDER OF THE SPLENDOR OF ATHENS

FIRST in time and one of the foremost in ability of the great orators of Athens stands the famous Pericles, whose silver voice and rare eloquence gave him the mastery of the Athenian populace during his life. Under his hands Athens reached its height of splendor in architecture and art, the unrivaled Parthenon, adorned as it was by the sculptures of Phidias, being the noblest example of his conceptions. As an orator he had no rival in the Athens of his day, his graceful figure, mellifluous voice, and complete self-command enabling him to sway his audiences at will. Supreme as was his power, he used it solely for the benefit of the city and its populace, being sober and recluse in habit, "while the tenderest domestic attachment bound him to the engaging and cultivated Aspasia."

THE DEAD WHO FELL FOR ATHENS

[Of the oratory of Pericles we possess only the famous example which Thucydides, the historian, has preserved for us, the long funeral oration over those who died in battle in 431 B. C., the first year of the destructive Peloponnesian War. How closely this repeats the words of the orator it is now impossible to tell. The speech opens with a laudation of the glory and progress of Athens, for which the soldiers are given credit, and continues with an eulogy of their merits.]

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbors—for it has served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different soever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honors just as we excel. The public admiration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not a hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity.

The offices of the State we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbor for following the bent of his own humor, nor putting on that countenance of discontent which pains though it cannot punish—so that in private life we converse without diffidence or damage, while we dare not on any account offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is thought a disgrace.

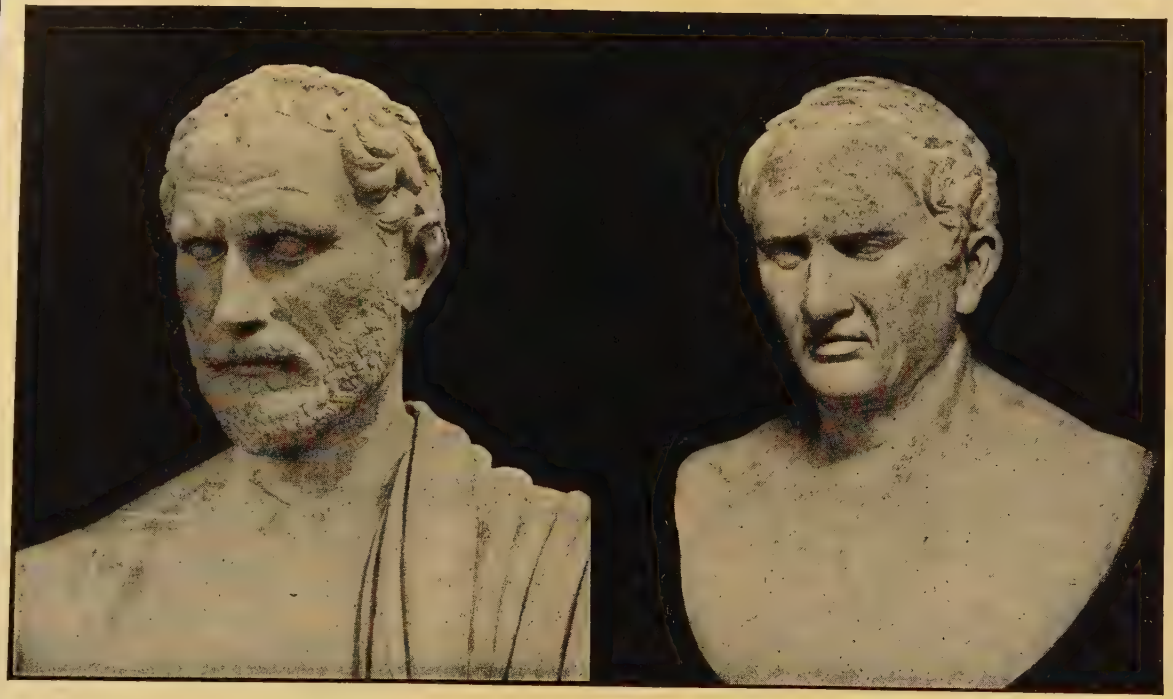
Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth than of those of other nations . . . .

That we deserve our power we need no evidence to manifest. We have great and signal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off a history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a strict relation. Every sea has been opened by our fleets, and every land has been penetrated by our armies, which has everywhere left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a State, these victims of their own valor, scorning the ruin threatened to it, have valiantly fought and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof that in the present war we have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable, and to illustrate, by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subject, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the State have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated if passed on any Grecians but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives and completed in their deaths. For it is a debt of justice to pay superior honors to men who have devoted their lives to fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valor.

WU TING FANG AMBASSADOR AND ORATOR

A most polished speaker greatly in demand by large audiences. He was at one time Ambassador from China to the United States. He is most versatile in his intellectual powers.



DEMOSTHENES THE GREEK AND CICERO THE ROMAN

These two Orators are the first in the great galaxy of the world's orators. Both men attained to their positions only by supreme effort given to preparation and study. Their orations are still studied as models of oratory and are classics in every country where great learning is respected.

Their last service effaces all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger through fondness for these delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life through that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty might at length be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these—the desire for vengeance upon their enemies. Regarding this as the most honorable of dangers, they boldly rushed toward the mark to glut revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes showed plainly must be done they trusted to their own valor to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves and die in the attempt than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly dropped, and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate, but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging of the expediency of this from a mere harangue—when any man indulging in a flow of words may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of the community the object of your thoughts. And when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty and in the moment of action were sensible of shame, who whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonor their country should stand in need of anything their valor could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present.

Bestowing thus their lives upon the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will always be most illustrious—not that in which their bones lie moldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honor is the display of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men.

LYSIAS (458–378 B. C.)

THE FATHER OF NATURAL ORATORY

THERE was abundant oratory before the days of Lysias, but he stands first among the ancient orators whose works still exist, otherwise than in fragments. Thucydides gives us in his history orations attributed to Pericles and others, but these may have been largely the work of his own hand. The dying speech of Socrates comes to us only in Plato's works, and we do not know that it was not of his own invention. But of the orations of Lysias thirty-five still exist—some perhaps spurious, but most of them doubtless his own. The great credit of Lysias is that he broke away from the artificial manner of the previous schools of oratory, and developed a new, forcible and natural manner. The diction of Lysias is eminently graceful, pure and conspicuous. "He resembles," says Quintilian, "rather a pure fountain than a great river." He employs only the simplest language, yet has the happy art of giving to every subject treated an air of dignity and importance. As a rule, however, he excels in elegance and persuasion, rather than in vigor of declamation; though this is not the case in the example quoted. Lysias was born at Athens, the most celebrated city of Greece, about 458 B. C. He traveled among other Grecian cities and the Grecian colonies of the Mediterranean. During his travels he studied rhetoric and oratory.

THE CRIMES OF ERATOSTHENES

[The great sum of the orations of Lysias relate to private matters. Of those extant only one is on a public theme, the arraignment of Eratosthenes. The occasion of this may be briefly stated. Lysias, after residing for years in Italy, returned to Athens, which was then under the rule of what are known in history as the Thirty Tyrants. He and his brother opposed these civic magnates, the result being that his brother was executed, and he had to fly for his life. After these tyrants were expelled he returned to Athens and became a composer of orations for others. Eratosthenes,

one of the expelled tyrants, returned and asked amnesty from the court. During the trial Lysias came into Court and denounced the assassin of his brother in a burst of simple and passionate eloquence, which must have had a great effect on his hearers. In this he first broke from the stilted manner previously existing into his natural later style of speech. We give an illustrative passage from this oration.]

It is an easy matter, O Athenians, to begin this accusation. But to end it without doing injustice to the cause will be attended with no small difficulty. For the crimes of Eratosthenes are not only too atrocious to describe, but too many to enumerate. No exaggeration can exceed, and within the time assigned for this discourse it is impossible fully to represent them. This trial, too, is attended with another singularity. In other causes it is usual to ask the accusers: "What is your resentment against the defendants?" But here you must ask the defendant: "What was your resentment against your country? What malice did you bear your fellow-citizens? Why did you rage with unbridled fury against the State itself?"

The time has now indeed come, Athenians, when, insensible to pity and tenderness, you must be armed with just severity against Eratosthenes and his associates. What avails it to have conquered them in the field, if you be overcome by them in your councils? Do not show them more favor for what they boast they will perform, than resentment for what they have already committed. Nor, after having been at so much pains to become masters of their persons, allow them to escape without suffering that punishment which you once sought to inflict; but prove yourselves worthy of that good fortune which has given you power over your enemies.

The contest is very unequal between Eratosthenes and you. Formerly he was both judge and accuser; but we, even while we accuse, must at the same time make our defense. Those who were innocent he put to death without trial. To those who are guilty we allow the benefit of law, even though no adequate punishment can ever be inflicted. For should we sacrifice them and their children, would this compensate for the murder of your fathers, your sons, and your brothers? Should we deprive them of their property, would this indemnify the individuals whom they have beggared, or the State which they have plundered? Though they cannot suffer a punishment adequate to their demerit, they ought not, surely, on this account, to escape. Yet how matchless is the effrontery of Eratosthenes, who, being now judged by the very persons whom he formerly injured, still ventures to make his defense before the witnesses of his crimes? What can show more evidently the contempt in which he holds you, or the confidence which he reposes in others?

Let me now conclude with laying before you the miseries to which you were reduced, that you may see the necessity of taking punishment on the authors of them. And first, you who remained in the city, consider the severity of their government. You were reduced to such a situation as to be forced to carry on a war, in which, if you were conquered, you partook indeed of the same liberty with the conquerors; but if you proved victorious, you remained under the slavery of your magistrates. As to you of the Piræus,* you will remember that though you never lost your arms in the battles which you fought, yet you suffered by these men what your foreign enemies could never accomplish, and at home, in times of peace, were disarmed by your fellow-citizens. By them you were banished from the country left you by your fathers. Their rage, knowing no abatement, pursued you abroad, and drove you from one territory to another. Recall the cruel indignities which you suffered; how you were dragged from the tribunal and the altars; how no place, however sacred, could shelter you against their violence. Others, torn from their wives, their children, their parents, after putting an end to their miserable lives, were deprived of funeral rites; for these tyrants imagined their government to be so firmly established that even the vengeance of the gods was unable to shake it.

But it is impossible for one, or in the course of one trial, to enumerate the means which were employed to undermine the power of this State, the arsenals which were demolished, the temples sold or profaned, the citizens banished or murdered, and those whose dead bodies were impiously left uninterred. Those citizens now watch your decree, uncertain whether you will prove accomplices of their death or avengers of their murder. I shall desist from any further accusations. You have heard, you have seen, you have experienced. Decide then!

*The port of Athens.

ISOCRATES (436–338 B. C.)

ATHENS' SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR

ISOCRATES lived at the same time with Lysias and rivalled him in fame, his style resembling that of Lysias in purity and correctness, though it is more round and full in its periods, while his orations have a power in their full stream of harmonious diction which is found in no earlier work of rhetoric. The ancient estimate of his powers is shown by the statue of a siren erected in his tomb, in indication of his sweetness. Like his fellow orators, his speeches were not extemporaneous, but were elaborated with great care. He is said to have spent ten years in composing and polishing one oration. Of his productions, twenty-one are extant. He opened a school of oratory at Athens, and numbered among his pupils many men of later prominence. He lived to be ninety-eight years of age, and died then from voluntary starvation, occasioned by his grief at the fatal battle in which Philip of Macedon overthrew the power of Athens.

FLATTERY MORE POWERFUL THAN TRUTH

[The orations of Isocrates may be classified as didactic, persuasive, laudatory, and forensic. We select from Dinsdale's translation, a passage illustrative of his method. It may be said further that his weak voice and natural timidity prevented him from becoming a public speaker himself, his orations being written for others, or for delivery by chosen speakers on important political occasions.]

Those who come hither are used to say that those things which they are going to speak of are of the noblest nature, and worthy the city's utmost attention ; but if there ever was a time when this might be said of any affairs, methinks that I now handle deserves such an exordium. We are assembled to deliberate about peace and war, which are of the highest importance in human life ; and those who consult maturely are more successful than others. The importance, therefore, of our present subject is of this high nature.

Now I have frequently observed that you make a great difference between orators, and are attentive to some but cannot suffer the voice of others. This is in reality no just wonder, for in former times you used to reject all such as did not flatter your inclinations; which, I think, deserves an impartial blame; for, though you know many private houses have been entirely ruined by flatteries, and detest such persons as in their private affairs conduct themselves in this manner; yet you are not disposed yourselves in the same manner in regard of the public amendment, but, finding fault with the censor, and taking pleasure in flatteries, you seem to put more confidence in such than in other citizens. And you yourselves have been a cause that the orators study and meditate not so much what will be beneficial to the State, as what will please your hope and expectation, for which a crowd of them is now flocked together; as it is evident to all that you take more pleasure in those who exhort you to war than to such as give you more peaceable counsels.

You have met to choose, as it becomes you, the wisest measures; and though you do not know what is best to be done, yet you will hear none but such as flatter you. But if you truly have the State's good at heart, you ought rather to be attentive to those who oppose your sentiments, than to such as fall in with your humors and weaknesses; for you cannot be ignorant that those who practice such artifices are the most likely to deceive you, since artful flattery easily closes the eye to truth and sincerity. But you can never suffer such prejudice from those who speak the plain, naked truth, for such cannot persuade you but by the clear demonstrations of utility.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD GOVERNMENT

[The "Areopagiticus" is one of the public discourses of Isocrates in which he deals with the home affairs of Athens. We offer the following extract, in which the good government of the past is offered as an example for the future.]

Such was the authority to which, as I have said, they entrusted the maintenance of good order, which considered that those were in error who imagined that a community in which the laws were framed with the greatest exactness produced the best men. For, if this were so, there could be nothing to prevent all the Hellenes* being on the same level, so far as the facility of adopting one another's written laws is concerned. They, on the contrary, knew that virtue is not promoted by the laws, but by the habits of daily life, and that most people turn out men of like character to those in whose midst they have severally been brought up. For, where there are a number of laws drawn up with great exactitude, it

*The Greeks—so called because they are believed to be descended from a mythical personage named Heller.

is a proof that the city is badly administered, for the inhabitants are compelled to frame laws in great numbers as a barrier against offenses.

Those, however, who are rightly governed should not cover the walls of the porticoes with copies of the laws, but preserve justice in their hearts; for it is not by decrees but by manners that cities are well governed, and while those who have been badly brought up will venture to transgress laws drawn up even with the greatest exactitude, those who have been well educated will be ready to abide by laws framed in the simplest terms. With these ideas, they did not first consider how they should punish the disorderly, but by what means they should induce them to refrain from committing any offense deserving of punishment, for they considered that this was their mission, but that eagerness to inflict punishment was a matter of malevolence.

THE BASIS OF A VIRTUOUS LIFE

[The following extract is from the oration or letter to a young man, named Demonicus. It has been much admired for its high standard of conduct.]

In the first place show your gratitude to Heaven, not only by sacrifices, but by a steady veracity and sacred observance of all leagues and oaths. The first indeed shows splendor and gratitude, but the latter only a truly noble, godlike mind. Be such toward your parents as you would hope your children should be toward you. Use exercise rather for health than strength and beauty. You will best attain these if you leave it off before nature is fatigued.

Be not austere and gloomy, but serene and brave. By the first behavior you would be thought proud; but by the latter will be esteemed a man of worth and credit. Never imagine you can conceal a bad action; for though you hide it from others, your own conscience will condemn you. Be good, and have your own approbation. Be persuaded that every base action will at last take air.

It is the duty of every man to improve his knowledge, will and understanding. It is as great a shame to hear national, instructive discourse, and not be attentive to it, as it is to reject with scorn a valuable gift. Think philosophy a greater treasure than immense sums of gold, for gold is apt to take wings and fly away, but philosophy and virtue are inalienable possessions. Wisdom is the only immortal inheritance.

DEMOSTHENES (382-322 B.C.)

THE PARAGON OF ORATORS

WHEN Greece, as a land of independent states, the nursery of liberty and freedom of speech, was on the verge of falling before the arts and arms of Philip of Macedon, Demosthenes, a native of Athens, arose, and in a succession of orations of unequalled eloquence exposed the designs of the enemy of Grecian liberty, and sought to arouse his countrymen to meet their new foeman as they had met the Persians of old. Several other orators of Athens were bribed by Philip's gold, but the patriotism of Demosthenes was proof against venality. With watchful sagacity he penetrated the designs of the cunning Macedonian, and if the generals of Athens had been equal in ability to their orator, the freedom of Greece would have been preserved. There were eleven or twelve of these great patriotic orations; of which four are especially known as "Philippics." The persistent opposition of Demosthenes against the foes of Greece, in the end led to his death. His last effort for liberty failing, he was pursued by his enemies and sought an asylum in the temple of Neptune on the island of Calaurea. There, still followed, he took poison and died.

As an orator Demosthenes was superb. Yet his first effort at public speaking was an utter failure. Feeble in frame, weak in voice, shy and awkward in manner, and ungraceful in gesture, he seemed strikingly ill-fitted for success upon the forum. But he had industry, intelligence and determination, and success came to him. He strengthened his lungs and his voice by declaiming while climbing steep hills or seeking to raise his voice above the roar of the sea. His natural defect in delivery was overcome by the practice of speaking with pebbles in his mouth. He learned the art of graceful gesture by practicing before a mirror. Constant study, composition of orations, and

memorizing made him ready and fluent in speech. Never trusting to facility in extemporaneous delivery, he carefully prepared all his orations, and then delivered them with the utmost force and effectiveness. They remain to-day models of oratory, closely studied by all who would excel in the art. "His style," says Hume, "is rapid harmony exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument; and of all human productions his orations present the models which approach the nearest to perfection." Fenelon says: "We think not of his words; we think only of the things he says. He lightens, he thunders, he is a torrent which sweeps everything before it. We can neither criticise nor admire, because we have not the command of our own faculties." Lord Brougham says: "There is not any long or close train of reasoning in Demosthenes; still less any profound observations or ingenious allusions; but a constant succession of remarks bearing immediately upon the matter in hand, perfectly plain, and as readily admitted as easily understood. These are intermingled with most striking appeals: some to feelings which we are all conscious of and deeply agitated by, though ashamed to own; some to sentiments, which every man was panting to utter, and delighted to hear thundered forth; bursts of oratory, therefore, which either overwhelmed or delighted the audience. Such *hits*, if we may use a homely phrase, are the principal glory of the great combatant."

PHILIP THE ENEMY OF ATHENS

[As an example of the Philippics we offer the following brief extract, in which the orator strongly points out the position of Athens, as affected by the designs of its artful enemy.]

There are persons among you, O Athenians, who think to confound a speaker by asking, "What, then, is to be done?" To which I might answer: "Nothing that you are doing—everything that you leave undone!" And it would be a just and a true reply. But I will be more explicit; and may these men, so ready to question, be equally ready to act! In the first place, Athenians, admit the incontestable fact, that Philip has broken your treaties, that he has declared war against you. Let us have no more crimination and recrimination on this point! And, then, recognize the fact that he is the mortal enemy of Athens,—of its very soil, of all within its walls, ay, of those even who most flatter themselves that they are high in his good graces.

What Philip most dreads and abhors is our liberty, our Democratic system. For the destruction of that all his snares are laid, all his projects are shaped. And in this is he not consistent? He is well aware that, though he should subjugate all the rest of Greece, his conquest would be insecure while your Democracy stands. He knows that, should he experience one of those reverses to which the lot of humanity is so liable, it would be into your arms that all those nations, now forcibly held under his yoke, would rush. Is there a tyrant to be driven back?—Athens is in the field! Is there a people to be enfranchised?—Lo, Athens, prompt to aid! What wonder, then, that Philip should be impatient while Athenian liberty is a spy upon his evil days! Be sure, O my countrymen, that he is your irreconcilable foe; that it is against Athens that he musters and disposes all his armaments; against Athens that all his schemes are laid.

What, then, ought you, as wise men, convinced of these truths, to do? You ought to shake off your fatal lethargy, contribute according to your means, summon your allies to contribute, and take measures to retain the troops already under arms; so that, if Philip has an army prepared to attack and subjugate all the Greeks, you may also have one ready to succor and to save them. Tell me not of the trouble and expense which this will involve. I grant it all. But consider the dangers that menace you, and how much you will be the gainers by engaging heartily, at once, in the general cause. Indeed, should some god assure you that, however inactive and unconcerned you might remain, yet, in the end, you should not be molested by Philip, still it would be ignominious,—be witness, Heaven!—it would be beneath you, beneath the dignity of your State, beneath the glory of your ancestors, to sacrifice, to your own selfish repose, the interest of all the rest of Greece.

Rather would I perish than recommend such a course! Let some other man urge it upon you, if he will; and listen to him, if you can. But, if my sentiments are yours; if you foresee, as I do, that the more we leave Philip to extend his conquests, the more we are fortifying an enemy, whom, sooner or later, we must cope with; why do you hesitate? What necessity do you wait? Can there be a greater for freemen than the prospect of dishonor? Do you wait for that? It is here already; it presses, it weighs on us now. Now, did I say? Long since, long since, was it before us, face to face. True, there is still another necessity in reserve, the necessity of slaves, blows and stripes! Wait you for *them?* The gods forbid! The very words, in this place, are an indignity!

—(The most famous oration of Demosthenes was one that had a personal origin, it being called forth by a controversy with Æschines,

an able rival orator who had been suborned by Philip, and was a bitter enemy of Demosthenes. We append below a selection from this celebrated speech.)—

ON THE CROWN

[The occasion of this speech on the crown may be briefly stated. In 338 B.C., was fought the disastrous battle of Chæronea, in which the Athenians met the Macedonians in arms and were decisively defeated. Among the fugitives from the field was Demosthenes, who had fought as well as talked against Philip. On his return to Athens he found himself the ruling power in the state, and Ctesiphon, one of his admirers, proposed that the people should reward him for his eminent services by a crown of gold.* The giving of this crown was opposed by Æschines in a speech of great power and vehemence. Demosthenes' answer was the supreme effort of his life, the most perfect masterpiece of oratory ever produced.]

Let me begin, Men of Athens, by imploring of all the Heavenly Powers, that the same kindly sentiments which I have, throughout my public life, cherished towards this country and each of you, may now by you be shown towards me in the present contest! In two respects my adversary plainly has the advantage of me. First, we have not the same interests at stake; it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for Æschines, an unprovoked volunteer, to fail in his impeachment. My other disadvantage is, the natural proneness of men to lend a pleased attention to invective and accusation, but to give little heed to him whose theme is his own vindication. . . . .

A wicked thing, Athenians, a wicked thing is a calumniator, ever;—querulous and industrious in seeking pretense of complaint. But this creature is despicable by nature, and incapable of any trace of generous and noble deeds; ape of a tragedian, third-rate actor, spurious orator! For what, Æschines, does your eloquence profit the country? You now descant upon what is past and gone—as if a physician, when called to patients in a sinking state, should give no advice, nor prescribe any course by which the disease might be cured; but, after one of them had died, and the last officers were performing to his remains, should follow him to the grave, and expound how the poor man never would have died had such and such things only been done. Lunatic! is it now that at length you too speak out? . . . .

As to the defeat, that incident in which you so exult (wretch! who should rather mourn for it),—look through my whole conduct, and you shall find nothing there that brought down this calamity on my country. Consider only, Athenians: Never, from any embassy upon which you

* The crown here indicated (Latin, *corona*) was a wreath, garland, or any ornamental fillet encircling the head, bestowed as a reward for distinguished public services.—Here, probably, a laurel wreath of gold is indicated.

sent me, did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors; not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantians, nor from any other quarter whatever,—nor finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither Philip marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, then, exact this of me, and are you not ashamed, at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone! For what other weapons had I? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortune of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But whatever a minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description? To descry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach. All this I have done. Then, to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays, and backwardness, and ignorance, and contentiousness,—faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all States; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty:—and all these things I likewise did, nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs. Well, then, I neither had armies, nor did I command them; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to bribes, there I conquered Philip! For, as he who purchases any one overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, so he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has fairly conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered. . . . .

Under what circumstances, O Athenians ought the strenuous and patriotic orator to appear? When the State is in jeopardy, when the people are at issue with the enemy, then it is that his vehemence is timely. But now, when I stand clear on all hands,—by prescription, by judgments repeatedly pronounced, by my never having been convicted before the people of any offense,—and when more or less of glory has of necessity resulted to the public from my course—now it is that Æschines turns up, and attempts to wrest from me the honors which you propose to bestow! Personal spite and envy are at the bottom of all his trumped-up charges, my fellow-citizens; and I proclaim him no true man.

Consider, Æschines, whether you are not in reality the country's enemy, while you pretend to be only mine. Let us look at the *acts* of the orator rather than at the *speech*. He who pays his court to the enemies of the State does not cast anchor in the same roadstead with the people. He looks elsewhere than to them for his security. Such a man—mark me! am not I. I have always made common cause with the people, nor have I shaped my public course for my individual benefit. Can *you* say as much? *Can* you? You, who, instantly after the battle, repaired as ambassador to Philip, the author of all our calamities; and this after you had declared loudly, on previous occasions, against engaging in any such commission, as all these citizens can testify!

What worse charge can anyone bring against an orator than that his words and his deeds do not tally? Yet *you* have been discovered to be such a man; and you still lift your voice and dare to look this assembly in the face! Think you they do not know you for what you are? or that such a slumber and oblivion have come over them all as to make them forget the speeches in which, with oaths and imprecations, you disclaimed all dealings with Philip, and declared that I falsely brought this charge against you from personal enmity? And yet, no sooner was the advice received of that fatal—O! that fatal—battle, than your asseverations were forgotten, your connection publicly avowed! You affected to have been Philip's friend and guest. Such were the titles by which you sought to dignify your prostitution.

But read here the epitaph inscribed by the State upon the monument of the slain, that you may see *yourself* in it, Æschines,—unjust, calumnious, and profligate. Read!

> "These were the brave, unknowing how to yield,
> Who, terrible in valor, kept the field
> Against the foe; and, higher than life's breath
> Prizing their honor, met the doom of death,
> Our common doom—that Greece unyoked might stand,
> Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand.
> Such was the will of Jove; and now they rest
> Peaceful enfolded in their country's breast.
> The immortal gods alone are ever great,
> And erring mortals must submit to Fate."

Do you hear, Æschines? It pertains only to the gods to control fortune and command success. To *them* the power of assuring victory to armies is ascribed,—not to the statesman, but to the gods. Wherefore, then, execrable wretch, wherefore upbraid *me* with what has happened? Why denounce against me what the just gods reserve for the heads of you and yours?

AESCHINES (389-314 B. C.)

THE RIVAL OF DEMOSTHENES

ONE of the famous orators of Greece, Æschines by name, who especially came into reputation through his controversy with his great rival, began his career, like Demosthenes, as a violent opponent of Philip of Macedon. But, after a visit to Philip's court, a change took place, and he became a zealous opponent to war with Macedonia. This brought the two orators into a violent verbal contest, which began with a charge by Demosthenes that Æschines preferred the gold of Philip to the good of Greece. The final event in this quarrel of oratorical giants was a vigorous speech by Æschines against Ctesiphon for voting Demosthenes a crown of gold, and the overwhelming answer of Demosthenes. As a result of his defeat, Æschines went into voluntary exile to the island of Rhodes, where he founded a very successful school of oratory.

AGAINST CTESIPHON

[As an orator Æschines possessed a sonorous voice and vigorous manner, with fine rhetorical powers and great felicity of diction. His orations have much of the force and fire displayed by his rival, and closely approximate those of Demosthenes in general character. Of his extant speeches the best is that "Against Ctesiphon." On one occasion he read this to his pupils at Rhodes, who were much surprised that so powerful a speech could fail of success. He replied, "You would cease to be astonished if you had heard Demosthenes."]

When Demosthenes boasts to you, O Athenians, of his Democratic zeal, examine, not his harangues, but his life; not what he professes to be, but what he really is;—redoubtable in words, impotent in deeds; plausible in speech, perfidious in action. As to his courage—has he not himself, before the assembled people, confessed his poltroonery? By the laws of Athens, the man who refuses to bear arms, the coward, the deserter of his post in battle, is excluded from all share in the public deliberations,

denied admission to our religious rites, and rendered incapable of receiving the honor of a crown. Yet now it is proposed to crown a man whom your laws expressly disqualify!

Which, think you, was the more worthy citizen—Themistocles, who commanded your fleet when you vanquished the Persian at Salamis, or Demosthenes the deserter?—Miltiades, who conquered the Barbarians at Marathon, or this hireling traitor?—Aristides, surnamed the Just, or Demosthenes, who merits a far different surname? By all the gods of Olympus, it is a profanation to mention in the same breath this monster and those great men! Let him cite, if he can, one among them all to whom a crown was decreed. And was Athens ungrateful? No! She was magnanimous; and those uncrowned citizens were worthy of Athens. They placed their glory, not in the letter of a decree, but in the remembrance of a country of which they had merited well,—in the living, imperishable remembrance!

And now a popular orator—the mainspring of our calamities—a deserter from the field of battle, a deserter from the city, claims of us a crown, exacts the honor of a proclamation! Crown *him?* Proclaim *his* worth? My countrymen, this would not be to exalt Demosthenes, but to degrade yourselves; to dishonor those brave men who perished for you in battle. Crown *him!* Shall *his* recreancy win what was denied to *their* devotion? This would indeed be to insult the memory of the dead, and to paralyze the emulation of the living!

When Demosthenes tells you that, as ambassador, he wrested Byzantium from Philip; that, as orator, he roused the Acarnanians, and subdued the Thebans; let not the braggart impose on you. He flatters himself that the Athenians are simpletons enough to believe him; as if in him they cherished the very genius of persuasion, instead of a vile calumniator. But when, at the close of his defense, he shall summon to his aid his accomplices in corruption, imagine then, O Athenians, that you behold at the foot of this tribune, from which I now address you, the great benefactors of the Republic arrayed against them.

Solon, who environed our liberty with the noblest institutions,—Solon, the philosopher, the mighty legislator,—with that benignity so characteristic, implores you not to pay more regard to the honeyed phrases of Demosthenes than to your own laws. Aristides, who fixed for Greece the apportionment of her contribution, and whose orphan daughters were dowered by the people, is moved to indignation at this prostitution of justice, and exclaims: "Think on your fathers! Arthmius of Zelia brought gold from Media into Greece, and, for the act, barely escaped death in banishment; and now Demosthenes, who has not merely

brought gold, but who *received* it as the price of treachery, and still retains it,—Demosthenes it is unblushingly proposed to invest with a golden crown!" From those who fell at Marathon and at Platæa; from Themistocles; from the very sepulchres of your ancestors, issues the protesting groan of condemnation and rebuke! . . . .

I neither envy the habits of Demosthenes nor blush for my own; nor would I retract the speeches I have spoken among you; nor, had I spoken as he has, would I be content to live; for my silence, Demosthenes, has been occasioned by the simplicity of my life. I am satisfied with little, and covet not the dishonest acquisition of more; so that I can be silent, and can speak advisedly, and not when constrained by innate extravagance; while you, I should say, are silent when your hand is full, and clamorous when it is empty, and speak, not when you choose, nor what you please, but whenever your employers instruct you,—for you are never ashamed of exaggerations which are immediately detected.

You censure me for coming before the city not continuously, but at intervals, and flatter yourself that you can escape detection in propounding this principle, which is not of democracy but a different form of government; for under an oligarchy not he who would, but he who has power, prefers indictments; but under a democracy, whoever chooses, and whenever he thinks proper. Besides, to appear occasionally in public is an indication of a policy suggested by opportunity of advantage; but to make no intermission, even of a day, is the proof of a traitor and a hireling.

And yet, by the Gods of Olympus, of all that I understand Demosthenes intends to say, I am most indignant at what I am going to mention. He compares my talents, it seems, to the Sirens, for their hearers (he says) are not so much enchanted as lured to destruction—and hence the evil reputation of their minstrelsy. In like manner my rhetorical skill and abilities prove the ruin of my hearers. And, although I believe no man whatever is justified in any such assertion respecting me—for it is discreditable for an accuser not to be able to prove the truth of his allegations—yet if the assertion must be made, it should not have been by Demosthenes, but by some military commander who had rendered important services to the state and was deficient in eloquence; and who therefore envied the talents of his adversaries because he was conscious of his inability to proclaim his achievements, while he saw an adversary capable of representing to his audience what he had never performed as though they were actual achievements. Yet when a man made up altogether of words—bitter and superfluously elaborate words—comes back to the simplicity of facts, who can tolerate it? A man whose tongue, like that of the flageolet, if you remove, the rest is nothing.

MARCUS PORCIUS CATO (234-149 B. C.)

AN EMINENT ROMAN ORATOR

OF the orators of Rome, there is only one, the far-famed Cicero, whose productions have come down to us in assured form. Of the others, including Cæsar, and the two Catos, we have what purport to be orations spoken by them, in the pages of Livy, Sallust and other historians. These, while perhaps not their exact words, may closely approach orations actually delivered by them. There were two Catos, eminent as orators, who bore the above name, Cato, the Elder, or the Censor, and his great grandson, Cato, the Younger. It is with the former that we are here concerned. Poor by birth and a farmer by profession, his ability as an orator, and his eminence as a model of the severer virtues, raised him through various positions to the office of consul, and finally to that of censor. In the latter, his severity in correcting abuses and enforcing his principles of economy and sobriety made him many enemies. As a senator he became noted, in the third Punic war, for the famous phrase, *Delenda est Carthago* (" Carthage must be destroyed ").

WOMEN IN POLITICS

[Livy gives Cato credit for the following specimen of oratory, of interest for its peculiar subject, the political activity of women. It is certainly a surprise, with the ideas usually entertained of the seclusion of women in ancient times, to find them as active in their efforts to take part in public affairs as the advocates of women's rights of to-day, while Cato played the part of the modern opponents of these "rights."]

If, Romans, every individual among us had made it a rule to maintain the prerogative and authority of a husband with respect to his own wife, we should have less trouble with the whole sex. But now, our privileges, overpowered at home by female contumacy, are, even here in the forum,

spurned and trampled under foot; and because we are unable to withstand each separately, we now dread their collective body. I was accustomed to consider it a fabulous and fictitious tale, that in a certain island the whole race of males was utterly extirpated by a conspiracy of the women. But the utmost danger may be apprehended equally from either sex, if you suffer cabals and secret consultations to be held; scarcely, indeed, can I determine, in my own mind, whether the act itself, or the precedent which it affords, is of more pernicious tendency. The latter of these more particularly concerns us consuls and other magistrates; the former, you my fellow-citizens: for whether the measure proposed to your consideration be profitable to the State or not is to be determined by you, who are to vote on the occasion.

As to the outrageous behavior of these women, whether it be merely an act of their own, or owing to your instigations, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, it unquestionably implies culpable conduct in magistrates. I know not whether it reflects greater disgrace on you, tribunes, or on the consuls; on you, certainly, if you have brought these women hither for the purpose of raising tribunitian sedition; on us, if we suffer laws to be imposed upon us by a secession of women, as was done formerly by that of the common people.

It was not without painful emotions of shame that I, just now, made my way into the forum through the midst of a band of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul, I should not have refrained from saying to them: "What sort of practice is this of running out into the public, besetting the streets, and addressing other women's husbands. Could not each have made the same request to her husband at home? Are your blandishments more seducing in public than in private, and with other women's husbands than with your own? Although, if females would let this modesty confine them within the limits of their own rights, it did not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about any laws that might be passed or repealed here."

Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be ever under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them now to interfere in the management of State affairs, and to thrust themselves into the forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election; for what are they doing at this moment in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing, some in support of the motion of tribunes, others contending for the repeal of the law.

CAIUS GRACCHUS (159-121 B. C.)

ROME'S MOST ELOQUENT TRIBUNE

MOST of us are familiar with the story told of Cornelia, the mother of Caius and Tiberius Gracchus. A Campanian lady visiting her, boasted of her jewels, and asked to see those of her hostess. In reply Cornelia presented her sons, saying, "These are the only jewels of which I can boast." These jewels of sons grew up to be leaders of the people in their struggle against the aristocrats. Tiberius, a valiant soldier, was elected tribune of the people, and enacted laws by which serious abuses were reformed. He sustained his position with great eloquence, but in a second election was attacked and massacred by the partisans of the aristocratic party. Caius, his younger brother, in time succeeded him in the tribunate, and two years afterward was, like him, murdered. They lived when the liberties of Rome were near their overthrow.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS ABOVE PRIVILEGE

[Caius Sempronius Gracchus was endowed with great talents and excelled in eloquence. In the words of Plutarch, he was "a noble specimen of every virtue." We have no direct example of his oratory, but extract from Livy what professes to be one of his speeches to the people when a candidate before them for the office of tribune.]

It is now ten years, O Romans, since my brother, Tiberius Gracchus, was elected your tribune. In what a condition did he find you! The great mass of the people pined in abject poverty. Thousands, eager to work, without a clod of dirt they could call their own, actually wanted daily bread. A few men, calling themselves "the aristocracy," having enormous wealth gotten by extortion and fraud, lorded it over you with remorseless rigor. The small land proprietors had disappeared. Mercenary idlers, their fingers actually itching for bribes, tricky demagogues, insatiate usurers, desperate gamblers, all the vilest abettors of lawless

power, had usurped the places of men who had been the glory and strength of the Republic. What a state of things! infinite wretchedness to the millions, but riches and prodigality to the hundreds. The rich could plunder the poor at will, for your rulers and judges were corrupt, cowardly and venal, and money could buy them to do anything. Bribery at elections, open, unblushing, flagrant, kept the very men in power who were sucking the life-blood of the country. Do I exaggerate? Oh, no! It is too faint a picture of the woe and degradation of the people, and of the rapacity, arrogance, and depravity of their oppressors.

At such a time my brother, Tiberius Gracchus, presented himself, and was elected tribune. His heart had been wrung by your distresses. He resolved to rescue the oppressed and down-trodden people. He defied your tyrants. He swiftly ended the fraud which had robbed you of your lands. No shelter of wealth, no rank or place, could shield from his fiery wrath. In vain did they hurl at him the cheap words "demagogue," "factionist," "anarchist." There was that truth in his tones, that simplicity and nobility in his bearing, that gentle dignity in his very rage at the wrongs done, that carried conviction of his sincerity to every heart.

Oh! how pale with anger were those "aristocrats," as they styled themselves, as their power melted away, as they saw the people resume their rights under the resistless eloquence of that young, devoted spirit! But he must be silenced, this audacious tribune, this incorruptible critic of the privileged class, this friend and saviour of the people. A bloody revenge must quiet their fears, lest they should lose their illegal plunder.

Alas! the foul deed was done! In a tumult instigated for the purpose, your tribune—champion of the poor, and friend of the friendless—was slain. Even his body was refused to his friends; but the sacred Tiber was made more sacred by receiving to its bosom all of Tiberius Gracchus that could perish.

And now, men of Rome, if you ask, as those who fear me do ask, why I left my quæstorship in Sardinia without leave of the Senate, here is my answer: I had to come without leave or not at all. Why, then, did I come at all? To offer myself for the office my brother held, and for serving you in which he was brutally murdered. I have come to vindicate his memory, to re-inaugurate his policy, to strip the privileged class of its privileges, to restore popular rights, to lift up the crushed, to break down the oppressor. And, O Romans, I come with clean hands, with no coffers filled with gold wrenched from desolated provinces and a ruined people. I can offer no bribe for votes. I come back poor as I went; poor indeed in all but hatred of tyrants and zeal to serve my country. Shall I be your tribune?

THE RETURN OF ALCIBIADES TO ATHENS

An interesting scene in the life of the distinguished Greek Orator who was born about 450 B. C. and who is here in this picture welcomed home after a long banishment. He was also an able general. He was a student of Pericles and a disciple of Socrates the great philosopher.

MARK ANTONY EULOGIZING THE DEAD CÆSAR

Mark Antony delivering his famous Funeral Oration over the body of Julius Cæsar, in the Roman forum. This oration has been immortalized by Shakespeare in his Drama "Julius Cæsar."

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR (100-44 B. C.)

A GREAT CONQUEROR AND FAMOUS ORATOR

JULIUS CÆSAR, one of the greatest generals and greatest men the world has ever known, proved himself possessed of genius in oratory as well as in civil and military affairs. It is not with his marvelous achievements in warfare, nor his great political skill and ability that we are here concerned, but simply with his standing in oratory, in which his supremacy was scarcely second to that in the other fields of effort in which he excelled. As an orator Cicero was the only Roman who excelled him, and many think that, if Cæsar had devoted himself specially to this art, he might have rivalled or excelled Cicero himself. Macaulay, comparing him with Cromwell and Bonaparte, says that he was master of what neither of the others possessed, "Learning, taste, wit, eloquence, the sentiments and the manners of an accomplished gentleman." It was through oratory, indeed, that he gained his first distinction, the civil position which opened the way to his later career, and he may be justly classed with the greatest orators of the world.

Previous to Cæsar's era of power, the stability of the Roman Republic had been threatened by two ambitious generals, Marius and Sulla. It was to the triumvirate formed by Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus that it owed its final overthrow, the military power gaining supremacy over the civil. The war with Pompey and his defeat and death left Cæsar at the head of the Roman state, imperial in station, though the name of emperor was not assumed by him, he accepting that of dictator instead. At his death he was dictator-elect for life.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CATILINE'S ASSOCIATES

[Cæsar held high office in the Roman state when the dangerous conspiracy of Catiline broke out, an organization of profligate and disaffected citizens, whose

purpose was the overthrow of the republic. Cicero, who was then consul, discovered the plot, and denounced Catiline so vehemently in the Senate that the baffled conspirator hastily left Rome. A battle followed between the army of his partisans and that of the Senate, in which Catiline's forces were defeated, and he, with some three thousand of his followers, was killed. Cæsar was suspected of complicity in this plot, and when a number of captive conspirators were tried in the Senate, his voice was the only one that did not demand for them the sentence of death. He proposed imprisonment instead, saying that men of their birth and dignity should not be put to death without an open trial. Cato the Younger followed with a speech in which he accused Cæsar of connection with the conspiracy, and their advocate narrowly escaped being included in the death sentence passed against the men on trial. Of Cæsar's speech we possess only the version given by Sallust, in his "History of the Conspiracy of Catiline." We append an extract from this version.]

But, you will say, "Who will find fault with any punishment decreed against traitors to the State?" I answer, time may, so may sudden conjectures; and fortune, too, that governs the world at pleasure. Whatever punishment is inflicted on these parricides will be justly inflicted. But take care, Conscript Fathers, how your present decrees may affect posterity. All bad precedents spring from good beginnings, but when the administration is in the hands of wicked or ignorant men, these precedents, at first just, are transferred from proper and deserving objects to such as are not so.

The Lacedæmonians, when they had conquered the Athenians, placed thirty governors over them; who began their power by putting to death, without any trial, such as were remarkably wicked and universally hated. The people were highly pleased at this, and applauded the justice of such executions. But when they had by degrees established their lawless authority, they wantonly butchered both good and bad without distinction; and thus kept the State in awe. Such was the severe punishment which the people, oppressed with slavery, suffered for their foolish joy.

In our own times, when Sulla, after his success, ordered Damasippus, and others of the like character, who raised themselves on the misfortunes of the State, to be put to death, who did not commend him for it? All agreed that such wicked and factious instruments, who were constantly embroiling the commonwealth, were justly put to death. Yet this was an introduction to a bloody massacre; for whoever coveted his fellow-citizen's house, either in town or country, nay, even any curious vase or fine raiment, took care to have the possessor of it put on the list of the proscribed.

Thus they who had rejoiced at the punishment of Damasippus were soon after dragged to death themselves; nor was an end put to this butchery till Sulla had glutted all his followers with riches. I do not,

indeed, apprehend any such proceedings from Marcus Cicero, nor from these times. But in so great a city as ours there are various characters and dispositions. At another time, and under another consul, who may also have an army under his command, any falsehood may pass for fact; and when, on this precedent, the consul shall, by decree of the Senate, draw the sword, who is to set bounds to it? who to moderate the fury?

Our ancestors, Conscript Fathers, never wanted conduct nor courage; nor did they think it unworthy of them to imitate the customs of other nations, if these were useful and praiseworthy. From the Samnites they learned the exercise of arms, and borrowed from them their weapons of war; and most of their ensigns of magistracy from the Tuscans—in a word, they were very careful to practice whatever appeared useful to them, whether among their allies or their enemies; choosing rather to imitate than envy what was excellent.

In those days, in imitation of the custom of Greece, they inflicted stripes on guilty citizens, and capital punishment on such as were condemned; but when the commonwealth became great and powerful, and the vast number of citizens gave rise to factions; when the innocent began to be circumvented, and other such inconveniences to take place; then the Porcian and other laws were made, which provided no higher punishment than banishment for the greatest crimes. These considerations, Conscript Fathers, appear to me of the greatest weight against our pursuing any new resolution on this occasion; for surely, their share of virtue and wisdom, who from so small beginnings raised so mighty an empire, far exceeds ours, who are scarce able to preserve what they acquired so gloriously. "What! Shall we discharge the conspirators," you will say, "to reinforce Catiline's army?" By no means: but my opinion is this; that their estates should be confiscated; their persons closely confined in the most powerful cities of Italy; and that no one move the Senate or the people for any favor towards them, under the penalty of being declared by the Senate an enemy to the State and the welfare of its members.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO (106-43 B. C.)

ROME'S NOBLEST ORATOR

NEXT in fame to Demosthenes among ancient orators stands Cicero, one of Rome's noblest and ablest sons. While excelling in several branches of literature, in oratory he was supreme, and few men of the past come to us with broader fame and hands freer from guile than this eloquent citizen of the "eternal city." Cicero was born in times of trouble and turmoil. The foundations of the old republic were breaking up; the leaders of the army were becoming the autocrats of the State; the freedom of the people was near its end and the Empire was at hand. There were two events of the time which especially aroused the indignation of the great orator. One of these was the cruelty and outrages of the infamous Caius Verres, prosecuted by the Sicilians for atrocious acts of inhumanity and rapine while governor of their island. Cicero conducted the prosecution and arraigned Verres in such overwhelming terms that the culprit fled into exile. The orations against Verres were seven in number. Later, while one of the Roman consuls, he detected and exposed the treasonable designs of Catiline, a political leader, who had conspired to seize the chief power in the State by burning the city and massacring his opponents. His designs were foiled by Cicero, who assailed him in a splendid burst of indignant eloquence, so arousing the Senate against him that Catiline fled in dismay from the city. Other orations of equal eloquence followed, and the whole scheme of treason and outrage fell through.

These are the most famous of Cicero's numerous orations, the effect of which was such as to give him unbounded influence in the city. His final outburst of oratory was against the ambitious designs of Mark Antony. There were fourteen of these orations in all, the

MARTIN LUTHER THE PULPIT ORATOR

This picture represents the Great Reformer expounding from the Bible the great truths which started the Reformation, and introduced Protestantism.

MARTIN LUTHER AND ZWINGLI IN ELOQUENT DEBATE

The Great German Reformer in an Assembly of German Princes, held at Marburg, explains his stand for a pure faith. In the picture he is represented as earnestly disputing with Zwingli, another Reformer and Eloquent Preacher, who was a Swiss.

first of them one of his masterpieces. His words swayed Rome, but his enemies held the sword, and Antony rid himself of his assailant by having him murdered.

In oratory Cicero combined the powers of the celebrated orators of Athens, uniting the force of Demosthenes with the eloquence of Isocrates. Their classic reticence, however, was replaced by him with a florid exuberance of style which sometimes offends against good taste; but it is atoned for by his melody of language, brilliancy of expression and thorough familiarity with human nature. These give his speeches a charm which still persists, despite the passage of the centuries.

THE TREASON OF CATILINE

[Cicero, as is above said, saved Rome from ruin by denouncing Catiline in the Senate with such bitterness as to drive him in dismay from the city. He roused the people against the army which the traitor had collected without by equally eloquent denunciations. We append two extracts from these masterpices of the oratory of indignation.]

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; —the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council; takes part in our deliberations; and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter? And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a decree, by which thy life would be made to

pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found, so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt.

While there is one man that dares to defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State than thou in plotting its destruction.

[The following is from a second of the orations against Catiline.]

Conscript Fathers, a camp is pitched against the Roman Republic within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome, and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth.

Catiline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment; but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed, and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Catiline, as to say you were not ripe for execution.

Was not the night before the last sufficient to convince you that there is a good genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is laboring to destroy? I aver, that on that same night you and your complotters assembled. Can even your own tongue deny it?—Yet secret! Speak out, man; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods, where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here—here, Conscript Fathers,

mixed and mingled with us all, in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives, the life of every virtuous Senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate, and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice who ought long since to have been cut down by the sword.

Proceed, Catiline, in your meritorious career! Go where destiny and desire drive you. Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a pity that the Manlian army should look so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between me and thee; for, at present, yon are much too near. I will not suffer you, I will not longer endure you!

Lucius Catiline, away! Begin as soon as you can this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself; and, when this you have done, then do thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our State—thou, the establisher of this city—pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents! Save us from his fury, our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses and household goods, our liberties, our lives! Pursue, tutelar god, pursue them, these foes, to the gods and to goodness, these plunderers of Italy, these assassins of Rome! Erase them out of this life, and in the next let thy vengeance follow them still, insatiable, implacable, immortal.

THE CRUELTY OF VERRES

[From the arraignment of Verres we select Guthrie's translation of a passage in which Cicero announces, with words of burning indignation, his outrage against a Roman citizen—the claim of citizenship being held as a secure protection against stripes and torture.]

As it happened Verres came on that very day to Messana. The matter was brought before him. He was told that the man was a Roman citizen; was complaining that at Syracuse he had been confined in the stone quarries, and how he, when he was actually embarking on board ship and uttering violent threats against Verres, had been brought back by them, and reserved in order that he might himself decide what should be done with him.

He thanks the men, and praises their good-will and diligence in his behalf. He himself, inflamed with wickedness and frenzy, came into the

forum. His eyes glared; cruelty was visible in his whole countenance; all men waited to see what steps he was going to take; what he was going to do; when all of a sudden he orders the man to be seized, and to be stripped and bound in the middle of the forum, and the rods to be got ready. The miserable man cried out that he was a Roman citizen; a citizen also of the municipal town of Cosa; that he had served with Lucius Pretius, a most illustrious Roman knight, who was living as a trader at Panormus, and from whom Verres might know that he was speaking the truth.

Then Verres says that he has ascertained that he was sent into Sicily by the leaders of the runaway slaves in order to act as a spy; a matter as to which there was no evidence, no trace, nor even the slightest suspicion in the mind of any one. Then he orders the man to be most violently scourged on all sides,—in the middle of the forum of Messana a Roman citizen, O judges, was beaten with rods! while, in the meantime, no groan was heard, no other expression was heard from the wretched man, amid all his pain, and between the sounds of the blows, except these words: "I am a citizen of Rome."

He fancied that by this one statement of his citizenship he could ward off all blows and remove all torture from his person. He not only did not succeed in averting by his entreaties the violence of the rods, but as he kept on repeating his entreaties, and the assertion of his citizenship a cross—a cross, I say—was got ready for that miserable man, who had never witnessed such a stretch of power.

O the sweet name of Liberty! O the admirable privileges of citizenship! O Porcian law! O Sempronian laws! O power of the tribunes, bitterly regretted by and at last restored to the Roman people!—in a town of our confederate allies—a Roman citizen should be bound in the forum and beaten with rods, by a man who had only the fasces and axes through he kindness of the Roman people!

If the bitter entreaties and the miserable cries of that man had no power to restrain you; were you not moved even by the weeping and loud cries of the Roman citizens who were present at the time? Did you dare to drag any one to the cross who said that he was a Roman citizen?

MARK ANTONY (83-30 B. C.)

THE AVENGER OF CAESAR

MARCUS ANTONIUS, or Mark Antony, as he is usually called, a brave and able general and the friend and lieutenant of Cæsar, became his avenger after his death at the hands of Brutus and his fellow-conspirators. By his artful and eloquent funeral oration over the body of the slain dictator he roused the fury of the populace against the conspirators, who were forced to flee from Rome. In the war that succeeded, Antony commanded the army by which that of Brutus and Cassius was defeated, Brutus killing himself on the battlefield. The remainder of the story of Antony has to do with the triumvirate (the three-man power) formed by Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus,—by which the freedom of Rome was again overthrown, —his fatal love for Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, his war with and defeat by Octavius, and his final suicide.

BRUTUS DENOUNCED

[Brutus, the leader of the conspirators, made a brief oration in his own defense over the dead body of Cæsar. He was followed by Mark Antony, as above stated. From Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," we extract Antony's skillful and insidious reply, one of the most famous examples of oratorical composition in all literature. As we were obliged to go to the pages of the ancient historians for our examples of the speeches of several Greek and Roman orators, we seem equally justified in selecting those of Brutus and Antony from the great modern dramatist.]

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!
The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
  He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
  I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
  But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
  But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.—
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O! what would come of it?
  If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,—
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
  This, was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the while ran blood), great Cæsar fell.
  O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.

Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.
Good friends! Sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend, and that they knew full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him!
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood.

I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ST. BERNARD PREACHING THE CRUSADE

The eloquence of St. Bernard moved the Catholic nations of Europe to undertake the second crusade. This picture shows the famous orator and his great audience.

JOHN KNOX THE SCOTCH REFORMER

This eloquent Presbyterian Preacher is represented as earnestly exhorting Mary, Queen of the Scots, to righteousness. He was the most eloquent of all Scotch orators.

BOOK II.

Pulpit Orators of Mediæval Europe

IT is a long journey through time from the period of the decadence of classic oratory to the revolutionary era at the close of the eighteenth century, in which the Demosthenes and Cicero of the far past first found their rivals upon the stage of modern eloquence. In this lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, though the art of oratory survived, its field of exercise was greatly narrowed. In Europe, the home of such civilization as existed, free speech in political affairs was almost a thing unknown. The hand of the autocrat lay heavily upon the neck of the nations, and secular thought was "cabined, cribbed, confined." Only in England, in those periods when the people rose in revolt against the tyranny of their kings, was there any freedom of speech in parliamentary halls. During the extended era in question oratory, as a rule, was restricted to the clergy, to whom the broad domain of morals and religion lay freely open, and to whose care was left such education and philosophy as existed. It is, therefore, in the Church that we must seek the leading orators of mediæval times. During most of the age in question, learning and thought drifted very largely into the cloister and monastery, while the ignorance and immorality of the people called for strenuous efforts on the part of the keepers of the public conscience, and the leaders in thought and education. All this gave rise to an abundance of ecclesiastical oratory, of which a considerable sum is still in evidence, while secular oratory during the period in question is almost unknown.

ST. AUGUSTINE (354-430)

AN ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER OF THE CHURCH

"OF all the Fathers of the Latin Church," says Villemain, "Saint Augustine manifested the most imagination in theology; the most eloquence, and even sensibility, in scholasticism." Born at Tagasta, in Numidia, he studied Greek, rhetoric and philosophy, at Carthage and Madaura, while his mother, Monica, a devout Christian, instructed him in religion. He taught grammar and rhetoric, and in 384 became professor of rhetoric and philosophy at Milan. His career up to this time had been one of immorality, but, affected by the sermons of Saint Ambrose, he became devoutly religious, joined the Church, and was thenceforth a preacher and writer of the highest ability among the early theologians. His reputation as an eloquent preacher was very great. His life, as preacher and author, was passed in Africa, where he died at Hippo in 430, during the siege of that city by the Vandals.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

[The following is the opening portion of a sermon by Saint Augustine, on the subject of "The Lord's Prayer," which he analyzes throughout in the manner here presented. It is an excellent example of his oratorical method.]

The Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, hath taught us a prayer; and though He be the Lord himself, as ye have heard and repeated in the Creed, the only Son of God, yet He would not be alone. He is the Only Son, and yet would not be alone; He hath vouchsafed to have brethren. For to whom doth He say, "Say, our Father, which art in Heaven?" Whom did He wish us to call our Father, save His own Father! Did He grudge us this? Parents sometimes, when they have gotten one, two, or three children, fear to give birth to any more, lest they reduce the rest to beggary. But because the inheritance which He

promised us is such as many may possess, and no one can be straitened, therefore hath He called into His brotherhood the peoples of the nations; and the Only Son hath numberless brethren, who say, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." So said those who have been before us; and so shall say those who will come after us. See how many brethren the Only Son hath in His grace, sharing His inheritance with those for whom He suffered death. We had a father and mother on earth, that we might be born to labors and to death; but we have found other parents, God our father and the Church our mother, by whom we are born into life eternal. Let us then consider, beloved, whose children we have begun to be; and let us live so as becomes those who have such a father. See how our Creator hath condescended to be our Father!

We have heard whom we ought to call upon, and with what hope of an eternal inheritance we have begun to have a Father in Heaven; let us now hear what we must ask of him, Of such a father what shall we ask? Do we not ask rain of Him, to-day, and yesterday, and the day before? This is no great thing to have asked of such a Father, and yet ye see with what sighings, and with what great desire, we ask for rain, when death is feared—when that is feared which none can escape. For sooner or later every man must die, and we groan, and pray, and travail in pain, and cry to God, that we may die a little later. How much more ought we to cry to Him. that we may come to that place where we shall never die!

Therefore it is said, "Hallowed be Thy name." This, we also ask of Him that His name may be hallowed in us; for holy is it always. And how is His name hallowed in us, except while it makes us holy? For once we were not holy, and we are made holy in His name; but He is always holy, and His name always holy. It is for ourselves, not for God, that we pray. For we do not wish well to God, to whom no ill can ever happen. But we wish what is good for ourselves, that His holy name may be hallowed in us.

"Thy kingdom come." Come it surely will, whether we ask or no. Indeed, God hath an eternal kingdom. For when did He not reign? When did He begin to reign? For His kingdom hath no beginning, nor shall it have any end. But that ye may know that in this prayer also we pray for ourselves, and not for God, we shall be ourselves His kingdom, if believing in Him we make progress in this faith. All the faithful, redeemed by the blood of His only Son, will be His kingdom, and this His kingdom will come when the resurrection of the dead shall have taken place; for then He will come Himself.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM (347-407)

JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH

THE title "golden-mouthed" was given to Chrysostom as a tribute to the splendor of his eloquence. Born at Antioch, Syria, he studied oratory to enter the legal profession; but instead became a monk, and a preacher of such eloquence, earnestness and practical sense that he was accounted the greatest orator of the ancient church. Appointed Archbishop of Constantinople in 398, he became an earnest reformer, denouncing the vices of the court and employing the revenues of the Church so largely in charity that he was called "John the Almoner." This course did not please the parties in power, and he was deposed and banished to a desert region. Here he continued to preach with his old zeal. Again he was banished to a more remote region, being made to travel on foot, with his bare head exposed to a burning sun. This cruelty proved fatal, and he died on the journey, blessing God with his dying lips.

DEATH A BLESSED DISPENSATION

[Chrysostom was an active writer, and many of his works exist, the most valuable being his "Homilies," the best of their kind in ancient Christian literature. He, in the words of the historian Sozomen, was "mighty to speak and to convince, surpassing all the orators of his time."]

Believe me, I am ashamed and blush to see unbecoming groups of women pass along the mart, tearing their hair, cutting their arms and cheeks—and all this under the eyes of the Greeks. For what will they not say? What will they not utter concerning us? Are these the men who philosophize about a resurrection? Indeed! How poorly their actions agree with their opinions! In words, they philosophize about a resurrection: but they act just like those who do not acknowledge a resurrection. If they fully believed in a resurrection, they would not act

thus; if they had really persuaded themselves that a deceased friend had departed to a better state, they would not thus mourn. These things, and more than these, the unbelievers say when they hear those lamentations. Let us then be ashamed, and be no more moderate, and not occasion so much harm to ourselves and to those who are looking on us.

For on what account, tell me, do you thus weep for one departed? Because he was a bad man? You ought on that very account to be thankful, since the occasions of wickedness are now cut off. Because he was good and kind? If so, you ought to rejoice; since he has been soon removed, before wickedness had corrupted him: and he has gone away to a world where he stands ever secure, and there is no room even to mistrust a change. Because he was a youth? For that, too, praise Him who has taken him, because He has speedily called him to a better lot. Because he was an aged man? On this account, also, give thanks and glorify Him that has taken him.

Be ashamed of your manner of burial. The singing of psalms, the prayers, the assembling of the (spiritual) fathers and brethren—all this is not that you may weep and lament and afflict yourselves, but that you may render thanks to Him who has taken the departed. For as when men are called to some high office, multitudes with praises on their lips assemble to escort them at their departure to their stations, so do all with abundant praise join to send forward, as to greater honor, those of the pious who have departed. Death is rest, a deliverance from the exhausting labors and cares of this world. When, then, thou seest a relative departing, yield not to despondency; give thyself to reflection; examine thy conscience; cherish the thought that after a little while this end awaits thee also. Be more considerate; let another's death excite thee to salutary fear; shake off all indolence; examine your past deeds; quit your sins, and commence a happy change.

We differ from unbelievers in our estimate of things. The unbeliever surveys the heavens and worships it, because he thinks it a divinity; he looks to the earth and makes himself a servant to it, and longs for the things of sense. But not so with us. We survey the heaven, and admire Him that made it; for we believe it not to be a god, but a work of God. I look on the whole creation, and am led by it to the Creator. He looks on wealth, and longs for it with earnest desire; I look on wealth and contemn it. He sees poverty, and laments; I see poverty, and rejoice. I see things in one light; he in another. Just so in regard to death. He sees a corpse, and thinks it is a corpse; I see a corpse, and behold sleep rather than death.

SAINT BERNARD (1091-1153)

THE FAMOUS ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX

NO man of his period had a greater influence through his eloquence than the famous Saint Bernard, whose persuasiveness was such that he could almost move the world. When he, in his early years, entered the Cistercian monastery of Citeaux, his five brothers—two of whom were in the army—and a number of others were drawn by his eloquence from their occupations to embrace the monastic life. It is said that "Mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, and companions their friends," lest they should be drawn to follow this wonderful persuader. As Abbot of Clairvaux he exercised a powerful influence upon the ecclesiastical affairs of Europe. He made Innocent II. pope, inducing the emperor to take up arms in his support; and was greatly instrumental in the condemnation of Abelard's writings, causing the pope to silence the heretical author. While thus influential he lived a very simple and ascetic life. In 1146 he preached earnestly in advocacy of the second crusade, which was largely due to his efforts. As an orator Saint Bernard ranks high, his eloquence being of that type the force of which holds good through the centuries,—simple, comprehensible; inspiring, and effective.

THE DELIVERANCE OF THE HOLY LAND

[Bernard was perhaps at his best in his plea for the deliverance of the Holy Land from the bands of the infidel. At the council of Vezelai he spoke before the king and nobles of France like one inspired, and with his own hand gave them their crosses. He also by his oratory persuaded the German Emperor Conrad to join the crusade. We give a brief example of his arguments. They were of a kind likely to be very effective in that age.]

You cannot but know that we live in a period of chastisement and ruin; the enemy of mankind has caused the breath of corruption to fly

over all regions; we behold nothing but unpunished wickedness. The laws of men or the laws of religion have no longer sufficient power to check depravity of manners and the triumph of the wicked. The demon of heresy has taken possession of the chair of truth, and God has sent forth his malediction upon his sanctuary. O ye who listen to me, hasten then to appease the anger of Heaven, but no longer implore His goodness by vain complaints; clothe not yourselves in sackcloth, but cover yourselves with your impenetrable bucklers; the din of arms, the dangers, the labors, the fatigues of war are the penances that God now imposes upon you. Hasten then to expiate your sins by victories over the infidels, and let the deliverance of holy places be the reward of your repentance.

If it were announced to you that the enemy had invaded your cities, your castles, your lands; had ravished your wives and your daughters, and profaned your temples, which among you would not fly to arms? Well, then, all these calamities, and calamities still greater, have fallen upon your brethren, upon the family of Jesus Christ, which is yours. Why do you hesitate to repair so many evils; to revenge so many outrages? Will you allow the infidels to contemplate in peace the ravages they have committed on Christian people? Remember that their triumph will be the subject for grief to all ages, and an eternal opprobrium upon the generation that has endured it. Yes, the living God has charged me to announce to you that He will punish them who shall not have defended Him against his enemies. Fly then to arms; let a holy rage animate you in the fight, and let the Christian world resound with these words of the prophet, "Cursed be he who does not stain his sword with blood!" If the Lord calls you to the defense of His heritage, think not that His hand has lost its power. Could He not send twelve legions of angels, or breathe one word, and all His enemies would crumble away into dust? But God has considered the sons of men, to open for them the road to His mercy. His goodness has caused to dawn for you a day of safety, by calling on you to avenge His glory and His name. Christian warriors, He who gave His life for you, to-day demands yours in return. These are combats worthy of you, combats in which it is glorious to conquer and advantageous to die. Illustrious knights, generous defenders of the cross, remember the example of your fathers who conquered Jerusalem, and whose names are inscribed in Heaven; abandon then the things that perish, to gather unfading palms and conquer a kingdom which has no end.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS (1200-1280)

ALBERT THE GREAT, SCHOLASTIC LECTURER

ALBERTUS MAGNUS (or "Albert the Great"), a celebrated professor of Scholasticism—the theological philosophy of the Middle Ages—was born in Bavaria about 1200, the exact year of his birth being in doubt. Becoming a Dominican friar, he lectured on theology for three years at Paris, and for a long period at Cologne. For a few years he was Bishop of Ratisbon, but resigned that office, which he had never desired. Among the theologians and philosophers of his period he stood in the first rank, and was distinguished alike for an ardent love of knowledge, for modesty, and for an earnest and disinterested spirit. His works, which are numerous, treat of logic, theology, physics, and metaphysics, as these were understood in mediæval times.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION

[From one of the theological discourses of Albertus we make the following selection, which possesses a living interest to-day, in the lessons which are drawn from the incidents of the suffering of the Saviour.]

It was surrounded by the thick wreath of thorns even to the tender brain. Whence in the Prophet,—"the people hath surrounded me with the thorns of sin." And why was this, save that mine own head might not suffer, thine own conscience might not be wounded? His eyes grew dark in death; and those lights, which give light to the world, were for a time extinguished. And when they were clouded, there was darkness over all the earth, and with them the two great lights of the firmament were moved; to the end that thine eyes might be turned away, lest they should behold vanity; or, if they chance to behold it, might for His sake condemn it. Those ears, which in heaven unceasingly hear "Holy, Holy, Holy," vouchsafed on earth to be filled with: "Thou hast a devil,

Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !''—to the intent that thine ears might not be deaf to the cry of the poor, nor, open to idle tales, should readily receive the poison of distraction or of adulation. That fair face of Him that was fairer than the children of men, yea, than thousands of angels, was bedaubed with spitting, afflicted with blows, given up to mockery, to the end that thy face might be enlightened, and, being enlightened, might be strengthened, so that it might be said of thee, "His countenance is no more changed.'' That mouth, which teaches angels and instructs men, "which spake and it was done,'' was fed with gall and vinegar, that thy mouth might speak the truth, and might be opened to the praise of the Lord; and it was silent, lest thou shouldst lightly lend thy tongue to the expression of anger.

Those hands, which stretched abroad the heavens, were stretched out on the cross and pierced with most bitter nails; as saith Isaiah, "I have stretched forth my hands all the day to an unbelieving people.'' And David, "They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones.'' And St. Jerome says, "We may, in the stretching forth of His hands, understand the liberality of the giver, who denieth nothing to them that ask lovingly; who restored health to the leper that requested it of Him; enlightened him that was blind from his birth; fed the hungry multitude in the wilderness.'' And again he says, "The stretched-out hands denote the kindness of the parent, who desires to receive his children to his breast.'' And thus let thy hands be so stretched out to the poor that thou mayest be able to say, "My soul is always in my hand.'' For that which is held in the hand is not easily forgotten. So he may be said to call his soul to memory, who carries it, as it were, in his hands through the good opinion that men conceive of it. His hands were fixed, that they may instruct thee to hold back thy hands, with the nails of fear, from unlawful or harmful works.

That glorious breast, in which are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, is pierced with the lance of a soldier, to the end that thy heart might be cleansed from evil thoughts, and being cleansed might be sanctified, and being sanctified might be preserved. The feet, whose footstool the prophets commanded to be sanctified, were bitterly nailed to the cross, lest thy feet should sustain evil, or be swift to shed blood; but, running in the way of the Lord, stable in his path, and fixed in his road, might not turn aside to the right hand nor to the left. What could have been done more?

MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546)

THE FATHER OF THE REFORMATION

IN the year 1521, when Martin Luther agreed to attend the diet (or national assembly) of the German Empire at Worms, with the safe-conduct of the Emperor Charles V. in his pocket, his friends did their best to dissuade him from entering that city. Luther's reply is significant of the indomitable character of the man: "Were there as many devils in Worms as tiles upon the roofs of the houses, still would I enter." Fortunately for Luther, Charles was a man of honor, and although Luther defended his position and refused to retract, he was permitted to leave Worms—though the emperor decreed that he should be seized as soon as his safe-conduct had expired. But before that happened he was safely concealed in the solitary castle of Wartburg, under guard of a party of friendly knights. When he left that place of refuge the peril had passed away.

Luther was a man of strong zeal and intrepidity. His being called to Worms was due, not to his attacks upon the priesthood, but to his denial of the authority of the pope, whom he had assailed with all the fierce invective and vituperation which were common in the controversies of that age. A provocation of this kind the Church was not likely to let pass, and Luther's visit to Worms was attended with imminent peril. He met it fearlessly, disdainful of death or danger in face of the mission of his life.

DEFENCE BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS

[The charge against Luther was that he had written and disseminated false doctrines and virulent attacks on the Church, the priesthood, and the pope, and he was summoned to Worms with the demand that he should retract his heretical writings. He defended himself with tact and prudence, but with no yielding.]

MOST SERENE EMPEROR, ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCES, GRACIOUS LORDS:

In obedience to your commands given me yesterday, I stand here, beseeching you, as God is merciful, so to deign mercifully to listen to this cause; which is, as I believe, the cause of justice and of truth. And if, through inexperience, I should fail to apply to any his proper title, or offend in any way against the manners of courts, I entreat you to pardon me as one not conversant with courts, but rather with the cells of monks, and claiming no other merit than that of having spoken and written with that simplicity of mind which regards nothing but the glory of God and the pure instruction of the people of Christ.

Two questions have been proposed to me: Whether I acknowledge the books which are published in my name, and whether I am determined to defend or disposed to recall them. To the first of these I have given a direct answer, in which I shall ever persist, that these books are mine and published by me, except in so far as they may have been altered or interpolated by the craft or officiousness of rivals. To the other I am now about to reply; and I must first entreat your Majesty and your Highnesses to deign to consider that my books are not all of the same description. For there are some in which I have treated the piety of faith and morals with simplicity so evangelical that my very adversaries confess them to be profitable and harmless, and deserving the perusal of a Christian. Even the pope's bull, fierce and cruel as it is, admits some of my books to be innocent; though even those, with a monstrous perversity of judgment, it includes in the same sentence. If, then, I should think of retracting these, should I not stand alone in my condemnation of that truth which is acknowledged by the unanimous confession of all, whether friends or foes?

The second species of my publications is that in which I have inveighed against the papacy and the doctrine of the papists, as of men who by their iniquitous tenets and examples have desolated the Christian world, both with spiritual and temporal calamities. No man can deny or dissemble this. The sufferings and complaints of all men are my witnesses that, through the laws of the pope and the doctrines of men, the consciences of the faithful have been ensnared, tortured, and torn in pieces; while, at the same time, their property and substance have been devoured by an intolerable tyranny, and are still devoured without end and by degrading means; and that too, most of all, in this noble nation of Germany. Yet it is with them a perpetual statute, that the laws and doctrines of the pope be held erroneous and reprobate when they are contrary to the Gospel and the opinions of the Fathers.

If, then, I shall retract these books, I shall do no other than add

strength to tyranny, and throw open doors to this great impiety, which will then stride forth more widely and licentiously than it hath dared hitherto; so that the reign of iniquity will proceed with entire impunity, and, notwithstanding its intolerable oppression upon the suffering vulgar, be further still fortified and established; especially when it shall be proclaimed that I have been driven to this act by the authority of your serene Majesty and the whole Roman Empire. What a cloak, blessed Lord, should I then become for wickedness and despotism!

In a third description of my writings are those which I have published against individuals, against the defenders of the Roman tyranny and the subverters of the piety taught by men. Against these I do freely confess that I have written with more bitterness than was becoming either my religion or my profession; for, indeed, I lay no claim to any special sanctity, and argue not respecting my own life, but respecting the doctrine of Christ. Yet even these writings it is impossible for me to retract, seeing that through such retraction despotism and impiety would reign under my patronage, and rage with more than their former ferocity against the people of God.

Yet since I am but man and not God, it would not become me to go farther in defence of my tracts than my Lord Jesus went in defence of His doctrine; who, when he was interrogated before Annas, and received a blow from one of the officers, answered: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" If, then, the Lord himself, who knew His own infallibility, did not disdain to require arguments against His doctrine even from a person of low condition, how much rather ought I, who am the dregs of the earth and the very slave of error, to inquire and search if there be any to bear witness against my doctrine! Wherefore, I entreat you, by the mercies of God, that if there be any one of any condition who has that ability, let him overpower me by the sacred writings, prophetical and evangelical. And for my own part, as soon as I shall be better instructed I will retract my errors and be the first to cast my books into the flames.

[It being demanded that he should return a simple answer to a simple question, whether he would retract or not, he said:]

I cannot but choose to adhere to the Word of God, which has possession of my conscience; nor can I possibly, nor will I, ever make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God! Amen!

JOHN CALVIN (1509-1564)

THE FAMOUS REFORMER AND PREACHER

AFTER Luther, the leader of the Protestant Reformation, Calvin was the greatest of those who broke away from the Church of Rome, preached new doctrines and established a new Church. Destined for the Roman clergy, and appointed curé of Marteville, France, when only sixteen years of age, he early dissented from the theology of his Church, and began to preach the new doctrines of the Protestant faith. Soon he made France too hot for him, and fled from place to place, until he finally found a refuge in Geneva, Switzerland, where he founded a church and developed a sectarian faith which has since made its way throughout the Christian world.

Calvin was exceptionally clear and exact as a theological writer and acutely logical as a reasoner. Beza, one of his admirers, speaks in high terms of his oratory, saying that he "taught the truth, not with affected eloquence, but with such solid gravity of style that there was not a man who could hear him without being ravished with admiration."

THE COURAGE OF A CHRISTIAN

[As an example of Calvin's style of preaching we offer a brief extract from a sermon on the necessity of enduring persecution, and the reasons for doing so with courage and fortitude.]

A heathen could say that "It was a miserable thing to save life by giving up the only things which made life desirable!" And yet he, and others like him, never knew for what end men are placed in the world, and why they live in it. It is true they knew enough to say that men ought to follow virtue, to conduct themselves honestly and without reproach; but all their virtues were mere paint and smoke. We know far better what the chief aim of life should be; namely, to glorify God,

in order that he may be our glory. When this is not done, woe to us! And we cannot continue to live for a single moment upon the earth without heaping additional curses on our heads. Still, we are not ashamed to purchase some few days to languish here below, renouncing the eternal kingdom by separating ourselves from Him by whose energy we are sustained in life.

Were we to ask the most ignorant, not to say the most brutish, persons in the world why they live, they would not venture to answer simply, that it is to eat, and drink, and sleep; for all know that they have been created for a higher and holier end. And what end can we find if it be not to honor God, and allow ourselves to be governed by Him, like children by a good parent; so that after we have finished the journey of this corruptible life, we may be received into His eternal inheritance! Such is the principal, indeed the sole end. When we do not take it into account, and are intent on a brutish life, which is worse than a thousand deaths, what can we allege for our excuse? To live and not know why, is unnatural. To reject the causes for which we live, under the influence of a foolish longing for a respite of some few days, during which we are to live in the world, while separated from God—I know not how to name such infatuation and madness! . . . .

It were easy, indeed, for God to crown us at once, without requiring us to sustain any combats; but as it is His pleasure that until the end of the world Christ shall reign in the midst of His enemies, so it is also His pleasure that we, being placed in the midst of them, shall suffer their oppression and violence till He deliver us. I know, indeed, that the flesh kicks when it is to be brought to this point, but still the will of God must have the mastery. If we feel some repugnance in ourselves, it need not surprise us; for it is only too natural for us to shun the cross. Still let us not fail to surmount it, knowing that God accepts our obedience, provided we bring all our feelings and wishes into captivity, and make them subject to him. . . . .

In ancient times, vast numbers of people, to obtain a simple crown of leaves, refused no toil, no pain, no trouble; nay, it even cost them nothing to die, and yet every one of them fought for a peradventure, not knowing whether he was to gain or lose the prize. God holds forth to us the immortal crown by which we may become partakers of His glory. He does not mean us to fight at haphazard, but all of us have a promise of the prize for which we strive. Have we any cause then to decline the struggle? Do we think it has been said in vain, "If we die with Jesus Christ we shall also live with Him?" Our triumph is prepared, and yet we do all we can to shun the combat.

JACQUES BENIGNE BOSSUET (1627-1704)

FRANCE'S GREATEST PULPIT ORATOR

THREE great contemporary orators graced the reign of Louis XIV., Bossuet, Fénelon and Bourdaloue, followed by a fourth, Massillon, in the later years of the reign of the "Grand Monarque." Of these, Bossuet has by some been ranked with Mirabeau as the greatest of French orators, though to-day he does not find as many readers as his rival, Fénelon. Bossuet became the recognized champion in France of the Romish Church, converting many Protestants by his sermons at Metz, and numbering the Marshal de Turenne among his converts at Paris. He was distinguished not alone for eloquence, but made himself famous also by his writings. His "Discourse on Universal History," says Hallam, "is perhaps the greatest effort of his wonderful genius." . . . Among his most admired productions are six funeral orations, those on Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, and on the Prince de Condé being especially famous as models of eloquence.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF CONDÉ

[We cannot give a better example of Bossuet's powers than by selecting from his noble address in memory of his friend, the great Condé. It is highly eulogistic throughout, and in this style of oratorical composition remains unsurpassed. We append the closing section of this admirable address, in which the story of a great life is supplemented by that of a noble death.]

The Prince of Condé grew weaker, but death concealed his approach. When he seemed to be somewhat restored, and the Duke d'Enghien, ever occupied between his duties as a son and his duties as a subject, had returned by his order to the king, in an instant all was changed, and his approaching death was announced to the prince. Christians, give attention, and here learn to die, or rather learn not to wait for the last hour to begin to live well. What! expect to commence a new life when, seized

by the freezing grasp of death, ye know not whether ye are among the living or the dead? Ah! prevent, by penitence, that hour of trouble and darkness! Thus, without being surprised at that final sentence communicated to him, the Prince remained for a moment in silence, and then all at once exclaimed: "Thou dost will it, O my God, thy will be done! Give me grace to die well!" What more could you desire? In that brief prayer you see submission to the will of God, reliance on His Providence, trust in His grace, and all devotion.

From that time, such as he had been in all combats—serene, self-possessed, and occupied without anxiety, only with what was necessary to sustain them—such also he was in that last conflict. Death appeared to him no more frightful, pale, and languishing, than amid the fires of battle and in the prospect of victory. While sobbings were heard all around him, he continued, as if another than himself were their object, to give his orders; and if he forbade them weeping, it was not because it was a distress to him, but simply a hindrance. At that time he extended his cares to the least of his domestics. With a liberality worthy of his birth and of their services, he loaded them with gifts, and honored them still more with mementos of his regard. . . . .

Tranquil in the arms of his God, he waited for His salvation, and implored His support until he finally ceased to breathe. And here our lamentations ought to break forth at the loss of so great a man. But for the love of the truth, and the shame of those who despise it, listen once more to that noble testimony which he bore to it in dying. Informed by his confessor that if our heart is not entirely right with God, we must, in our addresses, ask God himself to make it such as he pleases, and address Him in the affecting language of David, "O God, create in me a clean heart." Arrested by these words, the prince pauses, as if occupied by some great thought; then calling the ecclesiastic who had suggested the idea, he says: "I have never doubted the mysteries of religion, as some have reported." Christians, ye ought to believe him; for in the state he then was, he owed to the world nothing but truth. "But," added he, "I doubt them less than ever. May these truths," he continued, "reveal and develop themselves more and more clearly in my mind. Yes!" says he, "we shall see God as He is, face to face!" With a wonderful relish he repeated in Latin those lofty words—"As He is—face to face!" Nor could those around him grow weary of seeing him in so sweet a transport.

What was then taking place in that soul! What new light dawned upon him? What sudden ray pierced the cloud, and instantly dissipated, not only all the darkness of sense, but the very shadows, and, if I dare to say it, the sacred obscurities of faith? What then became of those

splendid titles by which our pride is flattered? On the very verge of glory, and in the dawning of a light so beautiful, how rapidly vanish the phantoms of the world! How dim appears the splendor of the most glorious victory! How profoundly we despise the glory of the world, and how deeply regret that our eyes were ever dazzled by its radiance. Come, ye people, come now—or rather ye princes and lords, ye judges of the earth, and ye who open to man the portals of heaven; and more than all others, ye princes and princesses, nobles descended from a long line of kings, lights of France, but to-day in gloom, and covered with your grief, as with a cloud,—come and see how little remains of a birth so august, a grandeur so high, a glory so dazzling! Look around on all sides, and see all that magnificence and devotion can do to honor so great a hero; titles and inscriptions, vain signs of that which is no more—shadows which weep around a tomb, fragile images of a grief which time sweeps away with everything else; columns which appear as if they would bear to heaven the magnificent evidence of our emptiness; nothing, indeed, is wanting in all these honors but he to whom they are rendered! Weep then over these feeble remains of human life; weep over that mournful immortality we give to heroes.

But draw near, especially ye who run, with such ardor, the career of glory, intrepid and warrior spirits! Who was more worthy to command you, and in whom did ye find command more honorable? Mourn then that great Captain, and weeping, say: "Here is a man that led us through all hazards, under whom were formed so many renowned captains, raised by his example, to the highest honors of war; his shadow might yet gain battles; and lo! in his silence his very name animates us, and at the same time warns us, that to find, at death, some rest from our toils, and not arrive unprepared at our eternal dwelling, we must, with an earthly king, yet serve the King of Heaven." Serve, then, that immortal and ever merciful King, who will value a sigh, or a cup of cold water, given in His name, more than all others will value the shedding of your blood. And begin to reckon the time of your useful services from the day on which you gave yourselves to so beneficent a Master. Will not ye too come, ye whom he honored by making you his friends? To whatever extent you enjoyed this confidence, come all of you, and surround this tomb. Mingle your prayers with your tears; and while admiring, in so great a prince, a friendship so excellent, an intercourse so sweet, preserve the remembrance of a hero whose goodness equaled his courage. Thus may he ever prove your cherished instructor; thus may you profit by his virtues; and may his death, which you deplore, serve you at once for consolation and example.

LOUIS BOURDALOUE (1632-1704)

THE COURT PREACHER OF LOUIS XIV.

THE reign of Louis XIV. of France was distinguished by a trio of eminent pulpit orators, among whom Bourdaloue was one of the most esteemed. Louis was so charmed by his sermons that he said, he "loved better to hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue than the novelties of any other preacher." And Madame de Sévigné, in her inimitable letters, speaks of "his beautiful, his noble, his astonishing sermons." Appointed court-preacher at Paris in 1669, for more than twenty years he preached during Lent and Advent.

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

[One of the most famous of the sermons preached by Bourdaloue before King Louis, was that on the Passion of Christ. From this we select a passage sufficient to show how aptly and effectively he applied this topic to the prevailing sins of the court and the world.]

The Passion of Jesus Christ, however sorrowful and ignominious it may appear to us, must nevertheless have been to Jesus Christ himself an object of delight, since this God-man, by a wonderful secret of His wisdom and love, has willed that the mystery of it shall be continued and solemnly renewed in His Church until the final consummation of the world. For what is the Eucharist but a perpetual repetition of the Saviour's Passion, and what has the Saviour proposed in instituting it, but that whatever passed at Calvary is not only represented but consummated on our altars? That is to say, that He is still performing the functions of the victim anew, and is every moment virtually sacrificed, as though it were not sufficient that He should have suffered once. At least that His love, as powerful as it is free, has given to His adorable sufferings that character of perpetuity which they have in the Sacrament, and which renders them so salutary to us. Behold, Christians, what the love of a God has devised; but behold,

also, what has happened through the malice of men! At the same time that Jesus Christ, in the sacrament of His body, repeats His holy Passion in a manner altogether mysterious, men, the false imitators, or rather base corruptors, of the works of God, have found means to renew this same Passion, not only in a profane, but in a criminal, sacrilegious, and horrible manner.

Do not imagine that I speak figuratively. Would to God, Christians, that what I am going to say to you were only a figure, and that you were justified in vindicating yourselves to-day against the horrible expressions which I am obliged to employ! I speak in the literal sense; and you ought to be more affected with this discourse, if what I advance appears to you to be overcharged; for it is by your excesses that it is so, and not by my words. Yes, my dear hearers, the sinners of the age, by the disorder of their lives, renew the bloody and tragic Passion of the Son of God in the world; I will venture to say that the sinners of the age cause the Son of God, even in the state of glory, as many new passions as they have committed outrages against Him by their actions! Apply yourselves to form an idea of them; and in this picture, which will surprise you, recognize what you are, that you may weep bitterly over yourselves! What do we see in the Passion of Jesus Christ? A Divine Saviour betrayed and abandoned by cowardly disciples, persecuted by pontiffs and hypocritical priests, ridiculed and mocked in the palace of Herod by impious courtiers, placed upon a level with Barabbas, and to whom Barabbas is preferred by a blind and inconstant people, exposed to the insults of libertinism, and treated as a mocking by a troop of soldiers equally barbarous and insolent; in fine, crucified by merciless executioners. Behold, in a few words, what is most humiliating and most cruel in the death of the Saviour of the world! Then tell me if this is not precisely what we now see, of what we are every day called to be witnesses. Let us resume; and follow me.

Betrayed and abandoned by cowardly disciples: such, O Divine Saviour, has been Thy destiny. But it was not enough that the Apostles, the first men whom Thou didst choose for Thine own, in violation of the most holy engagement, should have forsaken Thee in the last scene of Thy life; that one of them should have sold Thee, another renounced Thee, and all disgraced themselves by a flight which was, perhaps, the most sensible of all the wounds that Thou didst feel in dying. This wound must be again opened by a thousand acts of infidelity yet more scandalous. Even in the Christian ages we must see men bearing the character of Thy disciples, and not having the resolution to sustain it; Christians, prevaricators, and deserters from their faith; Christians

ashamed of declaring themselves for Thee, not daring to appear what they are, renouncing at least in the exterior what they have professed, flying when they ought to fight; in a word, Christians in form, ready to follow Thee, even to the Supper, when in prosperity and while it required no sacrifice, but resolved to abandon Thee in the amount of temptation. It is on your account, and my own, my dear hearers, that I speak, and behold what ought to be the subject of our sorrow.

Remember, but with fear and horror, that the greatest persecutors of Jesus Christ are not lay libertines, but wicked priests; and that among the wicked priests those whose corruption and iniquity are covered with the veil of hypocricy are His most dangerous and cruel enemies. A hatred disguised under the name of zeal, and covered with the specious pretext of observance of the law, was the first movement of the persecution which the Pharisees and the priests raised against the Son of God. Let us fear lest the same passion should blind us! "Wretched passion," exclaims Saint Bernard, "which spreads the venom of its malignity even over the most lovely of the children of men, and which could not see a God upon earth without hating Him!" A hatred not only of prosperity and happiness, but what is yet more strange, of the merit and perfection of others! A cowardly and shameful passion, which, not content with having caused the death of Jesus Christ, continues to persecute Him by rending His mystical body, which is the Church; dividing His members, which are believers; and stifling in their hearts that charity which is the spirit of Christianity! Behold, my brethren, the subtle temptation against which we have to defend ourselves, and under which it is but too common for us to fall!

A Redeemer reviled and mocked in the palace of Herod by the impious creatures of his court! This was, without doubt, one of the most sensible insults which Jesus Christ received. But do not suppose, Christians, that this act of impiety ended there. It has passed from the court of Herod, from that prince destitute of religion, into those even of Christian princes. And is not the Saviour still a subject of ridicule to the libertine spirits which compose them? They worship Him externally, but internally how do they regard His maxims? What idea have they of His humility, of His poverty, and of His sufferings? Is not virtue either unknown or despised? It is not a rash zeal which induces me to speak in this manner; it is what you too often witness, Christians; it is what you perhaps feel in yourselves; and a little reflection upon the manners of the court will convince you that there is nothing that I say which is not confirmed by a thousand examples, and that you yourselves are sometimes unhappy accomplices in these crimes.

FRANCOIS FENELON (1651-1715)

THE MASTER OF FRENCH ELOQUENCE

FRANCE has produced no more consummate master of the art of graceful oratory than François de Salignac de la Motte Fénelon, Archbishop de Cambray, to give him his full title. He shared with Bossuet and Bourdaloue the honor of being one of the three great orators of the classic age of Louis XIV. Though an ecclesiastic and a pulpit orator of the finest powers, as an author he occupied largely the secular field, producing a number of works, of which much the most famous is the admirable "Les Aventures de Télémaque," still one of the most popular works in the French language. Appointed by Louis XIV. preceptor to his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy and heir to the throne, Fénelon wrote several works for the benefit of his pupil, one of them being "Télémaque." This brought him into disgrace with Louis, who regarded it as a satire on his despotic rule. But Fénelon, though banished from court, made himself felt from his archbishopric of Cambray, and was honored for virtue and wisdom throughout Europe. La Bruyère says: "We feel the power and ascendency of his rare genius, whether he preaches without preparation, or pronounces a studied discourse, or explains his thoughts in conversation." Mathews says of his eloquence: "What cultivated man needs to be told of the sweet persuasions that dwelt upon the tongue of the Swan of Cambray?"

GOD REVEALED IN NATURE

[From one of Fénelon's discourses we copy the following treatment of the oft-handled subject that the system of Nature yields indubitable evidence of the hand of a Creator. There is nothing original in his argument, but the subject is effectively handled.]

I cannot open my eyes without discovering the skill that everything in nature displays. A single glance enables me to perceive the hand that has made all things. Men accustomed to meditate upon abstract truths, and recur to first principles, recognize the Divinity by the idea of Him they find in their minds. But the more direct this road is, the more it is untrodden and neglected by common men, who follow their own imagination. It is so simple a demonstration, that from this very cause it escapes those minds incapable of a purely intellectual operation. And the more perfect this way of discovering the Supreme Being is, the fewer are the minds that can follow it. But there is another method less perfect, but more nearly adapted to the capacity of all. Those who exercise their reason the least, those who are the most affected by their senses, may, at a single glance, discover Him who is represented in all His works. The wisdom and power that God has manifested in everything He has made reflect the name as in a mirror of Him whom they have not been able to discover in their own minds. This is a popular philosophy addressed to the senses, which every one, without prejudice or passion, is capable of acquiring.

A man whose heart is entirely engaged in some grand concern might pass many days in a room, attending to his affairs, without seeing either the proportions of the room, the ornaments on the chimney, or the pictures that surrounded him. All these objects would be before his eyes, but he would not see them, and they would make no impression upon him. Thus it is that men live. Everything presents God to them, but they do not see Him. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him; and, nevertheless, the world has not known Him. They pass their lives without seeing this representation of the Deity, so completely do the fascinations of life obscure their vision. Saint Augustine says that the wonders of the universe are lowered in our estimation by their repetition. Cicero says the same thing: "Forced to view the same things every day, the mind as well as the eye is accustomed to them. It does not admire nor take any pains to discover the cause of events that it always observes to take place in just the same way; as if it were the novelty rather than the grandeur of a thing that should lead us to this investigation." But all nature shows the infinite skill of its author. I maintain that accident, that is, a blind and fortuitous succession of events, could never have produced all we see. It is well to adduce here one of the celebrated comparisons of the ancients.

Who would believe that the "Iliad" of Homer was not composed by the efforts of a great poet, but that the characters of the alphabet, being thrown confusedly together, an accidental stroke had placed the letters precisely in such relative positions as to produce verses so full of harmony

and variety, painting each object with all that was most noble, most graceful, and most touching in its features; in fine, making each person speak in character and with such spirit and nature? Let any one reason with as much subtlety as he may, he would persuade no man in his senses that the "Iliad" had no author but accident. Why, then, should a man possessing his reason believe with regard to the universe, a work unquestionably more wonderful than the "Iliad," what his good sense will not allow him to regard of this poem?

[The speaker draws some other illustrations from nature and the works of man, and then considers the soul of man and the mystery of its action and effect upon the body. He concludes as follows:]

The power of the soul over the body, which is so absolute, is at the same time a blind one. The most ignorant man moves his body as well as the best instructed anatomist. The player on the flute who perfectly understands all the chords of his instrument, who sees it with his eyes and touches it with his fingers, often makes mistakes. But the soul that governs the mechanism of the human body can move every spring without seeing it, without understanding its figure, or situation, or strength; and never mistakes. How wonderful is this! My soul commands what it does not know, what it cannot see, and what it is incapable of knowing, and is infallibly obeyed! How great its ignorance and how great its power! The blindness is ours, but the power—where is it? To whom shall we attribute it, if not to Him who sees what man cannot see, and gives him the power to perform what passes his own comprehension.

Let the universe be overthrown and annihilated, let there be no minds to reason upon these truths, they will still remain equally true; as the rays of the sun would be no less real if men should be blind and not see them. "In feeling assured," says Saint Augustine, "that two and two make four, we are not only certain that we say what is true, but we have no doubt that this proposition has been always, and will continually and eternally be true."

Let man then admire what he understands, and let him be silent when he cannot comprehend. There is nothing in the universe that does not equally bear these two opposite characters, the stamp of the Creator and the mark of the nothingness from which it is drawn, and into which it may at any moment be resolved.

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON (1663-1742)

THE FAMOUS BISHOP OF CLERMONT

AMONG the pulpit orators of France, Massillon holds a place of high celebrity. A native of Provence, his life was chiefly spent in Paris, where, after the death of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, he was esteemed the ablest of preachers. He preached before Louis XIV., delivered the funeral sermon of the great monarch, and in 1715, after being made Bishop of Clermont, preached before the new king what is considered his masterpiece, the Lent sermon, called "Petit-Carême." Massillon's diction was simple and unaffected, while he was a master of pathos and knew how to penetrate to the depths of the human heart. Voltaire kept a volume of his sermons constantly on his desk, as a model of eloquence, and thought him "the preacher who best understood the world." Louis XIV. gave strong testimony to the power and independence of spirit of Massillon in his remark: "Other preachers make me pleased with them, but Massillon makes me displeased with myself."

THE INIQUITY OF EVIL SPEAKING

[As an example of Massillon's style we offer the following brief extract from one of his sermons, in which the harm of which the human tongue is capable, when turned to evil speech, is vividly portrayed.]

The tongue, says the Apostle James, is a devouring fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. And behold what I would have applied to the tongue of the evil speaker, had I undertaken to give you a just and natural idea of all the enormity of this vice; I would have said that the tongue of the slanderer is a devouring fire which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain, equally as on the chaff; on the profane, as on the sacred; which, wherever it

passes, leaves only desolation and ruin; digs even into the bowels of the earth, and fixes itself on things the most hidden; turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us so precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever in the time when it is apparently smothered up and almost extinct; which blackens what it cannot consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys.

I would have told you that evil speaking is an assemblage of iniquity; a secret pride, which discovers to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the beam which is in our own; a mean envy, which, hurt at the talents or prosperity of others, makes them the subject of its censures, and studies to dim the splendor of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds, in its speeches, the hidden venom of the heart; an unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face and tears to pieces behind the back; a shameful levity, which has no command over itself or its words, and often sacrifices both fortune and comfort to the imprudence of an amusing conversation; a deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce your absent brother; a scandal, where you become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to you; an injustice, where you ravish from your brother what is dearest to him.

I should have said that slander is a restless evil, which disturbs society, spreads dissension through cities and countries, disunites the strictest friendships; is the source of hatred and revenge; fills, wherever it enters, with disturbances and confusion, and everywhere is an enemy to peace, comfort and Christian good breeding. Lastly, I should have added that it is an evil full of deadly poison; that whatever flows from it is infected, and poisons whatever it approaches; that even its praises are empoisoned, its applauses malicious, its silence criminal, its gestures, motions, and looks, have all their venom, and spread it each in their way.

Behold what in this discourse it would have been my duty, more at large, to have exposed to your view, had I not proposed to paint to you only the vileness of the vice which I am now going to combat; but as I have already said, these are only general invectives, which none apply to themselves. The more odious the vice is represented, the less do you perceive yourselves concerned in it; and though you acknowledge the principle, you make no use of it in the regulation of your manners; because, in these general paintings, we always find features which do not resemble ourselves. I wish, therefore, to confine myself at present to the single object of making you feel all the injustice of that description of slander which you think the more innocent; and, lest you should not feel yourself connected with what I shall say, I shall attack it only in the pretexts which you continually employ in its justification . . . .

I know that it is, above all, by the innocency of the intention that you pretend to justify yourself; that you continually say that your design is not to tarnish the reputation of your brother, but innocently to divert yourself with faults which do not dishonor him in the eyes of the world. You, my dear hearer, to divert yourself with his faults! But what is that cruel pleasure which carries sorrow and bitterness to the heart of your brother? Where is the innocency of an amusement whose source springs from vices which ought to inspire you with compassion and grief? If Jesus Christ forbids us in the Gospel to invigorate the languors of conversation by idle words, shall it be more permitted to you to enliven it by derisions and censures? If the law curses him who uncovers the nakedness of his relatives, shall you who add raillery and insult to the discovery be more protected from that malediction? If whoever call his brother fool be worthy, according to Jesus Christ, of eternal fire, shall he who renders him the contempt and laughingstock of the profane assembly escape the same punishment? You, to amuse yourself with his faults! But does charity delight in evil? Is that rejoicing in the Lord, as commanded by the apostle? If you love your brother as yourself, can you delight in what afflicts him? Ah! the Church formerly held in horror the exhibition of gladiators, and denied that believers, brought up in the tenderness and benignity of Jesus Christ, could innocently feast their eyes with the blood and death of these unfortunate slaves, or form a harmless recreation of so inhuman a pleasure. But you renew more detestable shows to enliven your languor; you bring upon the stage not infamous wretches devoted to death, but members of Jesus Christ, your brethren; and then you entertain the spectators with wounds which you inflict on persons rendered sacred by baptism. Is it then necessary that your brother should suffer to amuse you? Can you find no delight in your conversations unless his blood, as I may say, is furnished toward your iniquitous pleasure?

BOOK III.

British Orators of the Middle Period

FROM the days of the decadence of classic oratory to those of the famous orators of England, France and the United States who gave lustre to the latter part of the nineteenth century, a period elapsed of many centuries in duration, during which the voice of the orator was, no doubt, abundantly heard, yet few examples of what he had to say were put upon record, and these much more largely in the Church than in legislative or judicial halls. That in so extended a time many orators of marked ability must have arisen can scarcely be questioned, though we do not possess many animated examples of the art. One important occasion for its exercise was the Puritan Revolution in England, when the halls of Parliament rang with the voices of such ardent patriots as Eliot, Pym and their fellows. Some of the speeches of these have been preserved, and forensic oratory also has left us some interesting examples. While, as above said, the great sum of the oratory of the long period in question has vanished, some of it has found a foothold in literature. In England these examples chiefly extend from the Elizabethan reign down to the great renaissance of oratory after the middle of the eighteenth century. The records are not extensive. We have not a word, for instance, from an orator of the fame of Lord Bolingbroke. Yet others have been more fortunate in the preservation of their speeches, and selections from some of the more notable of these may be fitly given, as specimens of the driftwood of oratory which has reached us from the past centuries.

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN SCIENCE

THAT Bacon was the author of the plays of Shakespeare has been iterated and reiterated, with no small array of arguments, but with nothing that is likely to be accepted as proof. If Bacon's future fame was to depend upon the outcome of this contention, it would be small indeed. Or, if it depended on his political reputation, it would be the reverse of desirable, since his craving for power and place, and his greed of money, ended in his being convicted of accepting bribes and perverting justice, and sentenced to be fined £40,000, imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and banished from Parliament and the court. A sad ending this to what might, but for the faults stated, have been a great and noble career.

Aside from all this, Bacon was intellectually one of the greatest men of his age, a philosopher, a scientist, an essayist of the highest type. Most important among his works is the "Novum Organum, or Indications Respecting the Interpretations of Nature," in which the inductive system of science—the observation of facts and drawing of conclusions from them alone—is first advanced. Best known and most read among his works is his "Essays," concise in language, pithy in style, marked by keenness and accuracy of observation, and full of practical wisdom. Of the able writers of that great age, Bacon stands next to Shakespeare in intellectual power and elevation, and in modern appreciation.

THE EVILS OF DUELING

[A contemporary of Bacon speaks of him as "the eloquentest man in England. Those who read such examples of his oratory as exist will scarcely agree with this, admit that his Star Chamber arguments are in any sense eloquent. For the latter quality we should rather seek his essays than his speeches. We append a brief example of his style.]

My lords, I thought it fit for my place, and for these times, to bring to hearing before your lordships some cause touching private duels, to see if this Court can do any good to claim and reclaim that evil, which seems unbridled. And I could have wished that I could have met with some greater persons, as a subject for your censure; both because it had been more worthy of this presence, and also the better to have shown the resolution I myself have to proceed without respect of persons in this business. But finding this cause on foot in my predecessor's time, I thought to lose no time in a mischief that groweth every day; and, besides, it passes not amiss sometimes in government, that the greater sort be admonished by an example made in the meaner, and the dog to be eaten before the lion. Nay, I should think, my lords, that men of birth and quality will leave the practice, when it begins to be vilified and to come so low as to barber-surgeons and butchers, and such base mechanical persons. And for the greatness of this presence, in which I take much comfort, both as I consider it in itself, and much more in respect it is by his Majesty's direction, I will supply the meanness of the particular cause by handling of the general point; to the end that by the occasion of this present cause, both my purpose of prosecution against duels and the opinion of the court—without which I am nothing—for the censure of them may appear, and thereby offenders of that kind may read their own case, and know what they are to expect; which may serve for a warning until example may be made in some greater person,—which I doubt the times will but too soon afford.

Therefore, before I come to the particular, whereof your lordships are now to judge, I think the time best spent to speak somewhat (1) of the nature and greatness of this mischief; (2) of the causes and remedies; (3) of the justice of the law of England, which some stick not to think defective in this matter; (4) of the capacity of this Court, where certainly the remedy of this mischief is best to be found; (5) touching mine own purpose and resolution, wherein I shall humbly crave your lordships' aid and assistance.

For the mischief itself, may it please your lordships to take into your consideration that, when revenge is once extorted out of the magistrate's hands, contrary to God's ordinance, *mihi vindicta, ego retribuam;* and every man shall bear the sword, not to defend, but to assail, and private men begin once to presume to give law to themselves and to right their own wrongs: no man can foresee the danger and inconveniences that may arise and multiply thereupon. It may cause sudden storms in Court to the disturbance of his Majesty and unsafety of his person. It may grow from quarrels to bandying, and from bandying to trooping, and so to

tumult and commotion; from particular persons to dissention of families and alliances; yes, to national quarrels, according to the infinite variety of accidents, which fall not under foresight. So that the state by this means shall be like to a distempered and imperfect body, continually subject to inflammations and convulsions.

Besides, certainly both in divinity and in policy, offenses of presumption are the greatest. Other offenses yield and consent to the law that it is good, not daring to make defense, or to justify themselves; but this offense expressly gives the law an affront, as if it were two laws, one a kind of gown law and the other a law of reputation, as they term it. So that Paul's and Westminister, the pulpit and the Courts of justice, must give place to the law, as the King speaketh in his proclamation, or ordinary tables, and such reverend assemblies; the yearbooks and statute books must give place to some French and Italian pamphlets, which handle the doctrines of duels,—which, if they be in the right, *transeamus ad illa*, let us receive them, and not keep the people in conflict and distraction between two laws.

Again, my lords, it is a miserable effect, when young men full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call "*Auroræ filii*," sons of the morning, in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner. But much more it is to be deplored when so much noble and genteel blood should be spilt upon such follies, as, if it were adventured in the field in service of the King and realm, were able to make the fortune of a day and change the future of a kingdom. So your lordships see what a desperate evil this is: it troubleth peace; it disfurnisheth war; it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the State, and contempt upon the law.

SIR EDWARD COKE (1552-1633)

THE EMINENT ENGLISH JURIST

THE name of Sir Edward Coke is one of the most famous in English legal lore, through his inestimable work, "Coke upon Littleton," which is of the highest authority in English law and a rich mine of legal learning. Blackstone, another noted legal author, says of it: "He hath thrown together an infinite treasure of learning in a loose, desultory manner." Adopting the law as his profession, Coke rapidly acquired a very extensive practice, was appointed Solicitor-General in 1592 and Attorney-General in 1594, and was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1593. In 1613 he became Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, from which he was removed in 1616, because he was not sufficiently obseqious to the court or king. In 1622, he was imprisoned for months in the Tower for his opposition to the court party, and, subsequently, as a member of Parliament, he zealously opposed the arbitrary measures of the court, and was a leader of the popular party. He has been severely censured for his insolence to Raleigh when on trial before him, and for his cruelty in applying torture to persons charged with crime.

THE CHARGES IN RALEIGH'S CASE

[Coke's oratory was chiefly legal, of which we give a brief example from his charge in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh for high-treason. Raleigh was accused in 1602 of taking part in what was known as Lord Cobham's conspiracy against the king. Tried in 1603, he was convicted without satisfactory proof, his demeanor during the trial—in which Coke assailed him with great severity—being such as to change the public hostility to sympathy and admiration. In the following Coke marshals against him various intended delinqueneies with which Raleigh had nothing to do.]

My speech shall chiefly touch these three points: imitation, supportation, and defence. The imitation of evil ever exceeds the precedent; as, on the contrary, imitation of good ever comes short. Mischief cannot be supported but by mischief; yea, it will so multiply that it will bring all

to confusion. Mischief is ever underpropped by falsehood or foul practices; and because all these things did occur in this treason, you shall understand the ruin, as before ye did the bye.

The treason of the bye consisteth in these points: First, that the Lords Grey, Brooks, Markham, and the rest intended by force in the night to surprise the King's Court, which was a rebellion in the heart of the realm,—yea, in the heart of the heart, in the Court. They intended to take him that is a sovereign to make him subject to their power; purposing to open the doors with muskets and cavaliers, and to take also the Prince and the Council; then, under the King's authority, to carry the King to the Tower, and to make a stale of the admiral.

When they had the King there to extort three things from him: First, a pardon for all their treasons; second, a toleration of the Roman superstition—which their eyes shall sooner fall out than they shall ever see; for the King has spoken these words in the hearing of many: "I will lose the crown and my life before ever I will alter religion." And, third, to remove counselors.

In the room of the Lord Chancellor they would have placed one Watson, a priest, absurd in humanity and ignorant in divinity. Brook, of whom I will speak nothing, was to be Lord Treasurer. The Great Secretary must be Markham, *oculus patriæ*. A hole must be found in my Lord Chief-Justice's coat. Grey must be Earl-Marshal and Master of the Horse, because he would have a table in the Court; marry, he would advance the Earl of Worcester to a higher place.

All this cannot be done without a multitude; therefore, Watson, the priest, tells a resolute man that the King was in danger of Puritans and Jesuits, so as to bring him in blindfold into the action, saying, "That the King is no king until he be crowned; therefore, every man might right his own wrongs." But he is *rex natus*, his dignity descends as well as yours, my lords.

Then Watson imposeth a blasphemous oath, that they should swear to defend the King's person; to keep secret what was given them in charge; and seek all ways and means to advance the Catholic religion. Then they intend to send for the Lord Mayor and the alderman, in the King's name, to the Tower, lest they should make any resistance, and then to take hostages of them, and to enjoin them to provide for them victuals and munition. Grey, because the King removed before midsummer, had a further reach; to get a company of swordsmen to assist the action; therefore he would stay till he had obtained a regiment from Ostend or Austria. So you see these treasons were like Sampson's foxes, which were joined in their tails though their heads were severed.

SIR JOHN ELIOT (1590–1632)

A MARTYR TO ENGLISH LIBERTY

AMONG the famous statesmen and orators of the Parliaments of Charles I. Sir John Eliot occupied a high position, and was a leader among those who protested against the arbitrary acts of the King. The impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham was due to a powerful speech made by him, and for this he was imprisoned for a time in the Tower. Again, in 1629, he offended the King by remonstrating against his acts of tyranny, and was once more sent to prison for his boldness. Here, as he refused to retract, he was confined in a dark and cheerless apartment which ruined his health.

As an orator Eliot had remarkable powers. "He had," says Forster, "some of the highest qualities as an orator—singular power of statement, clearness and facility in handling details, pointed classical allusions, keen and logical argument, forcible and rich declamation."

THE PERILS OF THE KINGDOM

[On the 3d of June, 1628, Eliot delivered a bold speech in the House of Commons, in support of the "Petition of Right," in which he brought severe and daring charges against the delinquency of the Government, attacking it in a strenuous manner, which strongly recalls that of Demosthenes. We give his eloquent peroration.]

The exchequer, you know, is empty, and the reputation thereof gone; the ancient lands are sold; the jewels pawned; the plate engaged; the debt still great; almost all charges, both ordinary and extraordinary, borne up by projects! What poverty can be greater? What necessity so great? What perfect English heart is not almost dissolved into sorrow for this truth?

For the oppression of the subject, which, as I remember, is the next particular I proposed, it needs no demonstration. The whole kingdom is a proof; and, for the exhausting of our treasures. that very oppression

speaks it. What waste of our provisions, what consumption of our ships, what destruction of our men there hath been? Witness that expedition to Algiers; witness that with Mansfeldt; witness that to Cadiz; witness the next—witness that to Rhe; witness the last (I pray God we may never have more such witnesses!)—witness, likewise, the Palatinate; witness Denmark, witness the Turks, witness the Dunkirkers, witness all! What losses we have sustained! How we are impaired in munitions, in ships, in men! It is beyond contradiction that we were never so weakened, nor ever had less hope how to be restored.

These, Mr. Speaker, are our dangers, these are they who do threaten us, and these are, like the Trojan horse, brought in cunningly to surprise us. In these do lurk the strongest of our enemies, ready to issue on us; and if we do not speedily expel them, these are the signs, these are the invitations to others! These will so prepare their entrance that we shall have no means left of refuge or defence; for if we have these enemies at home, how can we strive with those that are abroad? If we be free from these, no other can impeach us. Our ancient English virtue (like the old Spartan valor) cleared from these disorders—our being in sincerity of religion and once made friends with Heaven; having maturity of councils, sufficiency of generals, incorruption of officers, opulency in the King, liberty in the people, repletion in treasure, plenty of provisions, reparation of ships, preservation of men—our ancient English virtue, I say, thus rectified, will secure us; and unless there be a speedy reformation in these, I know not what hopes or expectations we can have.

These are the things, sir, I shall desire to have taken into consideration; that as we are the great council of the kingdom, and have the apprehension of these dangers, we may truly represent them unto the King, which I conceive we are bound to do by a triple obligation—of duty to God, of duty to his Majesty, and of duty to our country.

And therefore I wish it may so stand with the wisdom and judgment of the House that these things may be drawn into the body of remonstrance, and in all humility expressed, with a prayer to his Majesty that, for the safety of himself, for the safety of the kingdom, and for the safety of religion, he will be pleased to give us time to make perfect inquisition thereof, or to take them into his own wisdom, and there give them such timely reformation as the necessity and justice of the case doth import.

And thus, sir, with a large affection and loyalty to his Majesty, and with a firm duty and service to my country, I have suddenly (and it may be with some disorder) expressed the weak apprehensions I have; wherein if I erred, I humbly crave your pardon, and so submit myself to the censure of the House.

JOHN PYM (1584-1643)

THE ELOQUENT CHAMPION OF RIGHT

WHEN Pym, as a leader in the Parliamentary opposition, went with some fellow-members to present a petition to James I., this Scotch King of England cried out in his native dialect, "Chairs! chairs! here be twal kyngs comin." And as King Pym he was known till the day of his death. In the Parliaments of Charles I. Pym was one of the most active of the members in opposition to the arbitrary acts of the king. In 1628 he ably supported Sir John Eliot in the debate on the Petition of Right, and in the Short Parliament of 1640 he opened the session in a short and sharp summing up of the unsupportable state of affairs. In the Long Parliament that followed, Pym was the leader in the movement which led to the impeachment and execution of the Earl of Strafford, and in all the other crises of the times till war became inevitable. Before it began he died, and was buried with great pomp and magnificence in Westminster Abbey. When Charles II. came to the throne his remains were taken up and cast into a churchyard pit—a pitiful piece of ineffective vengeance.

LAW THE BASIS OF LIBERTY

[Pym, the leader of Parliament in the revolution against the Stuarts, was the support and successor of Eliot in this movement, and much the ablest orator in the Long Parliament. John Hampden, whose name is almost a synonym for English liberty, was no orator, but was an earnest seconder of Pym in the proceedings against Strafford, who had acted as the chief agent of Charles I. in his arbitrary acts, and paid for this on the scaffold. We give the opening of the reply to Strafford in the Parliament of 1641.]

Many days have been spent in maintenance of the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford by the House of Commons, whereby he stands charged with high treason; and your lordships have heard his defence

with patience, and with as much favor as justice will allow. We have passed through our evidence, and the result is that it remains clearly proved that the Earl of Strafford hath endeavored, by his words, actions, and counsels, to subvert the fundamental laws of England and Ireland, and to introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government. This will best appear if the quality of the offense be examined by that law to which he himself appealed, that universal, that supreme law,—*salus populi*,—the welfare of the people! This is the element of all laws, out of which they are derived; the end of all laws to which they are designed, and in which they are perfected. The offense comprehends all other offenses. Here you shall find several treasons, murders, rapines, oppressions, perjuries. The earth hath a seminary virtue, whereby it doth produce all herbs and plants and other vegetables; there is in this crime a seminary of all evils hurtful to the State; and if you consider the reason of it, it must needs be so.

The law is that which puts a difference betwixt good and evil; betwixt just and unjust. If you take away the law, all things will fall into a confusion. Every man will become a law to himself, which, in the depraved condition of human nature, must needs produce many great enormities. Lust will become a law, and envy will become a law; covetousness and ambition will become laws; and what dictates, what decisions, such laws will produce may easily be discerned in the late government of Ireland! The law hath a power to prevent, to restrain, to repair evils; without this, all kind of mischief and distempers will break in upon a State.

It is the law that doth entitle the King to the allegiance and service of his people; it entitles the people to the protection and justice of the King. It is God alone who subsists by Himself, all other things subsist in a mutual dependence and relation. He was a wise man who said that the King subsisted by the field that is tilled; it is the labor of the people that supports the Crown; if you take away the protection of the King, the vigor and cheerfulness of allegiance will be taken away, though the obligation remains.

The law is the boundary, the measure between the King's prerogative and the people's liberty. While these move in their own orbs, they are a support and a security to one another—the prerogative a cover and defence to the liberty of the people, and the people by their liberty are enabled to be a foundation to the prerogative,—but if these bounds be so removed that they enter into contention and conflict, one of these mischiefs must ensue:—if the prerogative of the King overwhelm the liberty of the people, it will be turned into tyranny; if liberty undermine the prerogative, it will grow into anarchy.

The doctrine of the Papists, *Fides non est servanda cum hereticis**, is an abominable doctrine; yet that other tenet, more peculiar to the Jesuits, is more pernicious, whereby subjects are discharged from their oath of allegiance to their prince, whensoever the Pope pleaseth; this may be added to make the third no less mischievous and destructive to human society than either of the rest. That the King is not bound by that oath which he hath taken to observe the laws of the kingdom; but may, when he sees cause, lay taxes and burdens upon them without their consent, contrary to the laws and liberties of the kingdom—this hath been preached and published by divers persons, and this is that which hath been practiced in Ireland by the Earl of Strafford, in his government there, and endeavored to be brought into England by his counsel here. . . . .

It is the end of government that all accidents and events, all counsels and designs, should be improved to the public good; but this arbitrary power is apt to dispose all to the maintenance of itself. The wisdom of the council-table, the authority of the courts of justice, the industry of all the officers of the Crown, have been most carefully exercised in this; the learning of our divines, the jurisdiction of our bishops have been molded and disposed to the same effect, which though it were begun before the Earl of Strafford's employment, yet it hath been exceedingly furthered and advanced by him.

Under this color and pretence of maintaining the King's power and prerogative, many dangerous practices against the peace and safety of the kingdom have been undertaken and promoted. The increase of popery and the favors and encouragement of papists have been, and still are, a great grievance and danger to the kingdom; the innovation, in matters of religion, the usurpations of the clergy, the manifold burdens and taxations upon the people, have been a great cause of our present distempers and disorders; and yet those who have been chief furtherers and actors of such mischiefs have had their credit and authority from this that they were forward to maintain this power. The Earl of Strafford had the first rise of his greatness from this, and in his apology and defense, as your lordships have heard, this hath had a main part.

The royal power and majesty of kings is most glorious in the prosperity and happiness of the people; the perfection of all things consists in the end for which they were ordained; God only is his own end; all other things have a further end beyond themselves, in attaining whereof their own happiness consists. If the means and end be set in opposition to one another, it must needs cause impotency and defect of both.

* You ought not to keep faith with heretics.

OLIVER CROMWELL (1599-1658)

THE LORD PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND

THE story of Cromwell's life is too well known to need any record here, where we have to do with him in the one aspect of orator. For this rôle the great soldier was not well equipped by nature. He was much better adapted to face an army in the field than an audience from the rostrum. Carlyle says that his speeches "excel human belief in their unlikeness to all other speeches, in their utter disregard of all standards of oratory and logical sequence of thought. . . . But the time was when they had as much weight in England as the most polished orations of Demosthenes in Athens." But as this might come less from the character of the speeches than from the position of the speaker we must suffice ourselves with a brief example of his style.

THE KINGLY TITLE

[We quote from Cromwell's speech in 1657 before the Committee of Ninety-nine, at Whitehall. It is characteristic in its careful avoidance of sentiments that would commit him to a fixed conclusion. As in the older case of Cæsar, the Puritan conqueror was offered the title of king. Some of his reasons for refusing it are here indicated. He declined less from his own inclination, than from the hostility to the name of king among the Puritan soldiery.]

I will now say something for myself. As for my own mind, I do profess it, I am not a man scrupulous about words, or names, or such things. I have not hitherto clear direction, but as I have the Word of God, and I hope I shall ever have, for the rule of my conscience, for my information and direction, so truly, if men have been led into dark paths through the providence and dispensations of God—why surely it is not to be objected to a man. For who can love to walk in the dark? But Providence doth often so dispose, and though a man may impute his own folly and blindness to Providence sinfully, yet this must be at a man's own peril. The

case may be that it is the providence of God that doth lead men in darkness. I must needs say I have had a great deal of experience of providence; and though such experience is no rule without or against the Word, yet it is a very good expounder of the Word in many cases.

Truly the providence of God has laid aside this title of king providentially *de facto;* and that not by sudden humor or passion; but it hath been by issue of as great deliberation as ever was in a nation. It hath been by issue of ten or twelve years' civil war, wherein much blood hath been shed. I will not dispute the justice of it when it was done, nor need I tell you what my opinion was in the case were it *de novo* to be done. But if it is at all disputable, and a man come and find that God in His severity hath not only eradicated a whole family, and thrust them out of the land, for reasons best known to Himself, but also hath made the issue and close of that to be the very eradication of a name and title——! Which *de facto* is the case.

It was not done by me, nor by them that tendered me the government I now act in; it was done by the Long Parliament,—that was it. And God hath seemed providential, not only in striking at the family, but at the name. And, as I said before, it is blotted out; it is a thing cast out by an Act of Parliament; it hath been kept out to this day. And as Jude saith in another case, speaking of abominable sins that should be in the latter times,—he doth further say, when he comes to exhort the saints, he tells them they should "hate even the garments spotted with the flesh."

I beseech you think not I bring this as an argument to prove anything. God hath seemed so to deal with the person and the family that He blasted the very title. And you know when a man comes, *a parte post*, to reflect, and see this done, this title laid in the dust,—I confess I can come to no other conclusion. The like of this may make a strong impression upon such weak men as I am;—and perhaps upon weaker men, if there be any such, it will make a stronger. I will not seek to set up that which Providence hath destroyed and laid in the dust; I would not build Jericho again. . . . .

I have now no more to say. The truth is, I did indicate this to you as my conclusion at the first, when I told you what method I would speak to you in. I may say I cannot, with conveniency to myself, nor good to this service which I wish so well to, speak out all my arguments as to the safety of your proposal, as to its tendency to the effectual carrying out of this work. I say I do not think it fit to use all the thoughts I have in my mind as to that point of safety. But I shall pray to God Almighty that He will direct you to do what is according to His will. And this is the poor account I am able to give of myself in this thing.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (1694–1773)

THE ORATOR OF WIT AND SARCASM

A FAMOUS man was Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, in his time and season, posing at once as wit, orator, and author, and for a long time serving as an active member of Parliament and Cabinet official. He sat in the House of Commons from 1716 to 1726, when he was given his title and promoted to the House of Lords. He entered the Pelham Cabinet in 1744, and retired from public life in 1748. Two things have helped to keep alive the memory of Chesterfield. One was Dr. Johnson's famous letter, in which he hotly scorched the politic Earl for withholding his patronage until after the publication of his great dictionary, and then offering it when it was no longer needed. The other was his well-known "Letters to his Son," which have gained a permanent place in English literature. They contain a good deal of shrewd and solid observation, but many of their teachings are those of a man of fashion of that age, and are by no means in accord with the code of social morals now prevailing. As an orator Chesterfield had marked ability, wit and sarcasm adding their force to the more solid characteristics of his method of speech. Until 1730 he was a Whig in politics and supported Walpole, but, ousted from office in the king's household by that minister, he joined the opposition and became one of his bitterest antagonists.

THE DRINKING FUND

[Of Chesterfield's oratory the most effective existing example is his speech made in the House of Lords, February 21, 1743, on the Gin Act, a measure proposing to increase the revenue by licensing the sale of gin. In this powerful speech he antedated by a century the Prohibition movement, using the same arguments against the sale of ardent spirits as were employed by the nineteenth century advocates, and with equal effectiveness. We append a characteristic selection from this address.]

Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited, let the difficulties in executing the law be what they will. Would you lay a tax on the breach of the Ten Commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous; because it would imply an indulgence to all those who could pay the tax? Is not this a reproach most justly thrown by the Protestants upon the Church of Rome? Was it not the chief cause of the Reformation? And will you follow a precedent which brought reproach and ruin upon those that introduced it? This is the very case now before you. You are going to lay a tax, and consequently to indulge a sort of drunkenness, which almost necessarily produces a breach of every one of the Ten Commandments. Can you expect the reverend bench will approve of this. I am convinced they will not; and therefore I wish I had seen it full upon this occasion.

We have already, my lords, several sorts of funds in this nation, so many that a man must have a good deal of learning to be master of them. Thanks to his Majesty, we have now among us the most learned man of the nation in this way. I wish he would rise up and tell us what name we are to give this new fund. We have already the Civil List Fund, the Sinking Fund, the Aggregate Fund, the South Sea Fund, and God knows how many others. What name we are to give this new fund I know not, unless we are to call it the Drinking Fund. It may, perhaps, enable the people of a certain foreign territory [Hanover] to drink claret, but it will disable the people of this kingdom from drinking anything else but gin; for when a man has, by gin drinking, rendered himself unfit for labor or business, he can purchase nothing else; and then the best thing for him to do is to drink on till he dies.

Surely, my lords, men of such unbounded benevolence as our present ministers deserve such honors as were never paid before; they deserve to bestride a butt upon every signpost in the city, or to have their figures exhibited as tokens where this liquor is to be sold by the license which they have procured. They must be at least remembered to future ages as the "happy politicians" who, after all expedients for raising taxes had been employed, discovered a new method of draining the last relics of the public wealth, and added a new revenue to the Government. Nor will those who shall hereafter enumerate the several funds now established among us, forget, among the benefactors of their country, the illustrious authors of the Drinking Fund. . . . .

The noble lord has been pleased kindly to inform us that the trade of distilling is very extensive; that it employs great numbers; and that they have arrived at an exquisite skill, and therefore—note well the consequence—the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged.

Once more, my lords, allow me to wonder at the different conceptions of different understandings. It appears to me that since the spirits which the distillers produce are allowed to enfeeble the limbs and vitals of the blood, to pervert the heart and obscure the intellect, that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favor; for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that if so formidable a body are confederated against the virtue or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end to the havoc, and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction.

So little, my lords, am I afflicted with the merit of this wonderful skill which the distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison; nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has, by long practice, obtained great dexterity in his trade.

If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my lords, secure them from these fatal draughts by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us crush at once these artists in slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as cannot be resisted.

This bill, therefore, appears to be designed only to thin the ranks of mankind, and to disburden the world of the multitudes that inhabit it; and is perhaps the strongest proof of political sagacity that our new ministers have yet exhibited. They well know, my lords, that they are universally detested, and that, whenever a Briton is destroyed, they are freed from an enemy; they have therefore opened the flood gates of gin upon the nation, that, when it is less numerous, it may be more easily governed.

Other ministers, my lords, who had not attained to so great a knowledge in the art of making war upon their country, when they found their enemies clamorous and bold, used to awe them with prosecutions and penalties, or destroy them like burglars, with prisons and with gibbets. But every age, my lords, produces some improvement; and every nation, however degenerate, gives birth, at some happy period of time, to men of great and enterprising genius. It is our fortune to be witnesses of a new discovery in politics. We may congratulate ourselves upon being contemporaries with those men who have shown that hangmen and halters are unnecessary in a State, and that ministers may escape the reproach of destroying their enemies by inciting them to destroy themselves.

BOOK IV.

The Golden Age of British Oratory

THE oratory of Great Britain reached its culminating period in the latter quarter of the eighteenth century, in the eloquent and inspired utterances of such masters of the art as Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Grattan, Curran, and others well known to fame. The incitement to earnest and vigorous oratory then existed in large measure, and the response was not wanting. The first great inciting cause was the effort to coerce the colonists in America, and the war for independence that followed. During this period the British Parliament thundered with vehement harangues, it being a somewhat remarkable fact that the greatest orators of that era—Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Wilkes—were all strongly on the side of the colonists, assailing the administration in language whose fearlessness testifies to the freedom of speech then existing in England. There were important opportunities also for forensic oratory, especially the famous Warren Hastings trial, which led to some of the most splendid examples of the oratory of invective and accusation on record, especially those of Burke and Sheridan, which rank highly among oratorieal triumphs. In the final decade of the century came another great occasion for parliamentary debate, in the French Revolution and the opening of the Napoleonic wars. In all, the period was one full of food for oratory, and there arose in the British kingdom a greater number of orators of superior powers than in any other period of its history.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM (1708-1778)

THE GREAT COMMONER

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, for twenty years Prime Minister of England, was fairly terrified when he first heard the voice of young William Pitt in the House of Commons, and exclaimed, "We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse!" He tried to do so in 1741, in a sarcastic speech, in which he referred to Pitt's fluency of rhetoric and vehemence of gesture, "pompous diction and theatrical emotions." He went on to say that "Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are pardonable in young men, but in no others." Pitt's reply—beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny"—effectually settled the old Conservative, and showed the members of Parliament that they had a new force to deal with. In the years that followed Pitt took rank as one of the greatest orators of modern times. About 1760 he was idolized by the populace, who called him "The Great Commoner," but six years afterward he sacrificed his popularity by accepting a peerage, with the title of Earl of Chatham. He was now growing old, and was affected both physically and mentally, but recovered sufficiently to raise his voice in earnest protest against the acts of the King and his ministers before and during the American Revolution. His eloquent appeals in behalf of the colonists have endeared him to the people of the United States, as their most ardent friend in their days of mortal need.

As an orator, the name of Chatham ranks among the few supreme in this noble art. We possess but fragments of his speeches, but these serve to indicate the character of the eloquence to which he owed his great fame. But with him words were not all; manner told as well

Hazlitt says, "The principle by which the Earl of Chatham exerted his influence over others was sympathy. He himself evidently had a strong possession of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his manner, from the tones of his voice, from his commanding attitudes, and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably, to his hearers."

REMOVE THE BOSTON GARRISON

[No stronger words could have been spoken in defense of the American colonists on their own shores than those which the aged Chatham uttered in the British House of Lords. In 1774 he denounced the measure for quartering troops on the people of Boston, and in January, 1775, made the notable speech from which we quote.]

When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their firmness, decency, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must affirm, declare, and avow that, in all my reading and observation (and it has been my favorite study, for I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world), I say, I must declare that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal.

We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They *must* be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.

[Speaking of the state of affairs in Boston, and the preparations for resistance, he said:]

Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were literally treated like the capricious squalls of a child, who, it was said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not.

But full well I knew, at that time, that this child, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a man. Full well I knew that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution and once breathing the same liberal air as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles and on the same occasions.

What has Government done? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the policy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that if seventeen thousand men won't do, fifty thousand shall.

It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country, waste and destroy as they march; but, in the progress of fifteen hundred miles, can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up like hydras in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition?

Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely no. A victory must be to them a defeat, and carnage a sacrifice.

But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every Whig in this country and in Ireland is with them.

In this alarming crisis I come with this paper in my hand to offer you the best of my experience and advice; which is, that a humble petition be presented to his Majesty, beseeching him that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him that immediate orders be given to General Gage for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston.

Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of freedom and inquiry, and not in letters of blood.

There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking the decisive blow is struck which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed will cause a wound which may never be healed.

THE WAR IN AMERICA

[On November 18, 1777, Chatham, a few months only before his death, made a notable speech on the same subject. He spoke with impassioned eloquence against the employment of Indians in the war with the colonists, alluded to the probability of an alliance between the United States and France, and continued as follows.]

The people whom they (the ministers) affect to call rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies: the people with

whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility; this people—despised as rebels—are acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy. And our ministers dare not interpose with dignity and effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who but yesterday gave law to the House of Bourbon? The dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. I love and I honor the English troops. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say, you *cannot* conquer America.

Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected, and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most noted general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you cannot conquer America! What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in the three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, my lords, I repeat,—it is impossible! You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little, pitiful German prince who will sell his subjects to the shambles of a foreign power! Your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country I *never* would lay down my arms; *never, never, never!*

EDMUND BURKE (1730-1797)

THE SHAKESPEARE OF ENGLISH ORATORS

AS the United States possessed, in the days of the great slavery and revenue agitation, three orators of the finest powers, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, so England was graced, in the exciting days of the American War, with three orators of similar brilliancy,—Chatham, Burke and Fox. Greatest among these, in certain of the most important elements of oratory, was Burke. He had not the impetuous and splendid eloquence of Chatham, nor the remarkable skill in debate of Fox, but in learning, in the power of clothing great thoughts in the most appropriate words, and of producing speeches which are even more interesting and effective when read than they were when delivered, he far surpassed them both. Macaulay speaks of him as, "In aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern."

Edmund Burke, while of Norman descent, was of Irish birth, his native place being the city of Dublin. Entering Parliament in 1766, he at once took an active part in the discussion on American affairs, and continued it throughout the subsequent war, joining Chatham in his eloquent support of the cause of the colonists. He was especially distinguished for his thorough mastery of American affairs and his intelligent foresight of the probable result of the attempt to force taxation on the colonists.

Perhaps the most brilliant part of his career was that devoted to affairs in India, the oppression and cruelty of Warren Hastings and other East India officials having filled his soul with the deepest indignation. The prosecution of Warren Hastings, the most remarkable of English trials, was due to his denunciations, and his utmost powers of intellect were exerted in the effort to bring retribution upon

the culprit, during the nearly ten years over which the case extended. Burke's final work as an orator was his fervid opposition to the Revolution in France, whose results he foresaw with what has been called "the most magnificent political prophecy ever given to the world." He lived long enough to see his prophecy fulfilled.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

[Rarely has any orator had a greater effect upon an audience than that of Burke in the speech in which he depicted the cruelties inflicted upon the victims of the irresponsible Governor-General of India. Hastings himself afterward said of it: "For half an hour I looked upon the orator in a reverie of wonder, and actually thought myself the most culpable man in the world." This speech is far too long for our space, and we confine our selection to Burke's vigorous impeachment of the great culprit.]

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and the cruelties that are offered to the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human indignation, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise.

We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both of which extremities they touch.

My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office.

My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring. I attest the advancing, generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, and call this world, to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every to be moment upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself,—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others; and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser, before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and, if it should so happen, that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who supported their thrones,—may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great Court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its Constitution, even to its fall; the Parliament of Paris, my Lords,—WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell pierced by the sword of the Compte de Mirabeau. And yet that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great Court of magistracy. When he pronounced the death sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered—a great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body!

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand, and I trust you will, together with the fortunes of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a

security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!

MARIE ANTOINETTE

[Burke had seen the Queen of France in 1772, while still Dauphiness, and a vision of youth and beauty. After her cruel fate, he gave the following memorable description of the unhappy victim, in tones of the deepest emotional earnestness.]

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a sudden revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom! The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749–1806)

THE FAMOUS PARLIAMENTARY DEBATER

AMONG the British statesmen who were on the side of the American colonists in their Revolutionary War, Fox ranks high, being still more radical in his views than the great Lord Chatham. Chatham urged conciliation of the rebellious colonists, but Fox favored complete separation, and foresaw and foretold its advantages. Throughout the war he was the most vigorous advocate of the claims of the colonists. At a later date the Warren Hasting's trial, the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic wars gave him an abundant field for the exercise of his rare talents, and he played a very active part in Parliament. The leader of the opposition to Pitt, he strenuously opposed the war with France, and advocated non-intervention views. He was on the point of introducing a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade when he died in 1806. Fox, despite the vicious irregularity of his life, was a man of genial and kindly instincts, generous and devoid of malignant feelings towards his opponents. As regards his powers as an orator he had a phenomenal fluency of extemporaneous speech, and we may quote Burke's opinion that he was "the greatest debater the world ever saw," and that of Mackintosh, who called him "the most Demosthenian speaker since Demosthenes."

THE TYRANNY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

[On the 1st of December, 1783, Fox arraigned in a vigorous speech the reprehensible conduct of the irresponsible East India Company. It was a preliminary step towards the subsequent trial of Warren Hastings for his cruel and rapacious acts.]

The honorable gentleman charges me with abandoning that cause, which, he says, in terms of flattery, I had once so successfully asserted.

I tell him in reply, that if he were to search the history of my life, he would find that the period of it, in which I struggled most for the real, substantial cause of liberty is this very moment I am addressing you. Freedom, according to my conception of it, consists in the safe and sacred possession of a man's property, governed by laws defined and certain; with many personal privileges, natural, civil, and religious, which he cannot surrender without ruin to himself; and of which to be deprived by any other power is despotism. This bill, instead of subverting, is destined to give stability to these principles; instead of narrowing the basis of freedom, it tends to enlarge it; instead of suppressing, its object is to infuse and circulate the spirit of liberty.

What is the most odious species of tyranny? Precisely that which this bill is meant to annihilate. That a handful of men, free themselves, should execute the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow-creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless laborer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation; in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism unmatched in all the histories of the world.

What is the end of all government? Certainly the happiness of the governed. Others may hold other opinions, but this is mine, and I proclaim it. What are we to think of a government whose good fortune is supposed to spring from the calamities of its subjects, whose aggrandizement grows out of the miseries of mankind? This is the kind of government exercised under the East India Company upon the natives of Hindostan; and the subversion of that infamous government is the main object of the bill in question. But in the progress of accomplishing this end, it is objected that the charter of the company should not be violated; and upon this point, sir, I shall deliver my opinion without disguise. A charter is a trust to one or more persons for some given benefit. If this trust be abused, if the benefit be not obtained, and its failure arise from palpable guilt, or (what in this case is fully as bad) from palpable ignorance or mismanagement, will any man gravely say that that trust should not be resumed and delivered to other hands; more especially in the case of the East India Company, whose manner of executing this trust, whose laxity and languor have produced, and tend to produce consequences diametrically opposite to the ends of confiding that trust, and of the institution for which it was granted?

I beg of gentlemen to be aware of the lengths to which their arguments upon the intangibility of this charter may be carried. Every syllable

virtually impeaches the establishment by which we sit in this House, in the enjoyment of this freedom, and of every other blessing of our Government. These kinds of arguments are batteries against the main pillar of the British Constitution. Some men are consistent with their own private opinions, and discover the inheritance of family maxims, when they question the principles of the Revolution; but I have no scruple in subscribing to the articles of that creed which produced it. Sovereigns are sacred, and reverence is due to every king; yet, with all my attachments to the person of a first magistrate, had I lived in the reign of James II. I should most certainly have contributed my efforts, and borne part in those illustrious struggles which vindicated an empire from hereditary servitude, and recorded this valuable doctrine, "that trust abused is revocable."

No man, sir, will tell me that a trust to a company of merchants stands upon the solemn and sanctified ground by which a trust is committed to a monarch; and I am at a loss to reconcile the conduct of men who approve that resumption of violated trust, which rescued and re-established our unparalleled and admirable Constitution with a thousand valuable improvements and advantages at the Revolution, and who, at this moment, rise up the champions of the East India Company's charter, although the incapacity and incompetency of that company to a due and adequate discharge of the trust deposited in them by that charter are themes of ridicule and contempt to the world; and although in consequence of their mismanagement, connivance, and imbecility, combined with the wickedness of their servants, the very name of an Englishman is detested, even to a proverb, through all Asia, and the national character is become degraded and dishonored. To rescue that name from odium and redeem this character from disgrace are some of the objects of the present bill; and, gentlemen should, indeed, gravely weigh their opposition to a measure which, with a thousand other points not less valuable, aims at the attainment of these objects.

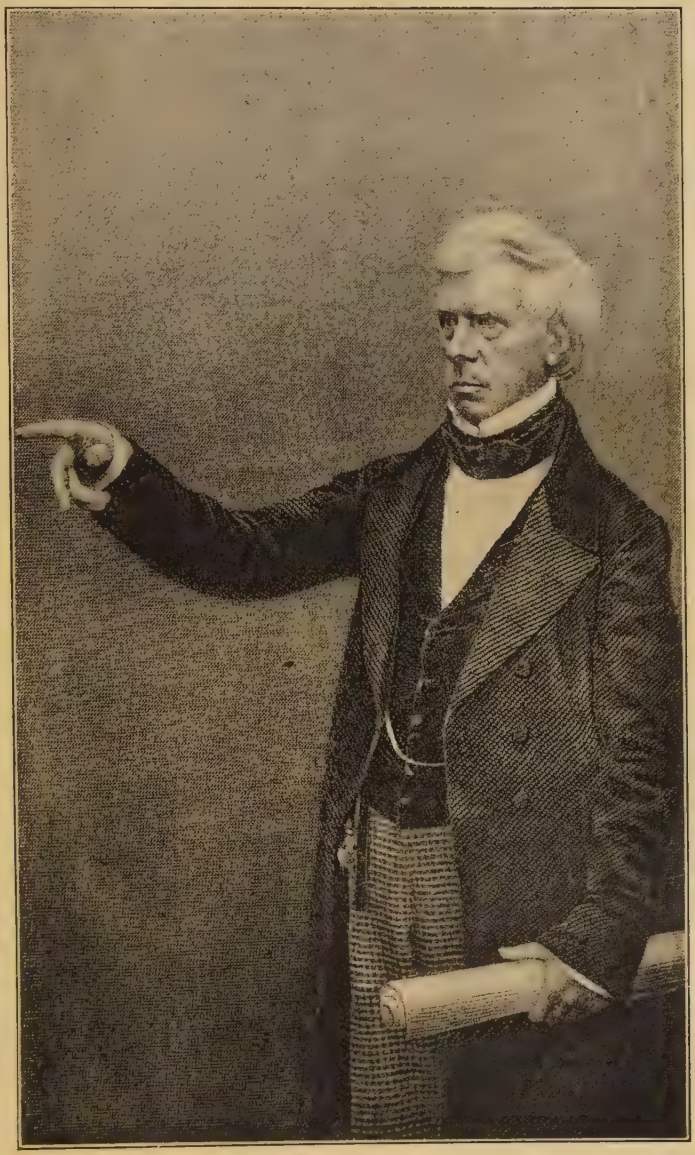
Those who condemn the present bill as a violation of the chartered rights of the East India Company, condemn, on the same ground, I say again, the Revolution as a violation of the chartered rights of King James II. He, with as much reason, might have claimed the property of dominion; but what was the language of the people? "No; you have no property in dominion; dominion was vested in you, as it is in every chief magistrate, for the benefit of the community to be governed; it was a sacred trust delegated by compact; you have abused that trust; you have exercised dominion for the purposes of vexation and tyranny, not of comfort, protection and good order; and we, therefore, resume the power

which was originally ours; we recur to the first principles of all government—the will of the many; and it is our will that you shall no longer abuse your dominion." The case is the same with the East India Company's government over a territory, as it has been said by my honorable friend (Mr. Burke), of two hundred and eighty thousand square miles in extent, nearly equal to all Christian Europe, and containing thirty millions of the human race. It matters not whether dominion arise from conquest or from compact. Conquest gives no right to the conqueror to be a tyrant; and it is no violation of right to abolish the authority which is misused.

LIBERTY IS STRENGTH AND ORDER

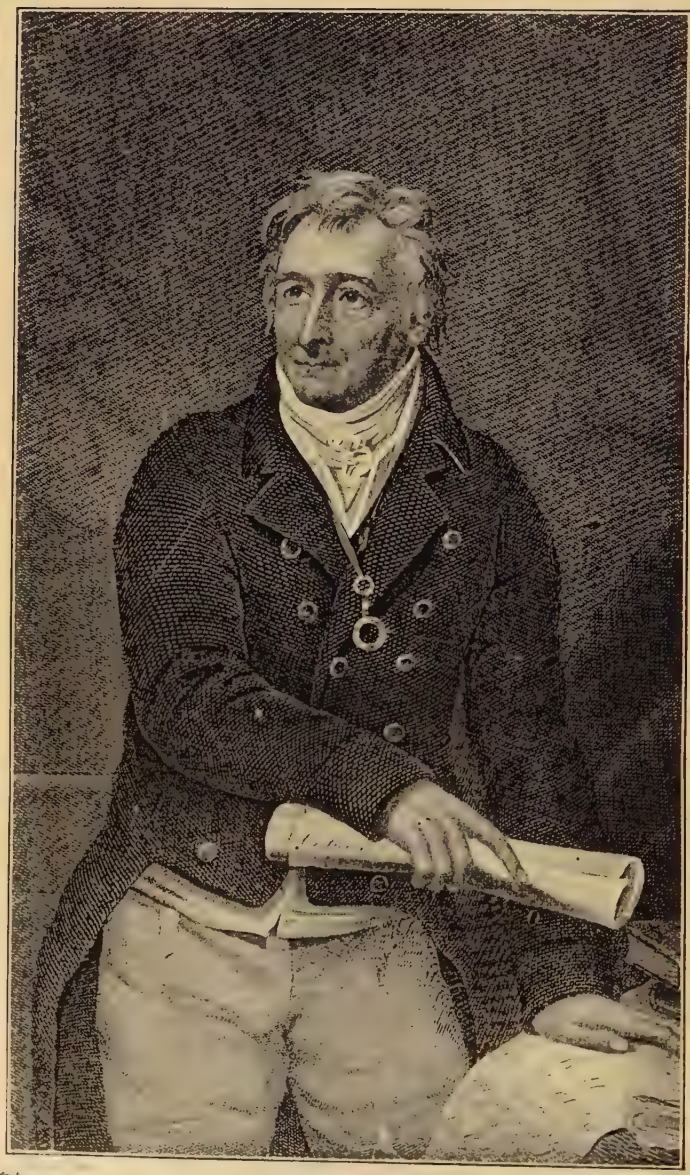
[Fox, a supporter of the French Revolution, uttered in 1797 the following vigorous words in advocacy of liberty.]

Liberty is order! Liberty is strength! Look round the world and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible, that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered that men bred in liberty—the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact—can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river. The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, in forcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.



LORD BROUGHAM

Lord Brougham, a distinguished orator of England in the 19th Century, advocated the Cause of Popular Education and Reform and opposition to the Slave Trade.



HENRY GRATTAN IRISH ORATOR

Grattan lived in the 18th Century and was next to Chatham, the most famous of British Orators. His oration on the "Rights of Ireland" is a magnificent effort

LORD THOMAS ERSKINE (1750-1823)

THE CELEBRATED FORENSIC ORATOR

IN 1774, Thomas Erskine, son of the Scottish Earl of Buchan, happened to enter the court presided over by the famous Lord Mansfield, and was invited by him to sit by his side. He listened to the trial with the result that, convinced that he could easily surpass any speech he had heard, he resolved to adopt the law as his profession. Leaving the fashionable world of London, where his charming social powers had made him a marked success, he entered Lincoln's Inn as a student, and was called to the bar in 1778. In his first case, in which his client was on trial for libel on the Earl of Sandwich, a member of the Cabinet, Erskine showed such remarkable powers as to astonish all his hearers, and to bring himself at a bound into the highest rank of his profession.

Erskine subsequently entered Parliament, but political debate was not to his taste, and he failed to make any high mark in the House of Commons. In the legal arena, however, his success continued, high authorities looking upon him as unequalled, either in ancient or modern times, as an advocate in the forum. In the defence of right against might he was one of the most conspicuous examples in English history. He was the successful defender of Lord George Gordon, of Thomas Paine, of Stockdale, of John Horne Tooke, and of others who had dared to defend the rights of the people against the acts of the great. He became Lord Chancellor in 1806, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Erskine, retiring from office in 1807.

THE GOVERNING OF INDIA

[Burke's articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, were published and widely spread in advance of their delivery before the House of Lords, and prejudiced the case against the defendant. This unfair act of the House of Commons was

sharply criticised in a pamphlet published by the Rev. Mr. Logan. The author was put on trial for libel, and engaged Erskine to defend him. Erskine's speech at this trial, from which we give a select passage, was one of the ablest and most eloquent displays of his powers of oratory.]

It may and must be true that Mr. Hastings has repeatedly offended against the rights and privileges of Asiatic government, if he was the faithful deputy of a power which could not maintain itself for an hour without trampling upon both. He may and must have offended against the laws of God and nature if he was the faithful viceroy of an empire wrested in blood from the people to whom God and nature had given it. He may and must have preserved that unjust dominion over timorous and abject nations by a terrifying, overbearing, insulting superiority, if he was the faithful administrator of your Government, which, having no root in consent or affection, no foundation in similarity of interest, nor support from any one principle which cements men together in society, could only be upheld by alternate stratagem and force. The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up with all the vigor and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the Eastern World long since must have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject, and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the old medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it?" said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure; "who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and to empty itself in the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will

defend it," said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

These reflections are the only antidotes to those anathemas of superhuman eloquence which have lately shaken these walls that surround us, but which it unaccountably falls to my province, whether I will or no, a little to stem the torrent of, by reminding you that you have a mighty sway in Asia, which cannot be maintained by the finer sympathies of life or the practice of its charities and affections—what will they do for you when surrounded by two hundred thousand men with artillery, cavalry, and elephants, calling upon you for their dominions which you have robbed them of? Justice may, no doubt, in such case, forbid the levying of a fine to pay a revolting soldiery; a treaty may stand in the way of increasing a tribute to keep up the very existence of the government; and delicacy of women may forbid all entrance into a zenana for money, whatever may be the necessity for taking it. All these things must ever be occurring. But under the pressure of such constant difficulties, so dangerous to national honor, it might be better, perhaps, to think of effectually securing it altogether, by recalling our troops and our merchants, and abandoning our Oriental empire. Until this be done, neither religion nor philosophy can be pressed very far into the aid of reformation and punishment. If England, from a lust of ambition and dominion, will insist on maintaining despotic rule over distant and hostile nations, beyond all comparison more numerous and extended than herself, and gives commission to her viceroys to govern them with no other instructions than to preserve them, and to secure permanently their revenues—with what color of consistency or reason can she place herself in the moral chair, and affect to be shocked at the execution of her own orders; advertising to the exact measure of wickedness and injustice necessary to their execution, and complaining only of the excess as the immorality; considering her authority as a dispensation for breaking the commands of God, and the breach of them as only punishable when contrary to the ordinances of man?

Such a proceeding, gentlemen, begets serious reflection. It would be better, perhaps, for the masters and the servants of all such governments to join in a supplication that the great Author of violated humanity may not confound them together in one common judgment . . . .

It now only remains to remind you that another consideration has been strongly pressed upon by you, and, no doubt, will be insisted on in reply. You will be told that the matters which I have been justifying as legal, and even meritorious, have therefore not been made the subject of

complaint; and that whatever intrinsic merit parts of the book may be supposed or even admitted to possess, such merit can afford no justification to the selected passages, some of which, even with the context, carry the meaning charged by the information, and which are indecent animadversions on authority. To this I would answer (still protesting as I do against the application of any one of the innuendos) that if you are firmly persuaded of the singleness and purity of the author's intentions, you are not bound to subject him to infamy, because, in the zealous career of a just and animated composition, he happens to have tripped with his pen into an intemperate expression in one or two instances of a long work. If this severe duty were binding on your consciences, the liberty of the press would be an empty sound, and no man could venture to write on any subject, however pure his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow and a counsel at the other.

From minds thus subdued by the terrors of punishment, there could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of human reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general nature of government, by the help of which the great commonwealths of mankind have founded their establishments; much less any of those useful applications of them to critical conjectures, by which, from time to time, our own Constitution, by the exertion of patriotic citizens, has been brought back to its standard. Under such terrors all the great lights of science and civilization must be extinguished, for men cannot communicate their free thoughts to one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path; subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer; the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which, without them, would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is; you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe, scrupulous law, but she would then be liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you have exchanged for the banners of freedom.

OLIVER CROMWELL ADDRESSING PARLIAMENT

Oliver Cromwell was forcible in speech, and mighty in deed. His addresses were short and on subjects relating to his Government. Without the grace of an orator, yet his words always commanded respect. This is a copy of a famous painting representing the great Cromwell dismissing Parliament.

ROBERT PEEL

England's greatest orator of the first half of the 19th Century, and very popular on account of his great opposition to the "Corn Laws" by which the poor were oppressed.

THE TRIAL OF SIR HARRY VANE

This is a famous scene in English History and has been the subject of eloquent oratorical reference for centuries. It marks the end of a great career as statesman, author and orator.

SHAKESPEARE READING HIS PLAY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

This picture represents the greatest of English play writers reading one of his plays to Queen Elizabeth, the greatest of England's Queens. No writer in the world has furnished so many quotations for the orator as Shakespeare, or has been so much studied as a model for the English of his time.

HENRY GRATTAN (1750-1820)

AN EMINENT IRISH STATESMAN AND ORATOR

IRELAND is eminent among nations for the number of famous orators who have been born upon her soil. We may name men of such celebrity as Burke, Sheridan, Sheil, Emmet, Curran, Grattan, and O'Connell. Among these Grattan stands high. Of his eminence in oratory it is difficult to say too much. Lecky says of him: "No British orator except Chatham had an equal power of firing an educated audience with an intense enthusiasm, or of animating and inspiring a nation," and Mackintosh asserts that, "The purity of his life was the brightness of his glory. Among all the men of genius I have known, I have never found such native grandeur of soul accompanying all the wisdom of age and all the simplicity of genius."

THE RIGHTS OF IRELAND

[Of Grattan's speech in 1780, on "Liberty as an Inalienable Right," it has been said: "Nothing equal to it had ever been heard in Ireland, nor probably was its superior ever delivered in the British House of Commons. Other speeches may have matched it in argument and information, but in startling energy and splendor of style it surpassed them all." His eloquence on this subject is vividly displayed in the following extract.]

England now smarts under the lesson of the American War; the doctrine of imperial legislation she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she has lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection, you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Besides, there does, of late,

a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspirited yours. For with you everything is the reverse; never was there a Parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army—nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it. Where do you find a nation which, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice—not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty, and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation?

See her military ardor, not only in forty thousand men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption. Yes, there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the character of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man."

I read from Lord North's proposition; I wish to be satisfied, but I am controlled by a paper—I will not call it a law—it is the 6th of George I. [The paper was read.] I will ask the gentlemen of the long robe: Is this the law? I ask them whether it is not practice. I appeal to the judges of the land whether they are not in a course of declaring that the Parliament of Great Britain, naming Ireland, binds her. I appeal to the magistrates of justice whether they do not, from time to time, execute certain acts of the British Parliament. I appeal to the officers of the army whether they do not fine, confine, and execute their fellow-subjects by virtue of the Mutiny Act, an Act of the British Parliament; and I appeal to this House whether a country so circumstanced is free. Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the people? I here, in this Declaratory Act, see my country proclaimed a slave? I see every man in this House enrolled a slave. I see the judges of the realm, the oracles of the law, borne down by an unauthorized foreign power, by the authority of the British Parliament

against the law! I see the magistrates prostrate, and I see Parliament witness of these infringements, and silent—silent or employed to preach moderation to the people, whose liberties it will not restore! I therefore say, with the voice of three million people, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar, beetle-wood, and panellas, and the export of woolens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honorable, nothing except a declaration of right.

What! are you, with three million men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? Are you, the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English House of Commons that passed the Petition of Right, or that other that passed the Declaration of Right,—are you afraid to tell the British Parliament you are a free people? Are the cities and the instructing counties, which have breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome when Rome did honor to mankind—are they to be free by connivance? Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment have transcended, or equaled at least, anything in modern or ancient story—is the vast line of the northern army,—are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the Naturalization Bill? What man will settle among you? Who will leave a land of liberty and a settled government for a kingdom controlled by the Parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade a thing by permission, whose judges deny her charters, whose Parliament leaves everything at random; where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope that the jury shall despise the judge stating a British Act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the Constitution by trampling on the Government,—by anarchy and confusion! . . . .

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar, and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, to tell us the rule by which we shall go,—assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in

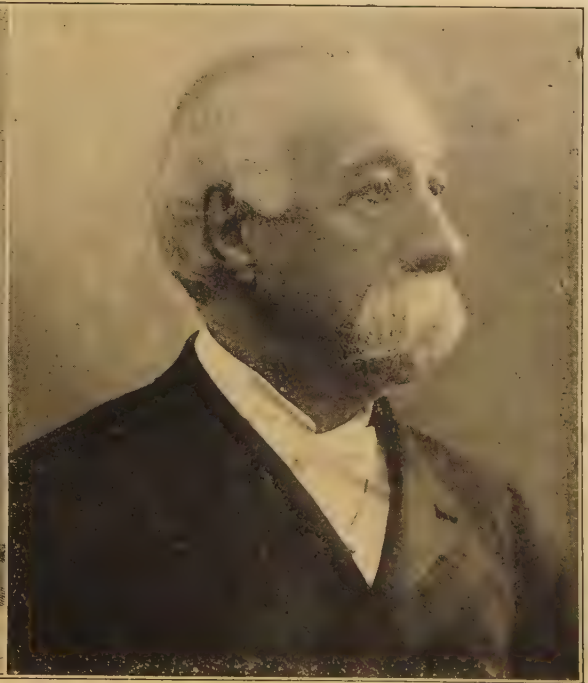
iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men shall apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

THE EPITAPH OF ENGLAND

[From Grattan's speeches in the British House of Commons, we offer the following brief but telling example of fervent eloquence.]

The Kingdom of Ireland, with her imperial crown, stands at your Bar. She applies for the civil liberty of three-fourths of her children. Will you dismiss her without a hearing? You cannot do it! I say you cannot finally do it! The interest of your country would not support you; the feelings of your country would not support you: it is a proceeding that cannot long be persisted in. No courtier so devoted, no politician so hardened, no conscience so capacious! I am not afraid of occasional majorities. A majority cannot overlay a great principle. God will guard His own cause against rank majorities. In vain shall men appeal to a church-cry, or to a mock thunder; the proprietor of the bolt is on the side of the people.

It was the expectation of the repeal of Catholic disability which carried the Union. Should you wish to support the minister of the crown against the people of Ireland, retain the Union, and perpetuate the disqualification, the consequence must be something more than alienation. When you finally decide against the Catholic question, you abandon the idea of governing Ireland by affection, and you adopt the idea of coercion in its place. You are pronouncing the doom of England. If you ask how the people of Ireland feel towards you, ask yourselves how you would feel towards us if we disqualified three-fourths of the people of England forever. The day you finally ascertain the disqualification of the Catholic, you pronounce the doom of Great Britain. It is just it should be so. The king who takes away the liberty of his subjects loses his crown; the people who take away the liberty of their fellow-subjects lose their empire. The scales of your own destinies are in your own hands; and if you throw out the civil liberty of the Irish Catholic, depend on it, old England will be weighed in the balance, and found wanting: you will then have dug your own grave, and you may write your own epitaph thus:—"*England died because she taxed America, and disqualified Ireland.*"



ITALIAN ORATORS CAMILLO DI CAVOUR AND FRANCESCO CRISPI

Cavour became famous about the middle of the 19th Century in the troublesome times of Italy. He was a man of rare wisdom, vigor and courage. Crispi was an orator and Prime Minister of Italy in the latter half of the Century. As an orator he had remarkable powers.

FAMOUS EUROPEAN ORATORS AND STATESMEN

This Assembly of the greatest men of Europe, met at Berlin in 1878. Among them are represented the greatest orators and statesmen of Europe, including Disraeli of England, Bismarck of Germany and representatives of Italy, France, Holland and Russia.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750-1817)

THE HUMOROUS ORATOR OF THE IRISH BAR

NEVER had Ireland another legal orator like Curran. He was a member of the Irish Parliament after 1783, but his career there was quite eclipsed by that at the Bar. His eloquence, humor and sarcasm brought him an extensive practice. In cross-examination he was inimitable; "he argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his talent upon the witness," Charles Philips says. "There never lived a greater advocate; certainly never one more suited to the country in which his lot was cast. His eloquence was copious, rapid and ornate, and his power of mimicry beyond all description." He began his career with a defect in speech, the school-boys calling him "Stuttering Jack Curran." Like Demosthenes, he overcame this by earnest effort, practicing before a glass, declaiming celebrated orations and other means. Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar was his favorite model of eloquence.

THE PENSION SYSTEM

[As an example of Curran's sarcasm, we append a brief extract from his remarks in 1780 on the Pension System.]

This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the Pension List, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection; it teacheth that Sloth and Vice may eat that bread which Virtue and Honesty may starve for after they have earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling Power of the State, who feeds the ravens of the Royal aviary, that cry

continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the Pension List that are like the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson, which, indeed, they might have learned from Epictetus, that it is sometimes good not to be over-virtuous; it shows that, in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the Crown increases also; in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

THE MARCH OF THE MIND.

[From a speech in the Irish Parliament in 1796 we choose the following brief extract, in which Curran replaces satire and humor by eloquence, and strikingly delineates the march of the human mind.]

Gentlemen say the Catholics have got everything but seats in Parliament. Are we really afraid of giving them that privilege? Are we seriously afraid that Catholic venality might pollute the immaculate integrity of the House of Commons?—that a Catholic member would be more accessible to a promise, or a pension, or a bribe, than a Protestant? Lay your hands upon your hearts, look in one another's faces, and say Yes, and I will vote against this amendment. But is it the fact that they have everything? Is it the fact that they have the common benefit of the Constitution, or the common protection of the law?

Another gentleman has said, the Catholics have got much, and ought to be content. Why have they got that much? Is it from the minister? Is it from the Parliament which threw their petition over its Bar? No! they got it by the great revolution of human affairs; by the astonishing march of the human mind; a march that has collected too much momentum, in its advance, to be now stopped in its progress. The bark is still afloat; she is freighted with the hopes and liberties of millions of men; she is already under way; the rower may faint, or the wind may sleep, but, rely upon it, she has already acquired an energy of advancement that will support her course and bring her to her destination; rely upon it, whether much or little remains, it is now vain to withhold it; rely upon it, you may as well stamp your foot upon the earth, in order to prevent its revolution. You cannot stop it! You will only remain a silly gnomon upon its surface, to measure the rapidity of rotation, until you are forced round and buried in the shade of that body whose irresistible course you would endeavor to oppose!

THE EVIDENCE OF MR. O'BRIEN

[The following is an example of Curran's method of presenting the evidence of a witness to a jury.]

What is the evidence of O'Brien? what has he stated? Here, gentlemen, let me claim the benefits of that great privilege which distinguishes trial by jury in this country from all the world. Twelve men, not emerging from the must and cobwebs of a study, abstracted from human nature, or only acquainted with its extravagances; but twelve men, conversant with life, and practised in those feelings which mark the common and necessary intercourse between man and man. Such are you, gentlemen; how, then, does Mr. O'Brien's tale hang together? Look to its commencement. He walks along Thomas Street, in the open day (a street not the least populous in the city), and is accosted by a man, who, without any preface, tells him he'll be murdered before he goes half the street, unless he becomes a United Irishman! Do you think this a probable story?

Suppose any of you, gentlemen, be a United Irishman, or a Freemason, or a Friendly Brother, and that you met me walking innocently along, just like Mr. O'Brien, and meaning no harm, would you say, "Stop, sir, don't go further, you'll be murdered before you go half the street, if you do not become a United Irishman, a Freemason, or a Friendly Brother?" Did you ever hear so coaxing an invitation to felony as this? "Sweet Mr. James O'Brien, come in and save your precious life; come in and take an oath, or you'll be murdered before you go half the street! Do, sweetest, dearest, Mr. James O'Brien, come in and do not risk your valuable existence." What a loss had he been to his king, whom he loves so marvelously!

Well, what does poor Mr. O'Brien do? Poor, dear man, he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger; all his members refuse their office; he can neither run from the danger, nor call for assistance; his tongue cleaves to his mouth, and his feet incorporate with the paving stones; it is in vain that his expressive eye silently implores protection of the passenger; he yields at length, as greater men have done, and resignedly submits to his fate: he then enters the house, and, being led into a room, a parcel of men *make faces* at him; but mark the metamorphosis—well may it be said, that "miracles will never cease,"—he who feared to resist in the open air, and in the face of the public, becomes a bravo, when pent up in a room, and environed by sixteen men; and one is obliged to bar the door, while another swears him; which, after some resistance, is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O'Brien becomes a United Irishman, for no earthly purpose whatever, but merely to save his sweet life!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816)

THE CELEBRATED ORATOR AND DRAMATIST

DUBLIN has the honor of being the birthplace of two of Great Britain's most famous orators—Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, though both of them spent their lives and won their fame in England. Sheridan was a man of double, or triple, powers; the greatest of modern English dramatists; a wit of the first water; and an orator of striking ability. Studying in Dublin and at Harrow, he wasted his time in indolence, and left school with the reputation of "an impenetrable dunce." There never was a greater mistake. He might have graduated with a splendid record, if he had chosen to study.

Sheridan first showed his powers in the drama. The "Rivals," first played in 1775, soon became very popular. The "Duenna" met with brilliant success, and the "School for Scandal" established his reputation as a dramatic genius of the highest order. It also showed his great powers as a wit, it scintillating with witty sayings from end to end. His reputation made in the drama, in 1780 Sheridan entered Parliament, where he was destined to make his mark brilliantly in oratory. It was especially in the trial of Warren Hastings, in which Sheridan, Burke, Fox and others represented the House of Commons before the House of Lords, sitting as a court of impeachment, that he established his fame, his Begum speech creating an extraordinary sensation at the time, and being still regarded as one of the most splendid examples of eloquence extant.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

[Sheridan made two famous speeches in the Hastings trial. The following extract gives an excellent idea of his powers. It is a fine example of ironical oratory, ending with an earnest appeal to the principles of honor and virtue.]

I trust your Lordships will not believe that, because something is necessary to retrieve the British character, we call for an example to be made without due and solid proof of the guilt of the person whom we pursue :—no, my Lords, we know well that it is the glory of this Constitution, that not the general fame or character of any man ; not the weight or power of any prosecutor ; no plea of moral or political expediency ; not even the secret consciousness of guilt which may live in the bosom of the Judge ; can justify any British court in passing any sentence to touch a hair of the head, or an atom, in any respect, of the property, of the fame, of the liberty of the poorest or meanest subject that breathes the air of this just and free land. We know, my Lords, that there can be no legal guilt without legal proof, and that the rule which defines the evidence is as much the law of the land as that which creates the crime. It is upon that ground we mean to stand.

Major Scott comes to your Bar ; describes the shortness of time ; represents Mr. Hastings as it were contracting for a character, putting his memory into commission, making departments for his conscience. A number of friends meet together, and he, knowing (no doubt) that the accusation of the Commons had been drawn up by a Committee, thought it necessary, as a point of punctilio, to answer it by a Committee also. One furnishes the raw material of fact, the second spins the argument, and the third twines up the conclusion, while Mr. Hastings, with a master's eye, is cheering and looking over this loom. He says to one, "You have got my good faith in your hands ; you, my veracity to manage. Mr. Shore, I hope you will make me a good financier. Mr. Middleton, you have my humanity in commission." When it is done, he brings it to the House of Commons, and says, "I was equal to the task. I knew the difficulties, but I scorn them ; here is the truth, and if the truth will convict me, I am content myself to be the channel of it!" His friends hold up their heads, and say, "What noble magnanimity ! This must be the effect of conscious and real innocence." Well, it is so received, it is so argued upon ; but it fails of its effect,

Then says Mr. Hastings : "That my defence ! no, mere journeyman work—good enough for the Commons, but not fit for your Lordships' consideration." He then calls upon his counsel to save him : "I fear none of my accusers' witnesses. I know some of them well ; I know the weakness of their memory, and the strength of their attachment ; I fear no testimony but my own—save me from the peril of my own panegyric; preserve me from that, and I shall be safe." Then is this plea brought to your Lordships' Bar, and Major Scott gravely asserts that Mr. Hastings did, at the Bar of the House of Commons, vouch for facts of which he was ignorant, and for arguments of which he had never read.

After such an attempt, we certainly are left in doubt to decide to which set of his friends Mr. Hastings is the least obliged, those who assisted him in making his defence, or those who advised him to deny it.

I am perfectly convinced that there is one idea which must arise in your Lordships' minds as a subject of wonder: how a person of Mr. Hastings' reputed abilities can furnish such matter of accusation against himself. He knows that truth must convict him, and concludes *a converso*, that falsehood will acquit him; forgetting that there must be some connection, some system, some co-operation, or, otherwise, his host of falsities fall without an enemy, self-discomfited and destroyed. But of this he never seems to have had the slightest apprehension. He falls to work, an artificer of fraud, against all the rules of architecture; he lays his ornamental work first, and his massy foundation at the top of it; and thus his whole building tumbles upon his head. Other people look well to their ground, choose their position, and watch whether they are likely to be surprised there; but he, as if in the ostentation of his heart, builds upon a precipice, and encamps upon a mine, from choice. He seems to have no one actuating principle, but a steady, persevering resolution not to speak the truth or to tell the fact.

It is impossible, almost, to treat conduct of this kind with perfect seriousness; yet I am aware that it ought to be more seriously accounted for; because I am sure it has been a sort of paradox, which must have struck your Lordships, how any person having so many motives to conceal; having so many reasons to dread detection; should yet go to work so clumsily upon the subject. It is possible, indeed, that it may raise this doubt, whether such a person is of sound mind enough to be a proper object of punishment; or at least it may give a kind of confused notion that the guilt cannot be of so deep and black a grain, over which such a thin veil was thrown, and so little trouble taken to avoid detection. I am aware that, to account for this seeming paradox, historians, poets, and even philosophers—at least of ancient times—have adopted the superstitious solution of the vulgar, and said that the gods deprive men of reason whom they devote to destruction or to punishment. But to unassuming or unprejudiced reason there is no need to resort to any supposed supernatural interference; for the solution will be found in the eternal rules that formed the mind of man, and gave a quality and nature to every passion that inhabits it.

An honorable friend of mine, who is now, I believe, near me, has told you that Prudence, the first of virtues, never can be used in the cause of vice. But I should doubt whether we can read the history of a Philip of Macedon, a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, without confessing that there have

been evil purposes, baneful to the peace and to the rights of men, conducted—if I may not say, with prudence or with wisdom—yet with awful craft and most successful and commanding subtlety. If, however, I might make a distinction, I should say that it is the proud attempt to mix a variety of lordly crimes that unsettles the prudence of the mind and breeds this distraction of the brain. One master-passion, domineering in the breast, may win the faculties of the understanding to advance its purpose, and to direct to that object everything that thought or human knowledge can effect; but, to succeed, it must maintain a solitary despotism in the mind—each rival profligacy must stand aloof, or wait in abject vassalage upon its throne. For the Power that has not forbade the entrance of evil passions into man's mind, has, at least, forbade their union;—if they meet they defeat their object; and their conquest, or their attempt at it, is tumult. To turn to the Virtues—how different the decree! Formed to connect, to blend, to associate, and to co-operate; bearing the same course, with kindred energies and harmonious sympathy; each perfect in its own lovely sphere; each moving in its wider or more contracted orbit with different, but concentering powers; guided by the same influence of reason, and endeavoring at the same blessed end—the happiness of the individual, the harmony of the species, and the glory of the Creator. In the Vices, on the other hand, it is the discord that insures the defeat; each clamorous to be heard in its own barbarous language; each claims the exclusive cunning of the brain; each thwarts and reproaches the other; and even while their full rage assails with common hate the peace and virtue of the world, the civil war among their own tumultuous legions defeats the purpose of the foul conspiracy. These are the Furies of the mind, my Lords, that unsettle the understanding; these are the Furies that destroy the virtue, Prudence; while the distracted brain and shivered intellect proclaim the tumult that is within, and bear their testimonies, from the mouth of God himself, to the foul condition of the heart.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE (1759-1833)

THE SLAVE'S ELOQUENT ADVOCATE

OF William Wilberforce it has been said: "With talents of the highest order, and eloquence surpassed by few, he entered upon public life possessed of the best personal connections in his intimate friendship with Mr. Pitt." Entering Parliament in 1780, his first movement toward the suppression of the slave-trade was taken in 1787, in conjunction with Thomas Clarkson and several others. From that time forward the abolition of slavery was the great object in Wilberforce's life. His bills defeated again and again, and bitter opposition to his purpose shown, he unyieldingly persisted, and at length, in 1807, had the satisfaction of seeing his bill passed in the House of Commons with a great majority. He had gradually educated the House and the nation to that point. About 1818 he began to agitate for the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies. This he followed up in his old, inflexible manner, till the day of his death, his bill for the abolition of slavery passing its second reading only three days before the demise of its great projector.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE

[From one of Wilberforce's many speeches on the subject of his most earnest attention, we select a brief passage in illustration of his style of oratory and the character of his appeals to his fellow-members.]

I cannot but persuade myself that, whatever difference of opinion there may have been, we shall this day be at length unanimous. I cannot believe that a British House of Commons will give its sanction to the continuance of this infernal traffic, the African slave-trade. We were for a while ignorant of its real nature; but it has now been completely developed, and laid open to view in all its horrors. Never was there

indeed, a system so big with wickedness and cruelty; it attains to the fullest measure of pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; and, scorning all competition and comparison, it stands without a rival in the secure, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence.

But I rejoice, sir, to see that the people of Great Britain have stepped forward on this occasion and expressed their sense more generally and unequivocally than in any instance wherein they have ever before interfered. I should in vain attempt to express to you the satisfaction with which it has filled my mind to see so great and glorious a concurrence, to see this great cause triumphing over all lesser distinctions, and substituting cordiality and harmony in the place of distrust and opposition. Nor have its effects amongst ourselves been in this respect less distinguished or less honorable. It has raised the character of Parliament. Whatever may have been thought or said concerning the unrestrained prevalency of our political divisions, it has taught surrounding nations, it has taught our admiring country, that there are subjects still beyond the reach of party. There is a point of elevation where we get above the jarring of the discordant elements that ruffle and agitate the vale below. In our ordinary atmosphere, clouds and vapors obscure the air, and we are the sport of a thousand conflicting winds and adverse currents; but here we move in a higher region, where all is pure, and clear, and serene, free from perturbation and discomposure—

> "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
> Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Here, then, on this august eminence, let us build the temple of benevolence; let us lay its foundation deep in truth and justice, and let the inscription on its gates be, "Peace and good-will towards men." Here let us offer the first-fruits of our prosperity; here let us devote ourselves to the service of these wretched men, and go forth burning with a generous ardor to compensate, if possible, for the injuries we have hitherto brought on them. Let us heal the breaches we have made. Let us rejoice in becoming the happy instruments of arresting the progress of rapine and desolation, and of introducing into that immense country the blessings of Christianity, the comforts of civilized, the sweets of social life. I am persuaded, sir, there is no man who hears me, who wou d not join with me in hailing the arrival of this happy period; who does not feel his mind cheered and solaced by the contemplation of those delightful scenes.

WILLIAM PITT (1759–1806)

NAPOLEON'S GREAT ADVERSARY

IN William Pitt, the younger, we possess an example of which there are few instances in history, that of a great orator inheriting his power from a father famous in the same field. The fame of the younger Pitt equals, though it does not eclipse, that of his father, the celebrated Lord Chatham. They could, indeed, scarcely be spoken of as rivals, their style of oratory being radically different. "Viewing the forms of the two Pitts, father and son," says a biographical writer, "as they stand in history, what different emotions their images call forth! The impassioned and romantic father seems like a hero of chivalry; the stately and classical son, as a Roman dictator, compelled into the dimensions of an English minister." Brougham ranks the younger Pitt with the world's great orators, crediting him, while possessing little ornament in rhetoric, variety in style or grace in manner, with unbroken fluency and fine declamation, by which he was able to seize and hold the attention of his audience till he chose to let it go. He is admitted to have been a consummate debater, and almost unequaled in sarcasm, yet, as Brougham says, "The last effect of the highest eloquence was for the most part wanting; we seldom forgot the speaker or lost the artist in his work."

THE PERIL FROM FRANCE

[The occasion which called forth the oratory of the younger Pitt was the excesses of the French Revolution, with the military triumphs of Napoleon that followed, and his strong and often unscrupulous measures for weakening the opposition of the hostile States. Against this Pitt fought with all his strength while his life lasted. The example of his oratory given is from his speech of June 7, 1799, on the question of granting a subsidy to the Russian army, "for the deliverance of Europe."]

The honorable gentleman says he wishes for peace, and that he approved more of what I said on this subject towards the close of my speech, than of the opening. Now what I said was that, if by powerfully seconding the efforts of our allies, we could only look for peace with any prospect of realizing our hopes, whatever would enable us to do so promptly and effectually would be true economy. I must, indeed, be much misunderstood, if generally it was not perceived that I meant that whether the period which is to carry us to peace be shorter or longer, what we have to look to is not so much when we shall make peace, as whether we shall derive from it complete and solid security; and that whatever other nations may do, whether they shall persevere in the contest, or untimely abandon it, we have to look to ourselves for the means of defence; we are to look to the means to secure our Constitution, preserve our character, and maintain our independence, in the virtue and perseverance of the people.

There is a high-spirited pride, an elevated loyalty, a generous warmth of heart, a nobleness of spirit, a hearty, manly gaiety, which distinguish our nation, in which we are to look for the best pledges of general safety, and of that security against an aggressing usurpation, which other nations in their weakness or in their folly have yet nowhere found. With respect to that which appears so much to embarrass certain gentlemen,—the deliverance of Europe,—I will not say particularly what it is. Whether it is to be its deliverance under that which it suffers, or that from which it is in danger; whether from the infection of false principles, the corroding cares of a period of distraction and dismay, or that dissolution of all governments and that death of religion and social order which are to signalize the triumph of the French republic—if unfortunately for mankind she should, in spite of all opposition, prevail in the contest;—from whichsoever of these Europe is to be delivered, it will not be difficult to prove that what she suffers and what is her danger are the power and existence of the French Government. If any man says that the Government is not a tyranny, he miserably mistakes the character of that body. It is an insupportable and odious tyranny, holding within its grasp the lives, the characters, and the fortunes of all who are forced to own its sway, and only holding these that it may at will measure out to each the portion which from time to time it sacrifices to its avarice, its cruelty, and injustice. The French Republic is diked and fenced round with crime, and owes much of its present security to its being regarded with a horror which appals men in their approaches to its impious battlements. . .

In the application of this principle I have no doubt but the honorable gentleman admits the security of the country to be the legitimate

object of the contest; and I must think I am sufficiently intelligible on this topic. But, wishing to be fully understood, I answer the honorable gentleman when he asks: "Does the right honorable gentleman mean to prosecute the war until the French Republic is overthrown? Is it his determination not to treat with France while it continues a republic?" I answer: I do not confine my views to the territorial limits of France; I contemplate the principles, character, and conduct of France; I consider what these are; I see in them the issues of distraction, of infamy and ruin, to every State in her alliance; and, therefore, I say that until the aspect of that mighty mass of iniquity and folly is entirely changed; until the character of the Government is totally reversed; until, by common consent of the general voice of all men, I can with truth tell Parliament, France is no longer terrible for her contempt of the rights of every other nation; she no longer avows schemes of universal empire; she has settled into a state whose government can maintain those relations in their integrity, in which alone civilized communities are to find their security, and from which they are to derive their distinction and their glory,—until in the situation of France we have exhibited to us those features of a wise, a just, and a liberal policy, I cannot treat with her.

The time to come to the discussion of a peace can only be the time when you can look with confidence to an honorable issue; to such a peace as shall at once restore to Europe her settled and balanced constitution of general polity, and to every negotiating power in particular that weight in the scale of general empire which has ever been found the best guarantee and pledge of local independence and general security. Such are my sentiments. I am not afraid to avow them. I commit them to the thinking part of mankind, and if they have not been poisoned by the stream of French sophistry, and prejudiced by her falsehood, I am sure they will approve of the determination I have avowed for those grave and mature reasons on which I found it. I earnestly pray that all the Powers engaged in the contest may think as I do, and particularly the Emperor of Russia, which, indeed, I do not doubt; and, therefore, I do contend that with that Power it is fit that the House should enter into the engagement recommended in his Majesty's message.

ROBERT EMMET (1780-1803)

THE ELOQUENT MARTYR TO IRISH LIBERTY

ROBERT EMMET, as an orator, was practically "a man of one speech," but that was a great speech, an extraordinary effort for a man of only twenty-three years of age. He was fighting for his life and his country, two causes abundantly well calculated to rouse a man to the supreme exercise of his faculties, and as a masterpiece of extemporaneous eloquence this impassioned speech has no superior in any language. Emmet was one of the chiefs of the "United Irishmen." Inspired by the misguided fervor of youth, he put himself at the head of a party of the rabble of Dublin, who killed a number of people, including the Chief Justice. The party was quickly dispersed, and Emmet,—who missed the opportunity to escape by lingering to bid farewell to his lady-love, a daughter of Curran, the orator—was arrested, put on trial, found guilty of high treason, and executed the next day.

A PATRIOT'S PLEA

[After the verdict of guilty was rendered, Emmet was asked, in the usual form, "What have you, therefore, now to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you according to law?" He rose and delivered an extended address to the Court, interrupted at intervals by Lord Norbury, chief among his judges, who permitted himself to be incensed by the condemned man's remarks. From this death plea we select some of the more thrilling passages.]

What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present

circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my *character* to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands or those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue; this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious Government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the Government standard,—a Government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

I appeal to the immaculate God,—to the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—to the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild

and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my Lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lords; a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[In the succeeding part of his speech Emmet was severe in his arraignment of the British Government, and was frequently interrupted by Lord Norbury, whose remarks he answered with fervent indignation. He concluded with the following words:]

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord;—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends,—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood stained hand!

[This so exasperated Lord Norbury that he attempted to stop the speaker, but the enthusiasm was so great that he dared not insist, and Emmet proceeded, shaking his finger at Lord Norbury.]

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repeat it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it!

[This invective was so severe that the judge interfered, insisting that Emmet be less personal. After a moment's pause the speaker composed himself and proceeded as follows:]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No. God forbid!

[At this point Lord Norbury told Emmet that his principles were treasonable, that his father would not have countenanced such sentiments, that his language was unbecoming, to which Emmet replied with feeling:]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim;—it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me,—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

BOOK V.

Recent British Political Orators

GREATEST of all the centuries in several prominent respects of human progress was the nineteenth. Greatest in science, greatest in invention, greatest in industrial evolution, it was, while not greatest in oratory, a great field for the outpouring of eloquence. And this was coupled with the fact that the art of stenography had so advanced that the preservation of the spoken words of the orator became an easy feat. In former centuries only those orators who carefully wrote out their speeches, and published them as literature, could count upon their transmission to posterity. The impromptu and extempore speaker could never look for a faithful preservation of his words. Much of the so-called oratory which remains to us from ancient times consists of speeches written by historians and attributed to their leading characters. In some cases these may have closely reproduced the actual speeches; in others they were probably largely or wholly imaginary. The loss of oratory in mediæval times must have been large, but the difficulty of preserving it had been fully overcome by the nineteenth century, and there are more speeches put upon permanent record now in a year than there were in centuries of the past. The century in question has been prolific in British orators of fine powers, those of supreme eloquence being fewer, indeed, than those of the preceding century, yet such names as those of Gladstone, Bright, Brougham, O' Connell and some others give a high standing to the oratory of the Victorian age.

GEORGE CANNING (1770-1827)

A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ORATOR AND WIT

CANNING'S distinction as a wit was due to his contributions to the "Anti-Jacobin," a famous series of political satires, issued weekly, which some eminent critics consider one of the wittiest books in the language. Canning's best known contribution to it is "The Needy Knife-grinder," one of his happiest efforts. As a broad-minded legislator he is best known through his able administration of the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the Castlereagh Cabinet, from 1822 to 1827. Under him Great Britain stood out against the "Holy Alliance" of the despots of Europe and favored the American "Monroe Doctrine"; the independence of the South American Republics was recognized; Catholic emancipation was aided, and other important reform and diplomatic movements were carried out.

Canning, entering Parliament in 1794, won a reputation in 1798 by his speeches against the slave-trade and the effort to make peace with the French Directory. He was an earnest supporter of Pitt in his hostility to Napoleon, and a member of his cabinet and of the succeeding Portland cabinet, in which he planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, which did so much to check the schemes of Napoleon. His oratory was marked by acuteness, wit and picturesque expression, and as a debater he was very forcible.

IN REPOSE YET IN READINESS

[In Canning's address at Plymouth in 1823, when presented with the freedom of the town, occurs the happy comparison of a fleet at rest yet ready for action to a nation in repose, which has been admired as his happiest oratorical hit. We give that part of his speech which includes this comparison.]

Our ultimate object must be the peace of the world. That object may sometimes be best attained by prompt exertions; sometimes by abstinence from interposition in contests which we cannot prevent. It is upon

these principles that, as has been most truly observed by my worthy friend, it did not appear to the government of this country to be necessary that Great Britain should mingle in the recent contest between France and Spain.

Your worthy Recorder has accurately classed the persons who would have driven us into that contest. There were undoubtedly among them those who desired to plunge this country into the difficulties of war, partly from the hope that those difficulties would overwhelm the administration; but it would be most unjust not to admit that there were others who were actuated by nobler principles and more generous feelings, who would have rushed forward at once from the sense of indignation at aggression, and who deemed that no act of injustice could be perpetuated from one end of the universe to the other but that the sword of Great Britain should leap from its scabbard to avenge it. But as it is the province of law to control the excess even of laudable passions and propensities in individuals, so it is the duty of Government to restrain within due bounds the ebullition of national sentiment and to regulate the course and direction of impulses which it cannot blame. Is there any one among the latter class of persons described by my honorable friend (for to the former I have nothing to say) who continues to doubt whether the Government did wisely in declining to obey the precipitate enthusiasm which prevailed at the commencement of the contest in Spain? Is there anybody who does not now think that it was the office of the Government to examine more closely all the various bearings of so complicated a question; to consider whether they were called upon to assist a united nation, or to plunge themselves into the internal feuds by which that nation was divided; to aid in repelling a foreign invader, or to take part in a civil war? Is there any man who does not now see what would have been the extent of burdens that would have been cast upon this country? Is there any one who does not acknowledge that under such circumstances the enterprise would have been one to be characterized only by a term borrowed from that part of the Spanish literature with which we are most familiar—Quixotic; an enterprise romantic in its origin, and thankless in the end?

But while we thus control even our feelings by our duty, let it not be said that we cultivate peace either because we fear, or because we are unprepared for, war; on the contrary, if eight months ago the Government did not hesitate to proclaim that the country was prepared for war, if war should be unfortunately necessary, every month of peace that has since passed has but made us so much the more capable of exertion. The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no

more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness,—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion,—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage,—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself—while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise! After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arrayed at times against her or at her side—England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction. Long may we be enabled, gentlemen, to improve the blessings of our present situation, to cultivate the arts of peace, to give to commerce, now reviving, greater extension and new spheres of employment, and to confirm the prosperity now generally diffused throughout this island. Of the blessing of peace, gentlemen, I trust that this borough, with which I have now the honor and happiness of being associated, will receive an ample share. I trust the time is not far distant when that noble structure of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honored me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbor, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind than the warlike marine of which your port has been long so distinguished an asylum, when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England.

SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845)

ENGLAND'S FAMOUS ORATOR OF HUMOR

THE fact that he was in holy orders was not enough to check Sydney Smith's irresistible tendency to wit and humor, which broke out on every occasion, and some of his amusing sayings seem destined to remain among the bright small-coin of the world for ages to come. He could be serious enough, indeed, when need demanded, but it was no easy matter for him to talk long without some witticism cropping out. A friend of Jeffreys and Brougham, he joined with them in the enterprise of publishing the *Endinburgh Review*, of which he was the first editor, and to which he contributed for years. Among his contributions to the cause of reform was his anonymous work entitled, "Letters on the Subject of the Catholics to My Brother Abraham, by Peter Plymley." This had a very large circulation, and greatly promoted the cause of Catholic emancipation. In fact, Smith was a man of large and liberal mind, and not one to be governed by partisan prejudice.

THE OPPONENTS OF REFORM

[Smith was not alone a wit and essayist, and a famous conversationalist, but he was an orator as well, and this not only in the pulpit, but on secular subjects. His finest effort in this direction was his famous address at Taunton on the Reform Bill, October 12, 1831. This is especially notable for the inimitable Mrs. Partington illustration, which stands among the world's finest examples of the humorous anecdote.]

MR. BAILIFF: I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of

the Church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seed of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass; and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

They tell you, gentlemen, in the debates by which we have been lately occupied, that the bill is not justified by experience. I do not think this true, but if it were true, nations are sometimes compelled to act without experience for their guide, and to trust to their own sagacity for the anticipation of consequences. The instances where this country has been compelled thus to act have been so eminently successful, that I see no cause for fear, even if we were acting in the manner imputed to us by our enemies. What precedents and what experience were there at the Reformation, when the country, with one unanimous effort, pushed out the pope and his grasping and ambitious clergy? What experience, when, at the Revolution, we drove away our ancient race of kings, and chose another family more congenial to our free principles? And yet to those two events, contrary to experience, and unguided by precedents, we owe all our domestic happiness and civil and religious freedom—and having got rid of corrupt priests and despotic kings by our sense and our courage, are we now to be intimidated by the awful danger of extinguishing

boroughmongers, and shaking from our necks the ignominious yoke which their baseness has imposed upon us!

Go on, they say, as you have done for these hundred years last past. I answer, it is impossible—five hundred people now write and read where one hundred wrote and read fifty years ago. The iniquities and the enormities of the borough system are now known to the meanest of the people. You have a different sort of men to deal with: you must change because the beings whom you govern are changed. After all, and to be short, I must say that it has always appeared to me to be the most absolute nonsense that we cannot be a great or a rich and happy nation without suffering ourselves to be bought and sold every five years like a pack of negro slaves. I hope I am not a very rash man, but I would launch boldly into this experiment without any fear of consequences, and I believe there is not a man here present who would not cheerfully embark with me. As to the enemies of the bill, who pretend to be reformers, I know them, I believe, better than you do, and I earnestly caution you against them. You will have no more of reform than they are compelled to grant, you will have no reform at all, if they can avoid it; you will be hurried into a war to turn your attention from reform. They do not understand you; they will not believe in the improvement you have made; they think the English of the present day are as the English of the times of Queen Anne or George I. They know no more of the present state of their own country than of the state of the Esquimaux Indians. Gentlemen, I view the ignorance of the present state of the country with the most serious concern, and I believe they will one day or another waken into conviction with horror and dismay.

[The iniquitous borough system of England, which had no excuse but custom and antiquity for its absurdities, was further satirized by Smith in the following ludicrous comparison.]

They tell you, gentlemen, that you have grown rich and powerful with these rotten boroughs, and that it would be madness to part with them, or to alter a constitution which had produced such happy effects. There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a laboring man of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-laborers, and who has made such good use of that superiority that he has saved what is—for his station in life—a very considerable sum of money, and if his existence is extended to the common period he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is—and long has been—troubled with violent stomachic pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent laborer were to send for a physician and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very

singular language if our doctor were to say to him: "My good friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach. Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? Have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? Has not your situation since you were first attacked been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?" Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? "Monster of rhubarb," he would say, "I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer, and fifty times happier, if I had never had any pains in my stomach at all." Gentlemen, these rotten boroughs are your pains in the stomach.

TAXES THE PRICE OF GLORY

[There is another pithy example of Smith's amusing way of presenting serious truths which has been quoted a thousand times, and is likely to be quoted many thousand times more. Here is one of its thousand presentations to the reading public.]

John Bull can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory!—Taxes! Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of men; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug which restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride;—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

JAMES FOX DELIVERING HIS GREAT SPEECH

In 1774 this Famous Orator delivered an eloquent speech in Parliament advising conciliatory measures towards the colonies. This illustration portrays the scene.

EDMUND BURKE AT HASTINGS' TRIAL

The trial of Warren Hastings for misrule in India brought forth many eloquent orators, of whom Burke was the foremost.

DANIEL O'CONNELL (1775–1847)

THE FIRST ORATOR OF EUROPE

IT is to John Randolph that O'Connell owes the title of "The First Orator of Europe," which we have affixed to his name. It was as "The Liberator" that he was known at home, as a tribute to his strenuous efforts to free Ireland from the supremacy of English rule. The history of the great agitator we must deal with very briefly. A native of County Kerry, he studied law and was called to the Irish bar in 1798, and for twenty-two years enjoyed an enormous practice in the Munster circuit. During this time he was a vehement advocate of the rights of the Catholics. Catholic emancipation came in 1828, and he entered Parliament in 1830, where he agitated for the repeal of the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, and for ten years and more stirred up the members by his wit, irony, vehemence and invective. Yet he kept the Irish from violent outbreaks until 1843, when the Young Ireland party threatened to break loose from his dictation. He now traversed Ireland in an agitation for repeal, monster meetings being held—that on the Hill of Tara, on August 15th, numbering three-quarters of a million. As a result he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy to raise sedition, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment—lying three months in prison before his release by the House of Lords. With this began the breakdown of his health and great strength, he dying in 1847 while on his way to Rome.

As an orator O'Connell was gifted with remarkable natural powers. Disraeli, one of his active opponents, says that "his voice was the finest ever heard in Parliament, distinct, deep, sonorous, and flexible." While often slovenly in style, his powers of moving an audience—an Irish audience in particular—was irresistible. In the great

struggle of his life, that for the rights of Ireland, he was one of the most effective popular leaders of modern times. As examples of his bitterness in epithet may be given his comparison of the smile of Sir Robert Peel to the shine of a silver plate on a coffin, and his designation of Disraeli as "heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

THE CHARMS OF KILDARE

[The following extract is from a speech of O'Connell at Mullaghmast, County Kildare, in September, 1843, during the campaign of agitation for Repeal of the Union.]

I wish to live long enough to have perfect justice administered to Ireland and liberty proclaimed throughout the land. It will take me some time to prepare my plan for the formation of the new Irish House of Commons; that plan which we will yet submit to her Majesty for her approval, when she gets rid of her present paltry Administration and has one which I can support . . . . You may be sure of this,—and I say it in the presence of Him who will judge me,—that I never will willfully deceive you. I have but one wish under heaven, and that is for the liberty and prosperity of Ireland. I am for leaving England to the English, Scotland to the Scotch, but we must have Ireland for the Irish. I will not be content until I see not a single man in any office, from the lowest constable to the lord chancellor, but Irishmen. This is our land, and we must have it. We will be obedient to the Queen, joined to England by the golden link of the crown, but we must have our own parliament, our own bench, our own magistrates, and we will give some of the *shoneens* who now occupy the bench leave to retire, such as those lately appointed by Sugden. He is a pretty boy, sent here from England; but I ask, did you ever hear such a name as he has got? I remember, in Wexford, a man told me he had a pig at home which he was so fond of that he would call it Sugden.

No; we will get judicial independence for Ireland. It is for this purpose we are assembled here to-day, as every countenance I see around me testifies. If there is any one here who is not for the Union let him say so. Is there anybody here for the repeal? [Cries of "All, all!"]

Yes, my friends, the Union was begot in iniquity, it was perpetuated in fraud and cruelty. It was no compact, no bargain, but it was an act of the most decided tyranny and corruption that was ever yet perpetrated. Trial by jury was suspended; the right of personal protection was at an end; courts-martial sat throughout the land, and the county of Kildare, among others, flowed with blood. Oh, my friends, listen now to the man of peace, who will never expose you to the power of your enemies. In

1798 there were some brave men, some valiant men, at head of the people at large; but there were many traitors, who left the people in the power of their enemies. The Curragh of Kildare afforded an instance of the fate which Irishmen were to expect, who confided in their Saxon enemies. Oh, it was an ill-organized, a premature, a foolish, and an absurd insurrection; but you have a leader now who never will allow you to commit any act so foolish or so destructive.

How delighted do I feel with the thorough conviction which has come over the minds of the people, that they could not gratify your enemies more than by committing a crime. No; our ancestors suffered for confiding in the English, but we never will confide in them. They suffered for being divided among themselves. There is no division among us. They suffered for their own dissensions—for not standing man to man by each other's side. We shall stand peaceably side by side in the face of every enemy. Oh, how delighted was I in the scenes which I witnessed as I came along here to-day! How my heart throbbed, how my spirit was elevated, how my bosom swelled with delight at the multitude which I beheld, and which I shall behold, of the stalwart and strong men of Kildare! I was delighted at the activity and force that I saw around me; and my old heart grew warm again in admiring the beauty of the dark-eyed maids and matrons of Kildare. Oh, there is a starlight sparkling from the eye of a Kildare beauty, that is scarcely equaled, and could not be excelled, all over the world. And remember that you are the sons, the fathers, the brothers, and the husbands of such women, and a traitor or a coward could never be connected with any of them.

Yes, I am in a county remarkable in the history of Ireland for its bravery and its misfortune, for its credulity in the faith of others, for its people judged of the Saxon by the honesty and honor of its own natures. I am in a country celebrated for the sacredness of its shrines and fanes. I am in a country where the lamp of Kildare's holy shrine burned with its sacred fire, through ages of darkness and storm; that fire which for six centuries burned before the high altar without being extinguished, being fed continuously, without the slightest interruption; and it seemed to me to have been not an inapt representation of the continuous fidelity and religious love of country of the men of Kildare. Yes, you have those high qualities—religious fidelity, continuous love of country. Even your enemies admit that the world has never produced any people that exceeded the Irish in activity and strength. The Scottish philosopher has declared, and the French philosopher has confirmed it, that number one in the human race is, blessed be Heaven! the Irishman. In moral virtue, in religion in perseverance, and in glorious temperance, you excel. Have

I any teetotalers here? Yes, it is teetotalism that is repealing the Union. I could not afford to bring you together, I would not dare to bring you together, but that I had the teetotalers for my police.

Yes, among the nations of the earth, Ireland stands number one in the physical strength of her sons and in the beauty and purity of her daughters. Ireland, land of my forefathers, how my mind expands, and my spirit walks abroad in something of majesty, when I contemplate the high qualities, inestimable virtues, and true purity and piety and religious fidelity of the inhabitants of our green fields and productive mountains. Oh, what a scene surrounds us! It is not only the countless thousands of brave and active and peaceable and religious men that are here assembled, but Nature herself has written her character with the finest beauty in the verdant plains that surround us. Let any man run round the horizon with his eye, and tell me if created Nature ever produced anything so green and so lovely, so undulating, so teeming with production. The richest harvests that any land can produce are those reaped in Ireland: and then here are the sweetest meadows, the greenest fields, the loftiest mountains, the purest streams, the noblest rivers, the most capacious harbors, and her water-power is equal to turn the machinery of the whole world.

Oh, my friends, it is a country worth fighting for; it is a country worth dying for; but above all, it is a country worth being tranquil, determined, submissive, and docile for; disciplined as you are in obedience to those who are breaking the way, and trampling down the barriers between you and your constitutional liberty, I will see every man of you having a vote, and every man protected by the ballot from the agent or landlord. I will see labor protected, and every title to possession recognized, when you are industrious and honest. I will see prosperity again throughout your land; the busy hum of the shuttle and the tinkling of the smithy shall be heard again. We shall see the nailer employed even until the middle of the night, and the carpenter covering himself with his chips. I will see prosperity in all its gradations spreading through a happy, contented religious land. I will hear the hymn of a happy people go forth at sunrise to God in praise of His mercies, and I will see the evening sun set amongst the uplifted hands of a religious and free population. Every blessing that man can bestow and religion can confer upon the faithful heart shall spread throughout the land. Stand by me—join with me—I will say be obedient to me, and Ireland shall be free.

LORD HENRY BROUGHAM (1779–1868)

THE CHAMPION OF POPULAR LIBERTIES

THE active career of Brougham covered the period between the age of the oratory of the French Revolutionary excitement and that of Gladstone and Disraeli, beginning with opposition to the policy of Pitt and extending to the French Revolution of 1848, of which he so highly approved that he wished he were naturalized as a French citizen. In his day he was the greatest of Liberal orators, a man eminent in passionate invective and vehemence of declamation. It was as a commoner he was great, a man of the people, and the acceptance of a title in 1830 robbed him of much of his strength. A native of Edinburgh, and early distinguished for his learning and versatility, he was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* and of its leading early contributors. Choosing the law as his profession, he had won fame as a forensic orator before he entered Parliament in 1810. Here he soon reached the front rank as a debater.

THE INDUSTRIAL PERIL OF WAR WITH AMERICA

[In the election canvass of 1812 Brougham was a candidate for Parliament, and did not hesitate to denounce in vigorous language the governmental policy of war with America, and also to hold Pitt very severely to account for the miseries arising from the war with France. The selection given from his speech at Liverpool during this campaign is an excellent example of his vigor and vehemence.]

I trust myself once more in your faithful hands; I fling myself again on you for protection; I call aloud to you to bear your own cause in your hearts; I implore of you to come forth in your own defense, for the sake of this vast town and its people, for the salvation of the middle and lower orders, for the whole industrial part of the whole country; I entreat you by your love of peace, by your hatred of oppression, by your weariness of

burthensome and useless taxation, by yet another appeal to which those must lend an ear who have been deaf to all the rest; I ask it for your families, for your infants, if you would avoid such a winter of horrors as the last. It is coming fast upon us; already it is near at hand; yet a few more weeks and we may be in the midst of those unspeakable miseries, the recollection of which now rends your very souls. If there is one freeman amongst this immense multitude who has not tendered his voice, and if he can be deaf to this appeal, if he can suffer the threats of our antagonists to frighten him away from the recollection of the last dismal winter, that man will not vote for me. But if I have the happiness of addressing one honest man amongst you, who has a care left for his wife and children, or for other endearing ties of domestic tenderness (and which of us is altogether without them?), that man will lay his hand on his heart when I now bid him do so, and with those little threats of present spite ringing in his ear, he will rather consult his fears of greater evil by listening to the dictates of his heart, when he casts a look towards the dreadful season through which he lately passed, and will come bravely foward to place those men in Parliament whose whole efforts have been directed towards the restoration of peace and the revival of trade.

Do not, gentlemen, listen to those who tell you the cause of freedom is desperate; they are the enemies of that cause and of you; but listen to me, —and I am one who has never yet deceived you,—I say, then, that it will be desperate if you make no exertions to retrieve it. I tell you that your language alone can betray it, that it can only be made desperate through your despair. I am not a man to be cast down by temporary reverses, let them come upon us as thick and as swift and as sudden as they may. I am not he who is daunted by majorities in the outset of a struggle for worthy objects,—else I should not now stand here before you to boast of triumphs won in your cause. If your champions had yielded to the force of numbers, of gold, of power, if defeat could have dismayed them, then would the African slave-trade never have been abolished; then would the cause of reform, which now bids fair to prevail over its enemies, have been long ago sunk amidst the desertions of its friends; then would those prospects of peace have been utterly benighted, which I still devoutly cherish, and which even now brighten in our eyes; then would the Orders in Council, which I overthrew by your support, have remained a disgrace to the British name, and an eternal obstacle to our best interests. I no more despond now than I have done in the course of those sacred and glorious contentions, but it is for you to say whether to-morrow shall not make it my duty to despair. To-morrow is your last day; your last efforts must then be made; if you put forth your strength the day is your own; if you

desert it, it is lost. To win it, I shall be the first to lead you on and the last to forsake you.

Gentlemen, when I told you a little while ago that there were new and powerful reasons to-day for ardently desiring that our cause might succeed, I did not sport with you; yourselves shall now judge of them. I ask you,—Is the trade with America of any importance to this great and thickly-peopled town? [Cries of "Yes, yes!"] Is a continuance of the rupture with America likely to destroy that trade? [Loud cries of "It is, it is!"] Is there any man who would deeply feel it, if he heard that the rupture was at length converted into open war? Is there a man present who would not be somewhat alarmed if he supposed that we should have another year without the American trade? Is there any one of nerves so hardy, as calmly to hear that our government has given up all negotiation, abandoned all hopes of speedy peace with America? Then I tell that man to brace up his nerves; I bid you all be prepared to hear what touches you all equally. We are by this day's intelligence at war with America in earnest; our government has at length issued letters of marque and reprisal against the United States. [Universal cries of "God help us, God help us!"] Aye, God help us! God of His infinite compassion take pity on us! God help and protect this poor town, and this whole trading country! . . . .

Gentlemen, I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of Mr. Pitt, or, as they partially designate him, the "immortal statesman," now no more. Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! Immortal in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt which these wars have flung upon us, which the youngest man among us will not live to see the end of! Immortal in the triumph of our enemies, and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England, and the humiliations of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favor with which a delighted court gilded his early apostasy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally. But may no such immortality fall to my lot; let me rather live innocent and inglorious; and when at last I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have an humble monument in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labors in your service "an enemy of the 'immortal statesman'—a friend of peace and of the people."

SIR ROBERT PEEL (1788-1850)

A LEADING CONSERVATIVE ORATOR

THE oldest son of a leading cotton manufacturer, who had amassed a great fortune in this growing industry, Sir Robert Peel made his mark in politics as his father had done in manufacture, gradually rising in reputation and influence, until in 1841, he became Prime Minister of the British Realm. The Irish constabulary, founded by him, are still known as "Peelers," in recognition of their origin. But the most important political question in his administration was that of the repeal of the Corn Laws. This he had at first opposed, but in 1846 he made an eloquent speech in its favor, and, by the aid of his followers and the Liberals, those oppressive laws were removed from the English statutes. This action made Peel very popular, but his career was suddenly ended by a fatal fall from his horse in July, 1850.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLASSICAL EDUCATION

[On the 11th of January, 1837, on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, Peel made an eloquent address to the students on the benefits of the higher education. We select a passage from this in preference to his political speeches, as possessing a broader and more enduring interest.]

"It is very natural," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary, to be astonished at the effect and to consider it as a kind of magic.

"The travelers into the East tell us that when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining among them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long-lost science, they always answer that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its own powers and those works of complicated art which it is utterly unable to

EDMUND BURKE

Macaulay the great English Historian says that Burke was superior to every orator, ancient and modern in richness of imagination and power of expression.

IRISH ORATORS ROBERT EMMET AND DANIEL O'CONNELL

Robert Emmet s fame rested upon that Famous Oration given in this book. Danie O'Connell is a household word in every home in Ireland. His eloquence and his patriotism give him undying fame.

fathom, and it supposes that such a void can be surpassed only by supernatural powers."

We have, in the instance of Cicero, the stately edifice, the monument of intellectual grandeur; but we have also the evidence of the illustrious architect to prove to us by what careful process the foundations were securely laid and the scaffolding gradually erected. Our wonder at the perfection of the work may be abated, but what can abate our admiration and respect for the elevated views; the burning thirst for knowledge and for fame; the noble ambition which "scorned delights, and lived laborious days"—which had engraven on the memory the paternal exhortation to the hero in Homer, the noblest, says Dr. Johnson, that can be found in any heathen writer.

The name, the authority, the example of Cicero, conduct me naturally to a topic which I should be unwilling to pass in silence. I allude to the immense importance to all who aspire to conspicuous stations in any department of public or learned professional life, the immense importance of classical acquirements, of imbuing your minds with a knowledge of the pure models of antiquity and a taste for their constant study and cultivation. Do not disregard this admonition from the impression that it proceeds from the natural prejudice in favor of classical learning, which an English university may have unconsciously instilled, or that it is offered presumptuously by one who is ignorant of that description of knowledge which is best adapted to the habits and occupations of society in Scotland.

Oh, let us take higher and more extensive views! Feel assured that a wider horizon than that of Scotland is opening upon you; that you are candidates starting with equal advantage for every prize of profit or distinction which the wide circle of an empire extended through every quarter of the globe can include.

Bear in mind, too, that every improvement in the means of communication betwen distant parts of that empire is pointing out a new avenue to fame, particularly to those who are remote from the great seat of government. This is not the place where injustice should be done to that mighty discovery which is effecting a daily change in the pre-existing relations of society. It is not within the college of Glasgow that a false and injurious estimate should be made of the results of the speculations of Black and of the inventive genius of Watt. The steam engine and the railroad are not merely facilitating the transport of merchandise, they are not merely shortening the duration of journeys, or administering to the supply of physical wants. They are speeding the intercourse between mind and mind; they are creating new demands for knowledge; they are

fertilizing the intellect as well as the material waste; they are removing the impediments which obscurity, or remoteness, or poverty, may have heretofore opposed to the emerging of real merit.

They are supplying you, in the mere facility of locomotion, with a new motive for classical study. They are enabling you with comparative ease to enjoy that pure and refined pleasure which makes the past predominate over the present, when we stand upon the spots where the illustrious deeds of ancient times have been performed, and meditate on monuments that are associated with names and actions that can never perish. They are offering to your lips the intoxicating draught that is described with such noble enthusiasm by Gibbon: "At the distance of twenty-five years I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool or minute investigation." . . . .

By every motive which can influence a reflecting and responsive being,—"a being of large discourse, looking before and after,"—by the memory of the distinguished men who have shed a lustre on these walls; by regard for your own success and happiness in this life; by the fear of future discredit; by the hope of lasting fame; by all these considerations do I conjure you, while you have yet time, while your minds are yet flexible, to form them on the models which approach the nearest to perfection. *Sursum corda!* By motives yet more urgent; by higher and purer aspirations; by the duty of obedience to the will of God; by this awful account you will have to render, not merely of moral actions, but of faculties intrusted to you for improvement; by these high arguments do I conjure you so "to number your days that you may apply your hearts unto wisdom"—unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefiting mankind, and teaching you humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you "in the time of your tribulation;" may admonish you "in the time of your wealth;" and "in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment," may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (1792-1878)

THE ORATOR OF REFORM

GREATEST among the advocates of parliamentary reform, year after year Lord John Russell made motions in Parliament for the suppression of "rotten boroughs," at first exciting the contempt of the Conservatives, and afterward their dismay, for he was the principal author of the great Reform Bill of 1830, which, after a fight which was little short of a revolution, became a law in 1832. All his life Russell was a persistent Whig, and a thorn in the side of the Tories. In 1845 he became an advocate of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and was called to the office of Prime Minister in 1846, holding office till 1852. In 1865 he was again called to this position, with Gladstone as one of his principal colleagues, and again brought in a Reform Bill—destined to be defeated then, but to bring about a great increase in the suffrage two years later. As an orator Russell played a prominent part, his political speeches being numerous and important.

THE "ROTTEN BOROUGHS" OF ENGLAND

[Various references have been made in this work to the great reform movement of 1830–32, and it has just been said that Lord Russell was one of the most persistent advocates of reform. Some fuller account of the state of affairs is here in place. During the preceding two centuries there had been great changes in the distribution of population in England, but the distribution of seats in Parliament remained the same. Flourishing towns had decayed, and ancient boroughs had become practically extinct, yet they were still represented in Parliament. "Pocket boroughs" these were called, and were well named, since their membership was practically in the pocket of the owner of the land, who could give it to whom he pleased. On the other hand, great manufacturing cities had sprung up, whose hundreds of thousands of people did not send a single member to Parliament. This was the desperately corrupt system against which Russell vigorously protested, and which he earnestly sought to reform. We give his picturesque description of the state of affairs from a speech by him in 1831.

A stranger who was told that this country was unparalleled in wealth and industry, and more civilized and enlightened than any country was before it; that it is a country which prides itself upon its freedom, and which once in seven years elects representatives from its population to act as the guardians and preservers of that freedom—would be anxious and curious to see how that representation is formed, and how the people choose their representatives.

Such a person would be very much astonished if he were to be taken to a ruined mound, and told that that mound sent two representatives to Parliament; if he were taken to a stone wall, and told that these niches in it sent two representatives to Parliament; if he were taken to a park, where no houses were to be seen, and told that that park sent two representatives to Parliament. But he would be still more astonished if he were to see large and opulent towns, full of enterprise and industry, and intelligence, containing vast magazines of every species of manufacture, and were then told that those towns sent no representatives to Parliament.

Such a person would be still more astonished if he were taken to Liverpool, where there is a large constituency, and told, "Here you will have a fine example of a popular election." He would see bribery employed to the greatest extent, and in the most unblushing manner; he would see every voter receiving a number of guineas in a bag as the price of his corruption; and after such a spectacle he would be, no doubt, much astonished that a nation, whose representatives are thus chosen, could perform the functions of legislation at all, or enjoy respect in any degree.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY STUDY

[Of Russell's speeches aside from politics, one of the most interesting is his address at the Leeds Mechanics Institute in 1852. The following selection is taken from this fine oration.]

I will now turn for a short time to the subject of literature. That subject again is so vast that if I were to attempt to go over any one of its numerous fields I should not find the time sufficient to enable me to do so; but there is one leading remark which I will venture to make, and which, I think, it is worth while for any person who studies literature to keep in view. There are various kinds of productions of literature, of very different forms, and of very different tastes; some grave and some gay, some of extreme fancy, some rigorously logical, but all, as I think, demanding this as their quality, that truth shall prevail in them. A French author has said that nothing is beautiful but truth; that truth alone is lovely, but that truth ought to prevail even in fable. I believe that remark is perfectly correct; and I believe that you cannot use a

better test, even of works of imagination, than to see whether they be true to nature. Now, perhaps I can better explain what I mean in this respect by giving you one or two instances, than I should be able to do by precept and explanation. A poet of very great celebrity in the last century, and who certainly was a poet distinguished for much fancy and great power of pathos, but who had not the merit of being always as true as he is pointed in the poetry he has written,—I mean Young,—has said, at the commencement, I think, of one of his "Nights" ·

> "Sleep, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

Now, if you will study that sentence, you will see there are two things which the poet has confounded together. He has confounded together those who are fortunate in their peace of mind, those who are fortunate in the possession of health, and those who are fortunate in worldly advantages. Now, it frequently happens that the man who is worst off in his worldly circumstances, to whom the world will pay no homage, on whom it would not be said that Fortune smiled, enjoys sweeter and more regular sleep than those who are in the possession of the highest advantages of rank and wealth. You will all remember no doubt, that in a passage I need not quote, another poet, one always true to nature, Shakespeare, has described the shipboy amidst the storm, notwithstanding all the perils of his position on the mast, as enjoying a quiet sleep, while he describes the king as unable to rest. That is the poet true to nature; and you will thus, by following observations of this kind, by applying that test to poetry as well as to history and to reasoning, obtain a correct judgment as to whether what you are reading is really worth your attention and worth your admiration, or whether it is faulty and is not so deserving.

I may give another instance, and I could hardly venture to do so if my friend and your friend, Lord Carlisle, were here, because the want of truth I am going to point out is in the writings of Pope. There is a very beautiful ode of Horace, in which, exalting the merits of poetry, he says that many brave men lived before Agamemnon; that there were many great sieges before the siege of Troy; that before Achilles and Hector existed, there were brave men and great battles; but that, as they had no poet, they died, and that it required the genius of poetry to give immortal existence to the bravery of armies and of chiefs. Pope has copied this ode of Horace, and in some respects has well copied and imitated it in some lines which certainly are worthy of admiration, beginning:

> "Lest you should think that verse shall die,
> Which sounds the silver Thames along."

But in the instances which he gives he mentions Newton, and says that not only brave men had lived and fought, but that other Newtons "systems fram'd." Now, here he has not kept to the merit and truth of his original; for, though it may be quite true that there were distinguished armies and wonderful sieges, and that their memory has passed into oblivion, it is not at all probable that any man like Newton followed by mathematical roads the line of discovery, and that those great truths which he discovered should have perished and fallen into oblivion.

I give you these two instances of want of truth even in celebrated poets, and I think it is a matter you will do well to keep in view, because there is a remarkable difference between the history of science and the history of literature. In the history of science the progress of discovery is gradual. Those who make these discoveries sometimes commit great errors. They fall into many absurd mistakes, of which I could give you numerous instances; but these blunders and these errors disappear—the discoveries alone remain; other men afterwards make these discoveries the elements and groundwork of new investigations, and thus the progress of science is continual; but truth remains, the methods of investigation even are shortened, and the progress continually goes on.

But it is not so with regard to literature. It has, indeed, happened often in the history of the world, among nations that have excelled in literature, after great works had been produced which brought down the admiration of all who could read them, that others, attempting to go further,—attempting to do something still better,—have produced works written in the most affected and unnatural style, and, instead of promoting literature, have corrupted the taste of the nation in which they lived. Now, this is a thing against which I think we should always be upon our guard, and, having those great models of literature which we possess before us, —having Shakespeare, and Milton, and Pope, and a long list of illustrious poets and authors,—we should always study to see that the literature of the day is, if not on a par with, at least as pure in point of taste as that which has gone before it, and to take care that we do not, instead of advancing in letters, fall back and decay in the productions of the time.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL (1793–1851)

IRISH DRAMATIST AND ORATOR

AMONG the famous orators of Irish birth and inspired by Irish patriotism must be named Richard Lalor Sheil, a native of Dublin and a friend and associate of O'Connell, whom he most nearly approached in oratory. Elected to Parliament in 1829, he soon became conspicuous there for his brilliant eloquence. He was made Master of the Mint in Russell's Cabinet of 1846, and was British Minister at Florence in 1850. As an orator, his enunciation was quick and impetuous, his gesture rapid and continuous, while his wealth of illustration and unrivalled power in the use of words held spell-bound all who heard him.

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES

[Sheil's most brilliant speech, and one of the most eloquent known in British oratory, was instigated by an expression made by Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, in which he spoke of the Irish as "aliens, in blood and religion." Sheil took the opportunity to reply, while speaking, February 22, 1837, on the Irish Municipal Bill. Never had the House of Commons heard a finer burst of indignant oratory.]

I should be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice; even Strafford, the deserter of the People's cause,—the renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character,—even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland! What marvel is it, then, that gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one man, of great abilities,—not a member of this House, but whose talents and

whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party,—who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the people of this country; abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives; dislinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity and religion, to be aliens:—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, aliens in religion! Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim: "HOLD! I HAVE SEEN THE ALIENS DO THEIR DUTY?"

The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown.

"The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiéra through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos?

All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiéra, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuéra, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest ——. Tell me,—for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me,—for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science; when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by

the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset, —tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched?

And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe?

The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life blood was poured out?

THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR

War in Ireland would be worse than civil. A demon would take possession of the nation's heart,—every feeling of humanity would be extinguished,—neither to sex nor to age would mercy be given. The country would be deluged with blood; and when that deluge had subsided, it would be a sorry consolation to a British statesman, when he gazed upon the spectacle of desolation which Ireland would then present to him, that he beheld the spires of your Established Church still standing secure amidst the desert with which they would be encompassed. You have adjured us, in the name of the oath which we have sworn on the gospel of God,—I adjure you, in the name of every precept contained in that holy book; in the name of that religion which is the perfection of humanity; in the name of every obligation, divine and human; as you are men and Christians, to save my country from those evils to which I point, and to remember, that if you shall be the means of precipitating that country into perdition, posterity will deliver its great finding against you, and that you will not only be answerable to posterity, but responsible to that Judge, in whose presence, clothed with the blood of civil warfare, it will be more than dreadful to appear.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
(1800–1859)
THE BRILLIANT ORATOR, HISTORIAN AND ESSAYIST

THE whole story of Macaulay's life is too broad for us to detail here, our concern being simply with his record as an orator. Whatever he touched he adorned. There are no essays with the glowing charm of those of Macaulay. There is no history which holds its readers so entranced. There are no poems with the galloping swing of his "Lays of Ancient Rome" and his "Battle of Ivory," and in oratory his marvelous power in the use of language is equally displayed. While a student at Cambridge he won distinction as an orator, and on entering Parliament in 1830 he fulfilled the highest expectations of his friends. His speeches on the Reform Bill and on the renewal of the charter of the East India Company were among the finest examples of his powers. His rapidity of speech, however, detracted from the effect of his orations, and they are among those that are more effective when read than they were in delivery. Of his style as writer and orator it is said, "Its characteristics are vigor, animation, copiousness, clearness, above all, sound English, now a rare excellence."

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE

[We cannot offer a more interesting example of Macaulay's oratorical style and method of handling than in the following extract from the speech delivered by him at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute, in 1846. Its lucid picturing of the superficiality of all human knowledge is marked by his most effective lucidity and interest of statement and charm of manner.]

Some men, of whom I wish to speak with great respect, are haunted, as it seems to me, with an unreasonable fear of what they call superficial knowledge. Knowledge, they say, which really deserves the name, is a

great blessing to mankind, the ally of virtue, the harbinger of freedom. But such knowledge must be profound. A crowd of people who have a smattering of mathematics, a smattering of astronomy, a smattering of chemistry, who have read a little poetry and a little history, is dangerous to the commonwealth. Such half knowledge is worse than ignorance. And then the authority of Pope is vouched: "Drink deep or taste not;" shallow drafts intoxicate; drink largely and that will sober you. I must confess that the danger which alarms these gentlemen never seemed to me very serious; and my reason is this, that I never could prevail upon any person who pronounced superficial knowledge a curse and profound knowledge a blessing to tell me what was his standard of profundity. The argument proceeds on the supposition that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge similar to that which separates truth from falsehood. I know of no such line. When we talk of men of deep science, do we mean that they have got to the bottom or near the bottom of science? Do we mean that they know all that is capable of being known? Do we mean even that they know, in their own special department, all that the smatterers of the next generation will know? Why, if we compare the little truth that we know with the infinite mass of truth which we do not know, we are all shallow together, and the greatest philosophers that ever lived would be the first to confess their shallowness. If we could call up the first of human beings, if we could call up Newton and ask him whether, even in those sciences in which he had no rival, he considered himself as profoundly knowing, he would have told us that he was but a smatterer like ourselves and that the difference between his knowledge and ours vanished when compared with the quantity of truth still undiscovered, just as the distance between a person at the foot of Ben Lomond and one at the top of Ben Lomond vanishes when compared with the distance of the fixed stars.

It is evident, then, that those who are afraid of superficial knowledge, do not mean by superficial knowledge knowledge which is superficial when compared with the whole quantity of truth capable of being known. For, in that sense, all human knowledge is, and always has been, and always must be, superficial. What, then, is the standard? Is it the same two years together in any country? Is it the same, at the same moment, in any two countries? Is it not notorious that the profundity of one nation is the shallowness of a neighboring nation? Ramohun Roy passed, among Hindoos, for a man of profound Western learning; but he would have been but a very superficial member of this institute. Strabo was justly entitled to be called a profound geographer eighteen hundred years ago; but a teacher of geography who had never heard of

America would now be laughed at by the girls of a boarding school. What would now be thought of the greatest chemist of 1746 or of the greatest geologist of 1746? The truth is that, in all experimental science, mankind is, of necessity, constantly advancing. Every generation, of course, has its front rank and its rear rank; but the rear rank of a later generation occupies the ground which was occupied by the front rank of a former generation.

You remember Gulliver's adventures. First he is shipwrecked in a country of little men, and he is a Colossus among them. He strides over the walls of their capital; he stands higher than the cupola of their great temple; he tugs after him a royal fleet; he stretches his legs, and a royal army, with drums beating and colors flying, marches through the gigantic arch; he devours a whole granary for breakfast, eats a herd of cattle for dinner, and washes down his meal with all the hogsheads of a cellar. In his next voyage he is among men sixty feet high. He who in Lilliput used to take people up in his hand in order that he might be able to hear them, is himself taken up in the hands and held to the ears of his masters. It is all that he can do to defend himself with his hanger against the rats and mice. The court ladies amuse themselves with seeing him fight wasps and frogs; the monkey runs off with him to the chimney top; the dwarf drops him into the cream jug and leaves him to swim for his life. Now, was Gulliver a tall or a short man? Why, in his own house at Rotherhithe, he was thought a man of the ordinary stature. Take him to Lilliput, and he is Quinbus Flestrin, the Man Mountain. Take him to Brobdingnag, and he is Grildig, the little Manikin. It is the same in science. The pigmies of one society would have passed for giants in another.

It might be amusing to institute a comparison between one of the profoundly learned men of the thirteenth century and one of the superficial students who will frequent our library. Take the great philosopher of the time of Henry III. of England, or Alexander III. of Scotland, the man renowned all over the island, and even as far as Italy and Spain, as the first of astronomers and chemists. What is his astronomy? He is a firm believer in the Ptolemaic system. He never heard of the law of gravitation. Tell him that the succession of day and night is caused by the turning of the earth on its axis. Tell him that in consequence of this motion, the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial diameter. Tell him that the succession of summer and winter is caused by the revolution of the earth round the sun. If he does not set you down for an idiot, he lays an information against you before the Bishop and has you burned for a heretic. To do him justice, however, if he is ill-informed on these points, there are other points on which Newton and Laplace

were mere children when compared with him. He can cast your nativity. He knows what will happen when Saturn is in the House of Life, and what will happen when Mars is in conjunction with the Dragon's Tail. He can read in the stars whether an expedition will be successful, whether the next harvest will be plentiful; which of your children will be fortunate in marriage, and which will be lost at sea. Happy the State, happy the family, which is guided by the counsels of so profound a man! And what but mischief, public and private, can we expect from the temerity and conceit of sciolists who know no more about the heavenly bodies than what they have learned from Sir John Herschel's beautiful little volume? But, to speak seriously, is not a little truth better than a great deal of falsehood? Is not the man who, in the evenings of a fortnight, has acquired a correct notion of the solar system, a more profound astronomer than the man who has passed thirty years in reading lectures about the primum mobile, in drawing schemes of horoscopes?

As it has been in science, so it has been in literature. Compare the literary acquirements of the thirteenth century with those which will be within the reach of many who will frequent our reading room. As to Greek learning, the profound man of the thirteenth century was absolutely on a par with the superficial man of the nineteenth. In the modern languages, there was not, six hundred years ago, a single volume which is now read. The library of our profound scholar must have consisted entirely of Latin books. We will suppose him to have had both a large and a choice collection. We will allow him thirty, nay forty manuscripts, and among them a Virgil, a Terence, a Lucan, an Ovid, a Statius, a great deal of Livy, a great deal of Cicero. In allowing him all this, we are dealing most liberally with him; for it is much more likely that his shelves were filled with treatises on school divinity and canon law, composed by writers whose names the world has very wisely forgotten. But even if we suppose him to have possessed all that is most valuable in the literature of Rome, I say with perfect confidence that, both in respect of intellectual improvement and in respect of intellectual pleasures, he was far less favorably situated than a man who now, knowing only the English language, has a bookcase filled with the best English works. Our great men of the Middle Ages could not form a conception of any tragedy approaching "Macbeth" or "Lear," or of any comedy equal to "Henry IV." or "Twelfth Night." The best epic poem that he had read was far inferior to the "Paradise Lost:" and all the tomes of his philosophers were not worth a page of the "Novum Organum."

RICHARD COBDEN (1804-1865)

THE ORATOR OF FREE TRADE

IT was the contest against the Corn Laws—which, by imposing a high duty on imported grain, greatly increased the cost of food in England, favoring the land-holding gentry at the expense of the poor—that made Richard Cobden famous. Conservatism, and the political influence of the gentry, preserved these laws with little change, and Cobden was the first to make a determined assault upon them. In 1839 the Anti-Corn Law League was formed, with him for its principal champion and orator. Elected to Parliament in 1841, he kept up the fight actively and earnestly in the House and before the people, with the result that the obnoxious laws were repealed in 1846. An able orator and a born reformer, Mr. Cobden was a powerful ally of Bright and Gladstone in their Liberal campaign. He favored electoral reform, vote by ballot, and a pacific foreign policy, and was the author, in 1860, of an important commercial treaty with France, which greatly increased the trade between the two countries.

THE GENTRY AND THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM

[From Cobden's many eloquent speeches on the subject of his great free-corn conflict, we select the following example, in which he clearly points out to the land-holders of England the selfish character of their course, and the perils they ran in opposing the demand for cheap food from the great industrial population.]

I tell you that this "Protection," as it has been called, is a failure. It was so when you had the prohibition up to 80*s*. You know the state of your farming tenantry in 1821. It was a failure when you had a protection price of 60*s*.; for you know what was the condition of your farm tenantry in 1835. It is a failure now with your last amendment, for you have admitted and proclaimed it to us; and what is the condition of your agricultural population at this time? I ask, what is your plan? I hope

it is not a pretense; a mere political game that has been played throughout the last election, and that you have not all come up here as mere politicians. There are politicians in the House; men who look with an ambition—probably a justifiable one—to the honors of office. There may be men who, with thirty years of continuous service,—having been pressed into a groove from which they can neither escape nor retreat,—may be holding office, high office, maintained there, probably, at the expense of their present convictions, which do not harmonize very well with their early opinions. I make allowances for them; but the great body of the honorable gentlemen opposite came up to this House, not as politicians, but as the farmers' friends, and protectors of the agricultural interests. Well, what do you propose to do? You have heard the Prime Minister declare that, if he could restore all the protection which you have had, that protection would not benefit agriculturists. Is that your belief? If so, why not proclaim it? and if it is not your conviction, you will have falsified your mission in this House, by following the right honorable baronet out into the lobby, and opposing inquiry into the condition of the very men who sent you here.

With mere politicians I have no right to expect to succeed in this motion. But I have no hesitation in telling you that, if you give me a committee of this House, I will explode the delusion of agricultural protection. I will bring forward such a mass of evidence, and give you such a preponderance of talent and of authority, that when the Blue-Book is published and sent forth to the world, as we can now send it, by our vehicles of information, your system of protection shall not live in public opinion for two years afterward. Politicians do not want that. This cry of protection has been a very convenient handle for politicians. The cry of protection carried the counties at the last election, and politicians gained honors, emoluments, and place by it. But is that old tattered flag of protection, tarnished and torn as it is already, to be kept hoisted still in the counties for the benefit of politicians; or will you come forward honestly and fairly to inquire into this question? I cannot believe that the gentry of England will be made mere drumheads to be sounded upon by a Prime Minister to give forth unmeaning and empty sounds, and to have no articulate voice of their own. No! You are the gentry of England, who represent the counties. You are the aristocracy of England. Your fathers led our fathers; you may lead us if you will go the right way. But, although you have retained your influence with this country longer than any other aristocracy, it has not been by opposing popular opinion, or by setting yourselves against the spirit of the age.

In other days, when the battle and the hunting-fields were the tests

of manly vigor, your fathers were first and foremost there. The aristocracy of England were not like the noblesse of France, the mere minions of a court; nor were they like the hidalgos of Madrid, who dwindled into pigmies. You have been Englishmen. You have not shown a want of courage and firmness when any call has been made upon you. This is a new era. It is the age of improvement, it is the age of social advancement; not the age for war or for feudal sports. You live in a mercantile age, when the whole wealth of the world is poured into your lap. You cannot have the advantages of commercial rents and feudal privileges; but you may be what you always have been, if you will identify yourselves with the spirit of the age. The English people look to the gentry and aristocracy of their country as their leaders. I, who am not one of you, have no hesitation in telling you that there is a deep-rooted, an hereditary prejudice, if I may so call it, in your favor in this country. But you never got it, and you will not keep it, by obstructing the spirit of the age. If you are indifferent to enlightened means of finding employment to your own peasantry; if you are found obstructing that advance which is calculated to knit nations more together in the bonds of peace by means of commercial intercourse; if you are found fighting against the discoveries which have almost given breath and life to material nature, and setting up yourselves as obstructives of that which destiny has decreed shall go on,—why, then, you will be the gentry of England no longer, and others will be found to take your place.

And I have no hesitation in saying that you stand just now in a very critical position. There is a wide-spread suspicion that you have been tampering with the best feelings and with the honest confidence of your constituents in this cause. Everywhere you are doubted and suspected. Read your own organs, and you will see that this is the case. Well, then, this is the time to show that you are not the mere party politicians which you are said to be. I have said that we shall be opposed in this measure by politicians; they do not want inquiry. But I ask you to go into this committee with me. I will give you a majority of county members. You shall have a majority of the Central Society in that committee. I ask you only to go into a fair inquiry as to the causes of the distress of your own population. I only ask that this matter be fairly examined. Whether you establish my principle or yours, good will come out of the inquiry; and I do, therefore, beg and entreat the honorable independent country gentlemen of this House that they will not refuse, on this occasion, to go into a fair, a full, and an impartial inquiry.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (1805-1881)

GLADSTONE'S RIVAL IN ORATORY AND OFFICE

IN speaking of Disraeli as a rival of Gladstone in oratory, it is meant only to indicate that these distinguished men came frequently into conflict in speech-making, not that there was any equality or resemblance between them as orators. As one writer says of Disraeli, "In almost every thing he was the very opposite of his great adversary, Mr. Gladstone. He was a master of epigram, a splendid debater, rather than an orator; he possessed that first-rate requisite of statecraft, lack of zeal." His maiden speech was not wanting in cleverness, yet was so lame in delivery that it was greeted in Parliament with shouts of laughter. He cried out in response, "I have begun several things many times, and have often succeeded at last; ay, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." The time indeed came. Before many years he was a prominent debater in the House of Commons, and the leading Conservative orator in the Corn Law agitation, while by his talent as a speaker and his spirit and persistency under defeat he compelled the admiration of his opponents. From 1868 onward he was the rival of Gladstone for the highest office under the British Government. In that year he became Prime Minister, and alternated with Gladstone in this post of honor and power till his death, his terms of Premiership being 1868 to 1869, and from 1874 to 1880. Many of the great questions of public policy and the management of the Empire were before parliament and in their discussions Disraeli shone as a speaker of rare powers. In 1875 he conferred on the Queen the title of Empress of India, and was himself rewarded by the rank of Earl of Beaconsfield. In addition to his parliamentary labors, he found time to devote himself somewhat to literature, writing several novels which attracted much

attention at the time, alike from their literary power and their authorship. While out of office in 1870 he wrote his novel of "Lothair," a work which was very widely read, and was exposed to much severe criticism.

THE DANGERS OF DEMOCRACY

[The question of electoral reform and extension of the suffrage, which had been so prominent in England about 1830, was renewed at a later date, being supported by Gladstone and Russell, and opposed by Disraeli and Derby. Yet in 1867, finding that the people were thoroughly in earnest, Disraeli changed front suddenly, posed as a reformer, and brought in a suffrage reform bill which conceded all that Gladstone had demanded, giving the right to vote to every householder in a borough, every forty-shilling freeholder, etc. He had shrewdly accepted that which he had bitterly opposed before. We give some of his reasons for opposing suffrage, from a speech made by him in 1864.]

That tremendous reckless opposition to the right honorable gentleman, which allowed the bill to be read the second time, seems to have laid the Government prostrate. If he had succeeded in throwing out the bill, the right honorable gentleman and his friends would have been relieved from great embarrassment. But the bill, having been read a second time, the Government were quite overcome, and it appears they never have recovered from the paralysis up to this time. The right honorable gentleman was good enough to say that the proposition of his Government was rather coldly received upon his side of the House, but he said "nobody spoke against it." Nobody spoke against the bill on this side, but I remember some most remarkable speeches from the right honorable gentleman's friends. There was the great city of Edinburgh, represented by acute eloquence of which we never weary, and which again upon the present occasion we have heard; there was the great city of Bristol, represented on that occasion among the opponents, and many other constituencies of equal importance.

But the most remarkable speech, which "killed cock robin," was absolutely delivered by one who might be described as almost a member of the Government—the chairman of ways and means (Mr. Massey,) who I believe, spoke from immediately behind the Prime Minister. Did the Government express any disapprobation of such conduct? They have promoted him to a great post, and have sent him to India with an income of fabulous amount. And now they are astonished they cannot carry a Reform Bill. If they removed all those among their supporters who oppose such bills by preferring them to posts of great confidence and great lucre, how can they suppose that they will ever carry one? Looking at the policy of the Government, I am not at all astonished at the speech which

the right honorable gentleman, the Secretary of State, has made this evening. Of which speech I may observe, that although it was remarkable for many things, yet there were two conclusions at which the right honorable gentleman arrived. First, the repudiation of the rights of man, and next, the repudiation of the £6 franchise. The first is a great relief; and —remembering what the feeling of the House was only a year ago, when, by the dangerous but fascinating eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we were led to believe that the days of Tom Paine had returned, and that Rousseau was to be rivaled by a new social contract—it must be a great relief to every respectable man here to find that not only are we not to have the rights of man, but we are not even to have the 1862 franchise. . . . .

But I think it is possible to increase the electoral body of the country by the introduction of voters upon principles in unison with the principles of the constitution, so that the suffrage should remain a privilege, and not a right—a privilege to be gained by virtue, by intelligence, by industry, by integrity, and to be exercised for the common good of the country. I think if you quit that ground; if you once admit that every man has a right to vote whom you cannot prove to be disqualified; you would change the character of the constitution, and you would change it in a manner which will tend to lower the importance of this country. Between the scheme we brought forward, and the measure brought forward by the honorable member of Leeds, and the inevitable conclusion which its principal supporters acknowledge it must lead to, it is a question between an aristocratic government in the proper sense of the term—that is, a government by the best men of all classes—and a democracy. I doubt very much whether a democracy is a government that would suit this country; and it is just as well that the House, when coming to a vote on this question, should really consider if that be the real issue between retaining the present constitution—not the present constitutional body,—but between the present constitution and a democracy.

It is just as well for the House to recollect that what is of issue is of some price. You must remember, not to use the word profanely, that we are dealing really with a peculiar people. There is no country at the present moment that exists under the circumstances and under the same conditions as the people of this realm. You have, for example, an ancient, powerful, richly-endowed Church; and perfect religious liberty. You have unbroken order and complete freedom. You have estates as large as the Romans. You have a commercial system of enterprise such as Carthage and Venice united never equalled. And you must remember that this peculiar country, with these strong contrasts, is governed not by force;

it is not governed by standing armies; it is governed by a most singular series of traditionary influences, which generation after generation cherishes and preserves because they know that they embalm customs and represent the law. And, with this, what have you done? You have created the greatest empire that ever existed in modern times. You have amassed a capital of fabulous amount; you have devised and sustained a system of credit still more marvelous; and, above all, you have established and maintained a scheme so vast and complicated, of labor and industry, that the history of the world offers no parallel to it. And all these mighty creations are out of all proportion to the essential and indigenous elements and resources of the country. If you destroy that state of society, remember this—England cannot begin again.

There are countries which have been in great peril and gone through great suffering. There are the United States, which in our own immediate day have had great trials. You have had—perhaps even now in the States of America you have—a protracted and fratricidal civil war which has lasted for four years. But if it lasted for four years more, vast as would be the disaster and desolation, when ended the United States might begin again, because the United States would be only in the same condition that England was at the end of the War of the Roses, when probably she had not even 3,000,000 of population, with vast tracts of virgin soil and mineral treasures, not only undeveloped, but undiscovered. Then you have France. France had a real revolution in our days and those of our predecessors—a real revolution, not merely a political and social revolution. You had the institutions of the country uprooted, the orders of society abolished—you had even the landmarks and local names removed and erased. But France could begin again. France had the greatest spread of the most exuberant soil in Europe; she had, and always had, a very limited population, living in a most simple manner. France, therefore, could begin again. But England—the England we know, the England we live in, the England of which we are proud—could not begin again. I don't mean to say that after great troubles England would become a howling wilderness. No doubt the good sense of the people would to some degree prevail, and some fragments of the national character would survive; but it would not be the old England—the England of power and tradition, of credit and capital, that now exists. That is not in the nature of things, and, under these circumstances, I hope the House will, when the question before us is one impeaching the character of our constitution, sanction no step that has a preference for democracy, but that they will maintain the ordered state of free England in which we live.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809-1898)

ENGLAND'S PEERLESS NINETEENTH CENTURY ORATOR

THE history of Gladstone falls little short of being the history of England in the nineteenth century. From 1830 onward to near the end of the century no public question arose on which he had not something of weight and moment to say, and from the middle of the century to his death he was a controlling power in very much of the important legislation that took place. It was his unrivalled power as an orator, his superb statesmanship, and his earnest labors for the best interests of the British people that gave him this supremacy; while in the closing years of his life Ireland hailed him as her champion in the long-sought-for cause of Home Rule.

Gladstone was a man of immense mental activity. The intervals between his rarely ending parliamentary labors were filled with busy authorship. But his fame will rest on his record as statesman and orator, and especially his work for moral progress and practical reform. It would be impossible to name any other British minister with so long and successful a record in practical and progressive legislation. As a parliamentary debater he never had a superior—it is doubtful if he ever had an equal—in his country's history. Gifted with an exquisite voice—sweet, powerful, penetrating, vibrating to every emotion—his long training in the House of Commons developed his natural gifts to the fullest extent. His fluency was great—almost too exuberant, since his eloquence often carried him to too great lengths—but his hearers never seemed to tire of listening. He takes rank, indeed, as one of the greatest orators, and we may say distinctively the greatest debater that the British Parliament has ever known.

As respects Gladstone's deep sympathy with all mankind, we may instance his passionate arraignment in 1851, of the shameful

cruelties of the King of Naples, and at a later date of the terrible Turkish barbarities in Bulgaria. These are two instances of the warm feeling that inspired him on a hundred occasions during his career.

WARFARE AND COLONIZATION

[Of Gladstone's oratory we might select innumerable striking examples. But leaving his parliamentary speeches, we make the following extract from the speech of November 1, 1865, at the City Hall, Glasgow, on the presentation to him of the freedom of that city. Many look on this as the most representative example of his eloquence. We choose that portion of it in which he makes war and its effects his theme.]

It is quite unnecessary before this audience—I may venture to say it is unnecessary before any audience of my countrymen—to dwell at this period of our experience upon the material benefits that have resulted from free trade, upon the enormous augmentation of national power which it has produced, or even upon the increased concord which it has tended so strongly to promote throughout the various sections of the community. But it is the characteristic of the system which we so denominate, that while it comes forward with homely pretensions, and professes, in the first instance, to address itself mainly to questions of material and financial interests, yet, in point of fact, it is fraught and charged throughout with immense masses of moral, social, and political results. I will not now speak to the very large measure of those results which are domestic, but I would ask you to consider with me for a few moments the effect of the system of unrestricted intercourse upon the happiness of the human family at large.

Now, as far as that happiness is connected with the movements of nations, war has been its great implement. And what have been the great causes of wars? They do not come upon the world by an inevitable necessity, or through a providential visitation. They are not to be compared with pestilences and famines even—in that respect, though, we have learned, and justly learned, that much of what we have been accustomed to call providential visitation is owing to our neglect of the wise and prudent means which man ought to find in the just exercise of his faculties for the avoidance of calamity—but with respect to wars, they are the direct and universal consequence of the unrestricted, too commonly of the unbridled, passions and lusts of men.

If we go back to a very early period of society, we find a state of things in which, as between one individual and another, no law obtained; a state of things in which the first idea almost of those who desired to better their condition was simply to better it by the abstraction of their neighbor's property. In the early periods of society, piracy and unrestrained freebooting among individuals were what wars, for the most part,

have been in the more advanced periods of human history. Why, what is the case with a war? It is a case in which both cannot be right, but in which both may be wrong. I believe if the impartiality of the historian survey a very large proportion of the wars that have desolated the world—some, indeed, there may be, and undoubtedly there have been, in which the arm of valor has been raised simply for the cause of freedom and justice—that the most of them will be found to belong to that less satisfactory category in which folly, passion, greediness, on both sides, have led to effects which afterwards, when too late, have been so much deplored.

We have had in the history of the world religious wars. The period of these wars I trust we have now outlived. I am not at all sure that there was not quite as much to be said for them as for a great many other wars which have been recorded in the page of history. The same folly which led to the one led, in another form, to the other. We have had dynastic wars—wars of succession, in which, for long periods of years, the heads of rival families have fought over the bleeding persons of their people, to determine who should govern them. I trust we have overlived the period of wars of that class. Another class of wars, of a more dangerous and yet a more extensive description, have been territorial wars. No doubt it is a very natural, though it is a very dangerous and a very culpable sentiment, which leads nations to desire their neighbors' property, and I am very sorry to think that we have had examples—perhaps we have an example even at this moment before our eyes—to show that even in the most civilized parts of the world, even in the midst of the oldest civilization upon the continent of Europe, that thirst for territorial acquisition is not yet extinct.

But I wish to call your attention to a peculiar form in which, during the latter part of human history, this thirst for territorial acquisition became an extensive cause of bloodshed. It was when the colonizing power took possession of the European nations. It seems that the world was not wide enough for them. One would have thought, upon looking over the broad places of the earth, and thinking how small a portion of them is even now profitably occupied, and how much smaller a portion of them a century or two centuries ago, one would have thought there would have been ample space for all to go and help themselves; but, notwithstanding this, we found it necessary, in the business of planting colonies, to make those colonies the cause of bloody conflicts with our neighbors; and there was at the bottom of that policy this old lust of territorial aggrandizement. When the state of things in Europe had become so far settled that that lust could not be as freely indulged as it might in barbarous times, we then carried our armaments and our passions across the

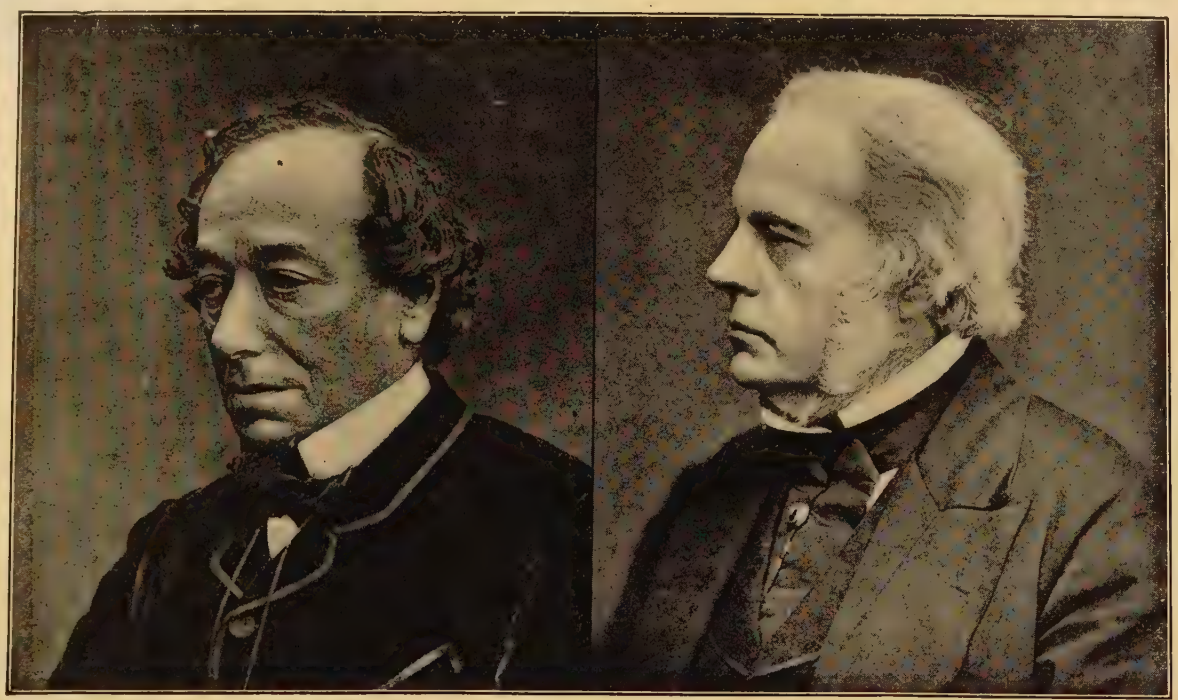
Atlantic, and we fought upon American and other distant soils for the extension of our territory.

That was one of the most dangerous and plausible, in my opinion, of all human errors; it was one to which a great portion of the wars of the last century was due; but had our forefathers then known, as we now know, the blessings of free commercial intercourse, all that bloodshed would have been spared. For what was the dominant idea that governed that policy? It was this, that colonizing, indeed, was a great function of European nations, but the purpose of that colonization was to reap the profits of extensive trade with the colonies which were founded, and, consequently, it was not the error of one nation or another—it was the error of all nations alike. It was the error of Spain in Mexico, it was the error of Portugal in Brazil, it was the error of France in Canada and Louisiana, it was the error of England in her colonies in the West Indies, and her possessions in the East; and the whole idea of colonization, all the benefits of colonization, were summed up in this, that when you had planted a colony on the other side of the ocean, you were to allow that colony to trade exclusively and solely with yourselves. But from that doctrine flowed immediately all those miserable wars, because if people believed, as they then believed, that the trade with colonies must, in order to be beneficial, necessarily be exclusive, it followed that at once there arose in the mind of each country a desire to be possessed of the colonies of other countries, in order to secure the extension of this exclusive trade.

In fact, my Lord Provost, I may say, such was the perversity of the misguided ingenuity of man, that during the period to which I refer he made commerce itself, which ought to be the bond and link of the human race, the cause of war and bloodshed, and wars were justified both here and elsewhere—justified when they were begun, and gloried in when they had ended—upon the ground that their object and effect had been to obtain from some other nation a colony which previously had been theirs, but which now was ours, and which, in our folly, we regarded as the sole means of extending the intercourse and the industry of our countrymen. Well, now, my Lord Provost, that was a most dangerous form of error, and for the very reason that it seemed to abandon the old doctrine of the unrestricted devastation of the world, and to contemplate a peaceful end; but I am thankful to say that we have entirely escaped from that delusion. It may be that we do not wisely when we boast ourselves over our fathers. The probability is that as their errors crept in unperceived upon them, they did not know their full responsibility; so other errors in directions as yet undetected may be creeping upon us. Modesty bids us in our comparison, whether with other ages or with other countries, to be thankful

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

The name of Wilberforce is lovingly associated with the first efforts to suppress African slavery. He was an associate of Fox, Pitt and Burke in opposition to the American war.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND JOHN BRIGHT

Two great orators of England in the latter half of the 19th Century. The former was Prime Minister and overcame great natural obstacles to oratory; the latter was the great orator of reform, who was in sympathy with the common people and championed their rights in and out of Parliament.

—at least, we ought to be—for the downfall of every form of error; and determined we ought to be that nothing shall be done by us to give countenance to its revival, but that we will endeavor to assist those less fortunate than ourselves in emancipating themselves from the like delusions. I need not say that as respects our colonies, they have ceased to be—I would almost venture to say a possible—at any rate, they have ceased to be a probable cause of war, for now we believe that the greatnees of our country is best promoted in its relations with our colonies by allowing them freely and largely to enjoy every privilege that we possess ourselves; and so far from grudging it, if we find that there are plenty of American ships trading with Calcutta, we rejoice in it; because it contributes to the wealth and prosperity of our Indian empire, and we are perfectly assured that the more that wealth and prosperity are promoted, the larger will be the share of it accruing to ourselves through the legitimate operation of the principles of trade.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND

[The final great effort of Gladstone's career was to restore to Ireland that principle of Home Rnle,—the privilege of making its own laws by its own Parliament,—which it had lost in 1800. It was this he undertook when he returned to the premiership in 1886, and which he succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons in 1893, just before his final retirement. The following selection is from a peech made in Parliament in February, 1888.]

We have evidence before us to show that as regards the great objects which the Government have had in view, of putting down the National League and the Plan of Campaign, their efforts have resulted in total failure. Such is the retrospect. What is the prospect? There are many things said by the Government in debate; but I never heard them express a confidence that they will be able to establish a permanent resistance to the policy of Home Rule. You are happily free, at this moment, from the slightest shade of foreign complications. You have, at this moment, the constitutional assent of Ireland, pledged in the most solemn form, for the efficacy of the policy which I am considering. But the day may come when your condition may not be so happy. I do not expect, any more than I desire, these foreign complications, but still it is not wise to shut them wholly out.

What I fear is rather this, that if resistance to the national voice of Ireland be pushed too far, those who now guide the mind of that nation may gradually lose their power, and may be supplanted and displaced by ruder and more dangerous spirits. For seven hundred years, with Ireland practically unrepresented, with Ireland prostrate, with the forces of this

great and powerful island absolutely united, you tried and failed to do that which you are now trying to do, with Ireland fully represented in your Parliament, with Ireland herself raised to a position which is erect and strong, and with the mind of the people so devoted, that, if you look to the elections of the last twelve months, you find that the majority of the people have voted in favor of the concession of Home Rule.

If this is to continue, I would venture to ask gentlemen, opposite, under such circumstances as these, and with the experience you have, is your persistence in this system of administration, I will not say just, but is it wise, is it politic, is it hopeful, is it conservative? Now, at length, bethink yourselves of a change, and consent to administer, and consent finally to legislate for Ireland and for Scotland in conformity with the constitutionally expressed wishes and the profound and permanent convictions of the people; and ask yourselves whether you will at last consent to present to the world the spectacle of a truly and not a nominally United Empire.

JOHN BRIGHT (1811-1889)

THE FAMOUS LIBERAL ORATOR

WE might justly call John Bright the great Quaker orator and statesman. A member of the Society of Friends in religion, and a cotton manufacturer in business, he found time to take a most active part in all the liberal movements of his day. A man of the warmest sympathies for the poor and oppressed, and unflinching devotion to the right as above all questions of political expediency, he was the right hand of Gladstone in all movements for reform, and was by many given the credit of being his superior in eloquence. "He is endowed," says the *Saturday Review*, "with a voice that can discourse most eloquent music, and with a speech that can equally sound the depths of pathos or scale the heights of indignation."

THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF MILITARISM

[We cannot offer a more interesting example of John Bright's eloquence than his earnest arraignment of the military establishment of Great Britain, in his address on the Duties of Government, at Birmingham, in 1858. Under its satire and irony there is the pathetic note of deep feeling for the people, crushed to earth by the weight laid on them by the advocates of military conquest and glory.]

We all know and deplore that at the present moment a larger number of the grown men of Europe are employed, and a larger portion of the industry of Europe is absorbed, to provide for and maintain the enormous armaments which are now on foot in every considerable continental State. Assuming, then, that Europe is not much better in consequence of the sacrifices we have made, let us inquire what has been the result in England, because, after all, that is the question which it becomes us most to consider. I believe that I understate the sum when I say that, in pursuit of this will-'o'-the-wisp (the liberties of Europe and the balance of power), there has been extracted from the industry of the people of this small

island no less an amount than £2,000,000,000. I cannot imagine how much £2,000,000,000 is, and therefore I shall not attempt to make you comprehend it.

I presume it is something like those vast and incomprehensible astronomical distances with which we have been lately made familiar; but however familiar we feel that we do not know one bit more about them than we did before. When I try to think of that sum of £2,000,000,000 there is a sort of vision passes before my mind's eye. I see your peasant labor delve and plough, sow and reap, sweat beneath the summer's sun, or grow prematurely old before the winter's blast. I see your noble mechanic with his manly countenance and his matchless skill, toiling at his bench or his forge. I see one of the workers in our factories in the North, a woman,—a girl it may be, gentle and good, as many of them are, as your sisters and daughters are,—I see her intent upon the spindle, whose revolutions are so rapid that the eye fails altogether to detect them, or to watch the alternating flight of the unresting shuttle. I turn again to another portion of your population, which "plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made," and I see the man who brings up from the secret chambers of the earth the elements of the riches and greatness of his country. When I see all this I have before me a mass of produce and of wealth which I am no more able to comprehend than I am that £2,000,000,000 of which I have spoken, but I behold in its full proportions the hideous error of your government, whose fatal policy consumes in some cases a half, never less than a third, of all the results of that industry which God intended should fertilize and bless every home in England, but the fruits of which are squandered in every part of the surface of the globe, without producing the smallest good to the people of England.

We have, it is true, some visible results that are of a more positive character. We have that which some people call a great advantage, the national debt,—a debt which is now so large that the most prudent, the most economical, and the most honest have given up all hope, not of its being paid off, but of its being diminished in amount.

We have, too, taxes which have been during many years so onerous that there have been times when the patient beasts of burden threatened to revolt; so onerous that it has been utterly impossible to levy them with any kind of honest equality, according to the means of the people to pay them. We have that, moreover, which is a standing wonder to all foreigners who consider our condition,—an amount of apparently immovable pauperism which to strangers is wholly irreconcilable with the fact that we, as a nation, produce more of what would make us all comfortable than is produced by any other nation of similar numbers on the face of the

globe. Let us likewise remember that during the period of those great and so-called glorious contests on the continent of Europe, every description of home reform was not only delayed, but actually crushed out of the minds of the great bulk of the people. There can be no doubt whatever that in 1793 England was about to realize political changes and reforms, such as did not appear again until 1830, and during the period of that war, which now almost all men agree to have been wholly unnecessary, we were passing through a period which may be described as the dark age of English politics; when there was no more freedom to write or speak, or politically to act, than there is now in the most despotic country of Europe.

The more you examine this matter, the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this foreign policy, this regard for the "liberties of Europe," this care at one time for "the Protestant interests," this excessive love for "the balance of power," is neither more nor less than a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain. (Loud laughter.) I observe that you receive that declaration as if it were some new and important discovery. In 1815, when the great war with France was ended, every Liberal in England whose politics, whose hopes, and whose faith had not been crushed out of him by the tyranny of the time of that war, was fully aware of this, and openly admitted it; and up to 1832, and for some years afterward, it was the fixed and undoubted creed of the great Liberal party. But somehow all is changed. We who stand upon the old landmarks, who walk in the old paths, who would conserve what is wise and prudent, are hustled and shoved about as if we were come to turn the world upside down. The change which has taken place seems to confirm the opinion of a lamented friend of mine, who, not having succeeded in all his hopes, thought that men made no progress whatever, but went round and round like a squirrel in a cage. . . . .

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles, light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in cottages; and unless the light of your constitution can

shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government. . . . .

The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimeter upon a platform as a symbol of Mars; for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this scimeter they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimeter?

Two nights ago I addressed in this hall a vast assembly, composed to a great extent of your countrymen who have no political power, who are at work from the dawn of day to the evening, and who have, therefore, limited means of informing themselves on those great subjects. Now, I am privileged to speak to a somewhat different audience. You represent those of your great community who have a more complete education, who have on some points greater intelligence, and in whose hands reside the power and influence of the district. I am speaking, too, within the hearing of those whose gentle nature, whose fine instincts, whose purer minds, have not suffered as some of us have suffered in the turmoil and strife of life. You can mold opinion, you can create political power; —you cannot think a good thought on this subject and communicate it to good neighbors, you cannot make these points topics of discussion in your social circles and more general meetings, without affecting sensibly and speedily the course which the government of your country will pursue.

May I ask you then to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty that will inevitably follow. It may not come at once; it may not come in our lifetime; but rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says:

> "The sword of Heaven is not in haste to smite.
> Nor yet doth linger."

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (1836-1914)

THE BRITISH ADVOCATE OF THE "STRENUOUS LIFE"

A NAME which was most prominent in the political history of Great Britain for many years was that of Joseph Chamberlain, whose work in bringing on the Boer war won him praise at home, but reprobation—deep and almost universal—abroad. Yet in the face of praise and blame alike Chamberlain went on, working for what seemed to him the proper course to pursue in the interests of Great Britain with a strenuous energy and single-mindedness which assimilated him with Roosevelt in America. While active in Birmingham politics, Chamberlain did not enter Parliament till 1876, at forty years of age. There he soon made his mark as a Liberal orator and worker, and gained wide influence outside the House, being regarded as the leader of the extreme Radical party. At first a follower of Gladstone, he became strongly hostile to his Home Rule Bill in 1886. In 1891 he made himself the leader of the Liberal Unionists in the House of Commons, and in the Salisbury Cabinet of 1895 was chosen as Secretary for the Colonies. It was this position that gave him the controlling hand in the Jameson raid and the Boer war, and brought him into such unsavory prominence. In the Balfour Cabinet of 1902, Chamberlain was looked upon as the "power behind the throne," the premier in all but the name. As a public speaker he was vigorous and plausible in manner, with much natural eloquence.

THE ANOMALIES OF THE SUFFRAGE

[Reform of the suffrage was one of the great battle cries of the people of Great Britain during the nineteenth century. In the 1830-32 campaign, and again, a third of a century later, it almost led to revolution. Yet with all the "reform" accomplished, it remained in a very unreformed state in 1883, when Chamberlain delivered the address from which we quote.]

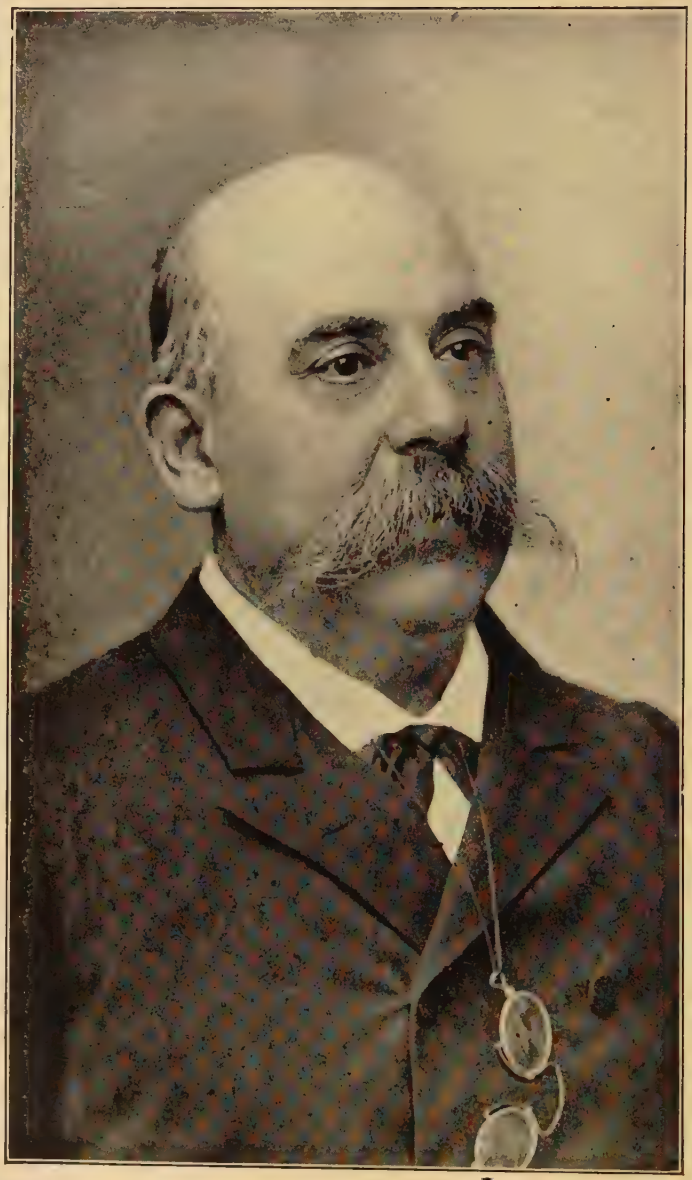
In 1858 Mr. Bright told us that one-sixth of the electors returned half the House of Commons. At this moment, in 1883, one-fifth of the electors do the same. A population of 6,000,000 in the United Kingdom in 85 counties returns 136 members, and a similar population of exactly the same number in 217 boroughs returns 290 members, and a third population, also of 6,000,000, but residing in 16 great constituencies, only returns 36 members. The last of these 6,000,000 has only one-eighth of the political power which is conferred upon the 6,000,000 in the other boroughs; it has only about one-fourth of the political power which is conferred upon the 6,000,000 in the counties.

And why is this last population singled out and its representation minimized in this way? You know that it is the most active, the most intelligent part of the whole population of the Kingdom. The people who live in these great centres of the population enjoy an active political life which is not known elsewhere. They manage their own affairs with singular aptitude, discretion and fairness. Why should not they be allowed to have their proportionate share in managing the affairs of the nation? Well, do you not think that the time has come when we should strive to substitute a real and honest representation of the people for this fraudulent thing which is called representation now? I will give you only one more illustration, and I will sit down; I will not go out of our own county. Warwick is an interesting place. It is generally in rather a dead-alive condition; but, twice a year, when Birmingham and its vast population is at great expense and inconvenience to carry on its legal business, it awakens into a delusive animation. Warwick has a population of under 12,000 souls, less than the population of any one of the wards of this great borough. Warwick returns two members to Parliament, and if strict proportion were observed there are enough people in this hall to return six members to Parliament. As for Birmingham, our population is 400,000, and the annual increment of that population is so great that every two years we add another Warwick to our number. We return three members, and, lest you should be surfeited with this generous distribution of political power, you are only permitted to give two votes apiece, and so it happens that an elector of Warwick has thirty-four times the political power of every elector of Birmingham.

I have a great respect for the electors of Warwick; they seem to me to be modest and humble-minded men. They appear to feel they cannot lay claim to being six times as good, as virtuous, as intelligent as the electors of Birmingham, and consequently they return one Liberal and one Conservative, and so they deprive themselves of political power. Well, that is very public-spirited, and very self-denying; but why should they be

BISMARCK GERMANY'S GREAT STATESMAN

No man in modern history stands out so boldly as orator and statesman as the German Prince Bismarck. This picture represents him delivering an address to the German Parliament.



EMILIO CASTELAR SPANISH ORATOR

Distinguished in his country because he espoused the democratic or popular cause. He was considered the most illustrious orator of his time.

forced to this alternative, which is very creditable to their good feeling, but very prejudicial to their political interests?

I need not dwell further upon these anomalies. If they were only anomalies I should not much care, but they are real obstacles to the legislation that is required in the interests of the people. Now, just let me sum up the situation. What does our Constitution do for us? First, it excludes from all political rights more than half the adult male population; and remember, the class which is excluded is the most numerous class; but it is all one class, and every other class is represented in its last man. Well, then, in the next place, of the remainder four-fifths are outvoted by one-fifth, and so it happens that one-twelfth of what ought to be the whole constituency of the Kingdom returns a majority of the House of Commons. If the one-twelfth really represented the free voice of the people, it would not be of so much consequence; but you know, in many cases at all events, it only represents the influences of some great territorial family, or some local magnate.

Among the numerous discoveries which we owe to science, I was much interested some time ago in reading of one which I think was called the megaphone. Its province was to expand and develop the sounds which were intrusted to it. By its means a whisper becomes a roar. Well, at every general election you hear the roar of the parliamentary representative system, and some people are deceived; they think it the thunderous voice of the people to which they are listening. But if they would only trace it to its source they would find it was the whisper of some few privileged individuals swollen and expanded by the ingenious political megaphones which I have described to you.

JAMES BRYCE (1838 ——)

NOTED HISTORIAN AND ORATOR

AMONG recent historians James Bryce takes high rank, his "Holy Roman Empire" and "American Commonwealth" being highly esteemed by historical critics. The latter work is looked upon as the best extant in the American system of government, no home writer equaling this British historian in his critical estimate of the governmental system of this country. As an orator also Mr. Bryce has won a reputation, his public addresses being regarded as fine examples of public speaking. A member of Parliament, professor of Civil Law at Oxford, and Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was ambassador to the United States from 1907–12, during which period he delivered numerous orations on American and other subjects, all of them able and masterly in handling of his varied topics.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

[The address from which we quote was delivered before the Pennsylvania Society of New York in December, 1912. It shows a high appreciation of the constitutional basis of the American government.]

It was a most extraordinary body of men that gathered together one hundred and twenty-five years ago to frame the Constitution of the United States. Never did such a group of brilliant and powerful intellects, men trained by an experience of affairs, assemble together for so great an undertaking as the framing the Constitution for a nation. And the best proof of the success which attended their efforts is to be found in the fact that the Constitution which they framed for a nation that then only a little exceeded 3,000,000 people has been found now to fit the needs of 93,000,000. It may not fit these needs perfectly, but it is extraordinary that it should fit them at all.

In that group there were three men, Washington, Franklin and

Hamilton, whose fame belongs to the history of the world. Among the others, eminent men, even if they did not attain unto those first three, only the most eminent came as a delegate from the State of Pennsylvania. I mean James Wilson, a Scotchman from Fife, who had few equals and possibly no superior in that Convention, as respects either the acuteness of his mind or his penetration and sagacity, a man to whom some of the best features of the Constitution were due. . . . .

The whole history of your country since 1789 has been a commentary upon the services rendered by the Constitution. The greatest of all the services it could render was the spirit which it implanted in the hearts of your people. Perhaps I ought not to say "implanted," for the spirit was already there, and the function of the Constitution was to confirm and develop it. Your ancestors brought from England the principle of deference for law, and the sentiment which desired to unite Liberty with Order; but that spirit was immensely strengthened and its roots deepened by the provisions of the Constitution, which combined, as no instrument had ever done before, a respect for the settled rule of law with a recognition of the sovereignty of the people. It showed how the popular will can express itself through prescribed forms, with such due regard for our observance of legal methods as to avoid the dangers of sudden impulses and hasty action, while also in such a way as ultimately to give complete effect to the sober and deliberate purpose of the people. . . . .

Looking at the general federal scheme in a broad way, can anything be more clear, can anything be more rational in theory or more convenient in application to practice than the general principles by which the relations of the States and the National Government have been fixed and determined? The principles are as clear, as philosophically conceived, and as precisely expressed as it is possible for the human intellect to have conceived and expressed them, and they have been worked out by your successive Administrations, by Congress, and most of all by your Judicial Bench, with an infinite and admirable delicacy in detail. The best testimony to the excellence of your system is to be found in the influence that it has had upon other countries. It is an interesting fact that your Constitution and ours have been, in their general lines, the patterns of all modern free constitutions.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE (1863 ——)

GREAT STATESMAN OF A GREAT WAR

GREAT exigencies bring great men to the front, and the fateful European war of the early twentieth century was marked by the rise of capable military and naval leaders and able statesmen. Among the latter David Lloyd George stands first in public estimation and world-wide approval. The son of a poor Welsh schoolmaster, his ability brought him into Parliament as a Liberal of advanced ideas in 1890, he was made President of the Board of Trade in 1905 and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Asquith Cabinet 1908. As such he made his force and daring felt, took charge of the Old Age Pensions Act, the National Insurance Act, and in especial the notable budget of 1909–10, the rejection of which by the Lords led to measures restricting the power of the Upper House over legislation. Bold and energetic in peace, he was still more so in war, and his opposition to the weak and vacillating action of the Asquith Cabinet led to its overthrow at the close of 1916 and the selection of the former poor Welsh solicitor as Premier of the British Empire—practically the ruler of Great Britain—as head of a war council of five efficient members. His assumption of this dignity led to one of the great orations called forth by the war, from which we quote these salient passages.

A MESSAGE OF DEFIANCE

[The German Chancellor and Kaiser Wilhelm II having made a tentative movement towards peace, on the basis of German victory, Premier Lloyd George replied with the following smashing retort.]

I appear before the House of Commons today with the most terrible responsibility that can fall upon the shoulders of any living man, as chief Minister of the Crown and in the midst of the most stupendous war in

which this country has ever been engaged, a war upon which its destinies depend. The responsibilities which rest upon this Government have been accentuated by the declaration of the German Chancellor, and I propose to deal with that at once. The statement made by him in the German Reichstag has been followed by a note presented to us by the United States Ambassador without any note or comment. . . . .

I am very glad that the first answer was given to the German Chancellor by France and by Russia. They have unquestionably the right to give the first answer. The enemy is still on their soil and their sacrifices have been greater. The answer they have given has already appeared in all the papers and I stand here today on behalf of the Government to give a clear and definite support to the statement they have already made. Here let me say that any man, or set of men, who wantonly and without sufficient cause prolongs a terrible conflict like this, has on his soul a crime which oceans of tears could not cleanse. On the other hand, a man, or set of men, who from a sense of war-weariness abandoned the struggle without achieving the high purpose for which we entered upon it, would be guilty of the most ghastly poltroonery ever perpetrated by any statesman. I should like to quote the well-known words of Abraham Lincoln under similar conditions: "We accepted the war for an object, a worthy object. The war will end when that object is attained. Under God I hope it will never end until that time." Are we to achieve that object by accepting the invitations of the German Chancellor? That is the only question we have to put to ourselves.

In the words of Mr. Bonar Law, the only terms we can accept are "restitution, reparation, guarantee against repetition." So that there shall be no mistake, and it is important there should be no mistake in a matter of the life and death of millions, let me say complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guarantees. Did the German Chancellor use a single phrase that would indicate that he was prepared to accept such terms? Was there a hint of restitution? Was there any suggestion of reparation? Was there any indication of any security for the future, that this outrage on civilization would not again be perpetrated at the first profitable opportunity? The very substance and style of the speech constituted a denial of peace on the only terms on which peace is possible. He is not even conscious now that Germany has committed an offense against the rights of free nations. Listen to this: "Not for an instant had they, the Central Powers, swerved from the conviction that a respect for the rights of free nations is in any degree incompatible with their own rights and legitimate interests." When did they discover that there was respect for the rights of other nations in Belgium?

That, it is said, was for self-defense. Menaced, I suppose, by the overwhelming army of Belgium, the Germans were intimidated into invading Belgium, burning Belgian cities and villages, massacring thousands of inhabitants, old and young, carrying survivors into bondage. What guarantee is there that these terms will not be repeated in future; that if we enter into a treaty of peace we shall put an end to Prussian militarism? If there is to be no reckoning for these atrocities by land and sea, are we to grasp the hand which perpetrated them without any reparation being made? We have to exact damages; we have begun already; already it has cost us so much we must exact it now, so as not to leave such a grim inheritance for our children.

If in this war I have given scant heed to the call of party, and so I have, it has been because I realized from the moment when Prussian cannon hurled death at a peaceable and inoffensive little country that a challenge had been sent to civilization to decide an issue higher than party, deeper than party, wider than all parties; an issue upon the settlement of which will depend the fate of men in this world generations after existing parties will be fallen like dead leaves on the highway. These are the issues that I want to keep in front of the nation so that we should not falter in our faith, in our cause. There is a time in every prolonged war, in the passionate rage of the conflict, when men forget the high purpose with which they entered into it. This is a struggle for international right, international honor, international good faith. It is the channel along which peace on earth and good will among men must follow. The embattlements laboriously built up by generations of men against barbarism were broken, and had not the might of Britain passed into the breach Europe would have been inundated with a flood of savagery and unbridled lust of power. And last, the trained sense of fair play among nations, the growth of an international consciousness for the protection of the weak against the strong, of a stronger consciousness that justice has a more powerful backing in the world than greed, the knowledge that any outrage upon fair dealing between nations, great or small, will meet with prompt and inevitable chastisement—these constitute the causeway along which humanity was progressing slowly to higher fields. The triumph of Prussia would sweep it all away and leave mankind to struggle helpless in the morass of horror. That is why since this war began I have known only one political aim, for which I have fought with a single aim—that was to rescue mankind from the most overwhelming catastrophe that has ever yet menaced its well-being.

BOOK VI.

The Pulpit Orators of Great Britain

IN our series of European pulpit orators, extending from Augustine and Chrysostom, of the early Church, down to the famous preachers of the reign of Louis XIV., none of British birth were included. Yet the island of Great Britain has been by no means lacking in pulpit orators of fame. Among those of the earlier age, for example, may be included the stern and inflexible leader of the Scottish Reformation, John Knox, who did not hesitate to speak the unvarnished truth to Queen Mary in her palace halls, and Hugh Latimer, the ardent and eloquent Protestant preacher, who died heroically for his faith at the stake. In the eighteenth century we meet with Wesley, the founder of Methodism, whose principles he eloquently disseminated for many years, speaking in the open air to audiences of vast proportions and intent interest; and Whitefield, the originator of Calvinistic Methodism, a man of equal eloquence. The oratory of these men was not classic in form. It represented the unpolished outpourings of their minds to uncultured hearers. But it was eloquent with earnestness and zeal, and reached the hearts of those to whom they spoke. In the nineteenth century the pulpits of England were filled by many orators of fine powers of thought and eloquent rendering. If we should attempt to give all those of graceful oratory, we should run far beyond our limits, and it is necessary to confine our selections to a few of the more famous of these recent preachers.

HUGH LATIMER (1472–1555)

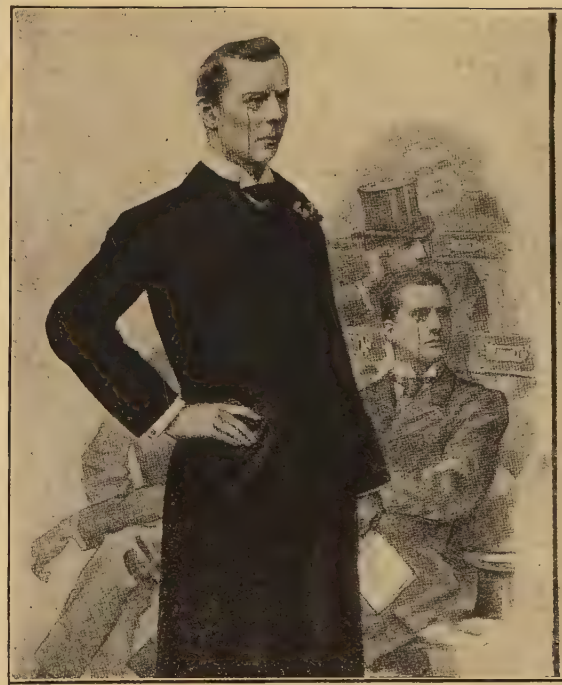
A MARTYR TO CONSCIENCE

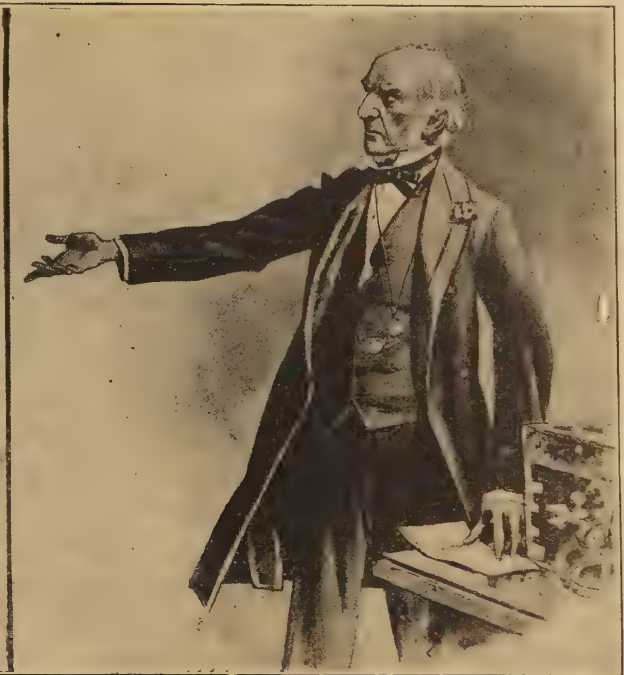
THE persecution against the Protestants of England by "Bloody Queen Mary" found its most distinguished victims in Bishops Latimer, of Worcester, and Ridley, of London, and Archbishop Cranmer, of Canterbury. Of these eminent sufferers Latimer showed the highest courage. When bound to the stake, side by side with Bishop Ridley, to be burned to death for conscience sake, he said: "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man; for we shall this day kindle such a torch, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." In less than a century his word was made good in the great Puritan Revolution. Hugh Latimer was throughout his life distinguished for courage, zeal and piety, and early gained distinction as an eloquent preacher of the Reformed faith.

THE SERMON OF THE PLOW

[Latimer ranks among the earliest of pulpit orators who won fame in England, where his eloqnence was long unsurpassed. Of his existing sermons, the most favorable example of his powers is that in which he neatly compares the labors of the preacher and the plowman, and draws a salutary lesson from the comparison.]

Preaching of the Gospel is one of God's plow-works, and the preacher is one of God's plowmen. Ye may not be offended with my similitude, in that I compare preaching to the labor and work of plowing, and the preacher to a plowman. Ye may not be offended with this my similitude, for I have been slandered of some persons for such things. But as preachers must be wary and circumspect, that they give not any just occasion to be slandered and ill-spoken of by the hearers, so must not the auditors be offended without cause. For Heaven is in the Gospel likened to a mustard seed; it is compared also to a piece of leaven; and Christ saith that at the last day he will come like a thief. And what dishonor is this to





TWO GREAT ENGLISH EXAMPLES OF PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY

Joseph Chamberlain and William E. Gladstone as they appeared on opposite sides of a great question. The composure of Chamberlain is in great contrast with the earnest eloquence of Gladstone.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE SPEAKING FOR HOME RULE IN IRELAND

A remarkable scene in the British House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone making the greatest effort of his life. At the right and left are seen portraits of many distinguished orators and statesmen, including Chamberlain, Asquith, Harcourt, Balfour, Morley, Bryce and Rosebery.

God? Or what derogation is this to Heaven? Ye may not, then, I say, be offended with my similitude for because I liken preaching to a plowman's labor, and a prelate to a plowman.

But now you will ask me whom I call a prelate. A prelate is that man, whatever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him; whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath cure of souls. And well may the preacher and the plowman be likened together: First, for their labor at all seasons of the year; for there is no time of the year in which the plowman hath not some special work to do—as in my country, in Leicestershire, the plowman hath a time to set forth, and to assay his plow, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works and variety of offices that they have to do. For as the plowman first setteth forth his plow, and then tilleth his land, and breaketh it in furrows, and sometimes ridgeth it up again; and at another time harroweth it and clotteth it, and sometimes dungeth it and hedgeth it, diggeth it and weedeth it, purgeth it and maketh it clean; so the prelate, the preacher, hath many diverse offices to do. He hath first a busy work to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it; and not a swerving faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to his merits; a lively faith; a justifying faith; a faith that maketh a man righteous without respect of works; as ye have it very well declared and set forth in the homily. He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith—now casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin; now ridging them up again with the Gospel, and with the promises of God's favor; now weeding them by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin; now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh—that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in; now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and their neighbors; now exhorting them when they know their duty that they do it, and be diligent in it; so that they have a continual work to do.

Great is their business, and, therefore, great should be their hire. They have great labors, and, therefore, they ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flock—for the preaching of the Word of God unto the people is called meat. Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries, that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone—but it is meat; it is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year;

but such do not the office of good prelates. For Christ saith: "Who think you is a wise and faithful servant? He that giveth meat in due time." So that he must at all times convenient preach diligently; therefore, saith he: "Who trow ye is a faithful servant?" He speaketh it as though it were a rare thing to find such a one, and as though he should say there be but few of them to find in the world. And how few of them there be throughout this world that give meat to their flock as they should do, the visitors can best tell. Too few, too few, the more is the pity, and never so few as now.

By this, then, it appeareth that a prelate, or any that hath cure of souls, must diligently and substantially work and labor. Therefore saith Paul to Timothy: "He that desireth to have the office of a bishop, or a prelate, that man desireth a good work." Then, if it be a good work, it is work; ye can but make a work of it. It is God's work, God's plow, and that plow God would have still going. Such, then, as loiter and live idly are not good prelates or ministers. And of such as do not preach and teach and do their duties, God saith by his prophet Jeremy: "Cursed be the man that doeth the work of God fraudulently, guilefully, or deceitfully;" some books have it *negligenter*, "negligently," or "slackly." How many such prelates, how many such bishops, Lord, for thy mercy, are there now in England! And what shall we in this case do? Shall we company with them? O Lord, for thy mercy! Shall we not company with them? O Lord, whither shall we flee from them? But "cursed be he that doeth the work of God negligently or guilefully." A sore word for them that are negligent in discharging their office or have done it fraudulently; for there is the thing that maketh the people ill. . . . .

And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who he is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all time; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plow; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you!

JOHN KNOX (1505-1572)

THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH

IN his short funeral oration over the dead body of John Knox, Murray, the Regent of Scotland, said, "Here lies he who never feared the face of man." These words fitly indicate the character of the hardy and indomitable religious reformer of Scotland. A Roman Catholic until 1542, he became after that year a zealous preacher of the Protestant doctrines, till then hardly known in Scotland. He suffered for his faith. Assassins were employed to take his life. A castle in which he took refuge was assailed and captured, and for nineteen months he was held captive in the French galleys. When Queen Mary came to the English throne, his friends induced him to leave Scotland, and he retired to Geneva, where he became a friend of John Calvin. In 1559 he returned to Scotland, and here became the master-spirit of the growing body of Protestants, sustaining their courage by his own indomitable resolution, and his vehement harangues against what he designated the idolatries of the Romish Church. Few of the religious reformers of that age were his equals in courage and sagacity and in the inflexible austerity of his principles. Froude says that he was "perhaps in that extraordinary age its most extraordinary man, whose character became the mould in which the later fortunes of his country were cast."

GOD'S POWER ABOVE THAT OF KINGS

[The hardiness of John Knox did not flinch in the face of kingly power, and he thundered against tyranny as boldly as against any form of impiety. The following extract is from his Edinburgh sermon of August 19, 1565, its text being Isaiah xxvi, 13-16. Its tone was not a safe one in those autocratic days, but Knox had no fear of living men.]

The first thing, then, that God requires of him who is called to the honor of a king, is the knowledge of His will revealed in His Word.

The second is an upright and willing mind, to put in execution such things as God commands in His law, without declining to the right or to the left hand.

Kings, then, have not an absolute power to do in their government what pleases them, but their power is limited by God's Word; so that if they strike where God has not commanded, they are but murderers; and if they spare where God has commanded to strike, they and their thrones are criminal and guilty of the wickedness which abounds upon the face of the earth, for lack of punishment.

Oh that kings and princes would consider what account shall be craved of them, as well for their ignorance and misknowledge of God's will as for the neglecting of their office!

Wouldst thou, O Scotland! have a king to reign over thee in justice, equity, and mercy? Subject thou thyself to the Lord thy God, obey His commandments, and magnify thou the Word that calleth unto thee, "This is the way, walk in it;" and if thou wilt not, flatter not thyself; the same justice remains this day in God to punish thee, Scotland, and thee, Edinburgh, especially, which before punished the land of Judah and the city of Jerusalem. Every realm or nation, saith the prophet Jeremiah, that likewise offendeth shall be likewise punished, but if thou shalt see impiety placed in the seat of justice above thee, so that in the throne of God (as Solomon complains) reigns nothing but fraud and violence, accuse thine own ingratitude and rebellion against God; for that is the only cause why God takes away "the strong man and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, the prudent and the aged, the captain and the honorable, the counselor and the cunning artificer; and I will appoint, saith the Lord, children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them. Children are extortioners of my people, and women have rule over them."

If these calamities, I say, apprehend us, so that we see nothing but the oppression of good men and of all godliness, and that wicked men without God reign above us, let us accuse and condemn ourselves, as the only cause of our own miseries. For if we had heard the voice of the Lord our God, and given upright obedience unto the same, God would have multiplied our peace, and would have rewarded our obedience before the eyes of the world. But now let us hear what the prophet saith further: "The dead shall not live," saith he, "neither shall the tyrants, nor the dead arise, because thou hast visited and scattered them, and destroyed all their memory."

JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

THE ZEALOUS ORATOR OF METHODISM

AT the English University of Oxford, about 1729, a group of religious enthusiasts among the students, including John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, James Hervey, and others, associated themselves into an association so strict and methodical in its habits, that they were given the name of Methodists, and were also called, in ridicule, Bible Moths, the Godly Club, and Bible Bigots. John Wesley was recognized as their leader, and almost ruined his health by fasting and austerity. In 1735 he and his brother Charles went on a mission to Georgia, but were not very successful there. It was not until after his return to England that he broke from the ceremonies of the English Church and founded the sect since known as Methodists. The clergy of the Established Church then closed their churches against him, and he followed Whitefield's example of preaching in the open air. This he continued with extraordinary success. For half a century he continued these out-door ministrations, at times from 10,000 to 30,000 people waiting for hours to hear him. During this time he traveled about the country 250,000 miles and preached 40,000 sermons, doing also a great quantity of literary work. His preaching was chiefly among the working classes, and his life was frequently in danger from hostile mobs; but he escaped all perils, and in his old age his journeys became triumphal processions. Few religious teachers have done so much good as Wesley, especially among the lowest classes of the poor, whom he earnestly sought to bring into the fold of Christ.

IRRELIGION AMONG COLLEGE PEOPLE

[On August 24, 1744, Wesley preached his last sermon before the University of Oxford, to a very large audience, composed of the authorities and students of the

University, and others of note. This celebrated sermon, while deeply impressing many of his hearers, gave unpardonable offense to the authorities. The reasons for this sentiment, and the courage of the preacher in taking the professors and students so severely to account, are sufficiently evident in the extract here given.]

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, if ye do account me a madman or a fool, yet as a fool bear with me. It is utterly needful that some one should use great plainness of speech towards you. It is more especially needful at this time; for who knoweth but it is the last? And who will use this plainness, if I do not? Therefore I, even I, will speak. And I adjure you, by the living God, that ye steel not your hearts against receiving a blessing at my hands.

Let me ask you, then, in tender love, and in the spirit of meekness, Is this city a Christian city? Is Christianity, Scriptural Christianity, found here? Are we, considered as a community of men, so filled with the Holy Ghost as to enjoy in our hearts, and show forth in our lives, the genuine fruits of that Spirit? Are all the magistrates, all heads and governors of colleges and halls, and their respective societies, (not to speak of the inhabitants of the town) of one heart and soul? Is the love of God shed abroad in our hearts? Are our tempers the same that were in Christ, and are our lives agreeable thereto?

In the fear and in the presence of the great God, before whom both you and I shall shortly appear, I pray you that are in authority over us, whom I reverence for your office sake, to consider, Are you filled with the Holy Ghost? Are ye lively portraitures of Him whom ye are appointed to represent among men? Ye magistrates and rulers, are all the thoughts of your hearts, all your tempers and desires, suitable to your high calling? Are all your words like unto those which come out of the mouth of God? Is there in all your actions dignity and love?

Ye venerable men, who are more especially called to form the tender minds of youth, are you filled with the Holy Ghost? with all those fruits of the Spirit, which your important office so indispensably requires? Do you continually remind those under your care that the one rational end of all our studies is to know, love and serve the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent? Do you inculcate upon them, day by day, that without love all learning is but splendid ignorance, pompous folly, vexation of spirit? Has all you teach an actual tendency to the love of God, and of all mankind for His sake? Do you put forth all your strength in the vast work you have undertaken; using every talent which God hath lent you, and that to the uttermost of your power?

What example is set them [the youth] by us who enjoy the beneficence of our forefathers; by fellows, students, scholars; more especially

those who are of some rank and eminence? Do ye, brethren, abound in the fruits of the Spirit, in lowliness of mind, in self-denial and mortification, in seriousness and composure of spirit, in patience, meekness, sobriety, temperance, and in unwearied, restless endeavors to do good, in every kind, unto all men? Is this the general character of fellows of colleges? I fear it is not. Rather, have not pride and haughtiness of spirit, impatience and peevishness, sloth and indolence, gluttony and sensuality, and even a proverbial uselessness, been objected to us; perhaps not only by our enemies, nor wholly without ground? . . . .

Once more, what shall we say concerning the youth of this place? Have you either the form or the power of Christian godliness? Are you humble, teachable, advisable? or stubborn, self-willed, heady, and high-minded? Are you obedient to your superiors as to parents? Or do you despise those to whom you owe the tenderest reverence? Are you diligent in pursuing your studies with all your strength, crowding as much work into every day as it can contain? Rather, do you not waste day after day, either in reading what has no tendency to Christianity, or in gaming, or in—you know not what? Do you, out of principle, take care to owe no man anything? Do you remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy? Do you know how to possess your bodies in sanctification and in honor? Are not drunkenness and uncleanness found among you? Yea, are there not of you who glory in their shame? Do not many of you take the name of God in vain, perhaps habitually, without either remorse or fear? Yea, are there not a multitude of you that are forsworn? Be not surprised, brethren; before God and this congregation, I own myself to have been of that number; solemnly swearing to observe all those customs which I then knew nothing of; and those statutes, which I did not so much as read over. either then or for some years after. What is perjury, if this is not?

May it not be one of the consequences of this, that so many of you are a generation of triflers? triflers with God, with one another, and with your own souls? How few of you spend, from one week to another, a single hour in private prayer? How few of you have any thought of God in the general tenor of your conversation? Can you bear, unless now and then, in a church, any talk of the Holy Ghost? Would you not take it for granted, if one began such a conversation, that it was either hypocrisy or enthusiasm? In the name of the Lord God Almighty, I ask, What religion are you of? Even the talk of Christianity ye cannot, will not, bear. O my brethren! What a Christian city is this? It is time for Thee, Lord, to lay to Thine hand.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD (1714-1770)

THE FAMOUS OPEN-AIR PREACHER

A MAN of powerful voice and inspiring eloquence, George Whitefield adopted the habit of preaching in the open air, drawing audiences so immense that it seemed impossible for any man to make himself heard by them. A fellow-student at Oxford with John and Charles Wesley, he entered into religious fellowship with them, and soon began speaking with great power and eloquence, crowded congregations listening to him with enthusiastic attention. It was his exclusion from the churches of Bristol that set him to preaching in the open air. For some five years he maintained the Wesleyan doctrine of Methodism, but about 1741 he adopted the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, and a break between him and Wesley took place. Much of Whitefield's ministrations took place in the American colonies, which he visited on seven different occasions, on some of which he stayed for several years. He died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1770, on his seventh visit.

A WARNING AGAINST WORLDLY WAYS

[It was not the creed of the Church of England to which Wesley and Whitefield objected, but its methods and ceremonies, and their title of Methodists referred to their methodical strictness rather than to any doctrinal distinction. The sermons from which the following selections are taken, in which Whitefield openly denounces the Church of English Ministers for encouraging the wicked by their example, excited much feeling when delivered.]

My brethren, if we will live godly we must suffer persecution. We must no more expect to go to Heaven without being persecuted, than to be happy without being holy. If you lead godly lives, all the sons of Belial, all the scribes and Pharisees, will hate you and have you in reproach. They will point to you and cry, "See, yonder comes another troop of his followers! There are more of his gang!" You are counted as a parcel

PULPIT ORATORS OF FOUR CENTURIES

Hugh Latimer was an ardent and eloquent preacher of the Protestant religion in 1742. The other four belong to the 19th Century and were distinguished pulpit orators.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD AND JOHN WESLEY

These two orators of Methodism represent a peculiar style of pulpit oratory so powerful and effective in the 18th Century. They traveled much and were greeted by immense audiences. The names of Wesley and Whitefield are honored by all Protestants, and their sermons are still read with profit.

of ignorant people, poor rabble, who are deceived by a vain young upstart babbler, by a madman, one who is running into enthusiastic notions, and endeavors to lead all his followers into his mad way of thinking. The Pharisees may wonder what I mean by talking of persecution in a Christian country; but if they had their will, they would as willingly put our feet in the stocks, shut us up in prison, and take away our lives, as they have thrust us out of their synagogues. But let not that discourage you from hearing the word of God; for Jesus Christ can meet us as well in a field as between church walls.

If you were of the world; if you would conform to the ways, manners, and customs of the world; if you would go to a play, or ball, or masquerade; the world would then love you, because you would be its own. But because you despise their polite entertainments, and go to hear a sermon in the field, and will not run into the same excess of riot as others, they esteem you as methodically mad, as fit only for Bedlam. If you would frequent horse-racing, assemblies, and cock-fighting, then you would be caressed and admired by our gay gentlemen; but your despising these innocent diversions (as the world calls them), makes them esteem you as a parcel of rabble, of no taste, who are going to destroy yourselves by being over-righteous. If you would join them in singing the song of the drunkard, they would think you a good companion; but because you are for singing hymns, and praising the Lord Jesus Christ, they think you enthusiasts. Indeed, our polite gentry would like religion very well if it did but countenance an assembly, or allow them to read novels, plays and romances; if they might go a-visiting on Sundays, or to a play or ball whenever they pleased. In short, they would like to live a fashionable, polite life, to take their full swing of pleasures, and go to Heaven when they die. But, if they were to be admitted to Heaven without a purification of heart and life, they would be unhappy there . . . .

Is it becoming a minister of the Church of England to frequent those places of public entertainment which are condemned by all serious and good men? Is it not inconsistent with all goodness for ministers to frequent play-houses, balls, masquerades? Would it not better become them to visit the poor of their flock, to pray with them, and to examine how it stands with God and their souls? Would it not be more agreeable to the temper of the blessed Jesus to be going about doing good, than going about setting evil examples? How frequent is it for the poor and illiterate people to be drawn away more by example than precept? How frequent is it for them to say, "Sure there can be no crime in going to a play, or to an ale-house,—no crime in gaming or drinking, when a minister of our own Church does this." This is the common talk of poor, ignorant

people, who are too willing to follow the examples of their teachers. The examples of the generality of the clergy occasion many persons, committed to their charge, to run to the devil's entertainments. Good God! are these the men who are charging others with making too great a noise about religion?

INNOCENT DIVERSIONS

They talk of innocent diversions and recreations. For my part, I know of no diversion but that of doing good. If you can find any diversion which is not contrary to your baptismal vow, of renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; if you can find any diversion which tends to the glory of God; if you can find any diversion which you would be willing to be found at by the Lord Jesus Christ, I give you my free license to go to them. But if, on the contrary, they are found to keep sinners from coming to the Lord Jesus Christ; if they are a means to harden the heart, and such as you would not willingly be found in when you come to die, then, my dear brethren, keep from them. Many of you may think I have gone too far, but I shall go a great deal farther yet. I will attack the devil in his strongest holds, and bear my testimony against our fashionable and polite entertainments. What pleasure is there in spending several hours at cards? Is it not misspending your precious time, which should be spent in working out your salvation with fear and trembling? Do play-houses, horse-racing, balls, and assemblies tend to promote the glory of God? Would you be willing to have your souls demanded of you while you were at one of these places? What good can come from a horse-race, from abusing God Almighty's creatures, and putting them to a use He never designed them for? The play-houses are nurseries of debauchery, and the supporters of them are encouragers and promoters of all the evil that is done there. They are the bane of the age, and will be the destruction of the frequenters of them. Is it not high time for the true ministers of Jesus Christ to lift up their voices as a trumpet, and cry aloud against the diversions of the age? If you have tasted of the love of God, and have felt His power upon your souls, you would no more go to a play than you would run your heads into a furnace. And what occasions these places to be so much frequented is the clergy's making no scruple to be at these polite entertainments themselves. They frequent play-houses; they go to horse-races; they go to balls and assemblies; they frequent taverns, and follow all the entertainments that the age affords; and, yet, these are the persons who should advise their hearers to refrain from them. They always go disguised, for they are afraid of being seen in their gowns and cassocks; for their consciences inform them that it is not an example fit for the ministers of the gospel to set.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

A BRITISH CATHOLIC ORATOR

IN recent times two prominent divines of the English Episcopal Church have been converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and been made cardinals in the Church of Rome. These were Cardinal Manning, of whom we have elsewhere spoken, and Cardinal Newman, with whom we are here concerned. Beginning his pastoral career as vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, Newman subsequently took a very active part in what was known as "The Oxford Movement," and himself wrote a number of the famous "Tracts for the Times." These tracts, which were in favor of the strictest Anglican orthodoxy, ended in the conversion to the Roman faith of a number of their writers, Newman among them. He resigned from St. Mary's in 1843, and subsequently entered the Catholic Church, being made a cardinal by the Pope in 1879.

As a pulpit orator Newman ranked high, winning fame in both his forms of faith. His long series of Oxford sermons contain some of the finest ever preached from an Anglican pulpit, and his Roman Catholic sermons, though less striking for their pathos, are marked by still finer rhetoric and literary finish. Aside from his reputation as an orator, Newman was an author of fine powers, alike as a logician and in theological controversy. To his prose writings he added many poems of fine touch and finish, most notable among them being the famous hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

THE EVILS OF MONEY-GETTING

[From one of Newman's "Oxford Sermons" we make a brief extract in illustration of his style of oratory, and also for the salutary lesson it conveys and the effective manner in which the weakness and wickedness of money seeking, for itself alone, is presented. It was preached from the text, "Woe unto ye that are rich, for ye have received your consolation."]

I say, then, that it is a part of Christian caution to see that our engagements do not become pursuits. Engagements are our portion, but pursuits are for the most part of our own choosing. We may be engaged in worldly business without pursuing worldly objects. "Not slothful in business," yet "serving the Lord." In this, then, consists the danger of the pursuit of gain, as by trade and the like. It is the most common and widely spread of all excitements. It is one in which everyone almost may indulge, nay, and will be praised by the world for indulging. And it lasts through life—in that differing from the amusements and pleasures of the world, which are short-lived and succeed one after another. Dissipation of mind, which these amusements create, is itself, indeed, miserable enough; but far worse than this dissipation is the concentration of mind upon some worldly object which admits of being constantly pursued; and such is the pursuit of gain.

Nor is it a slight aggravation of the evil that anxiety is almost sure to attend it. A life of money-getting is a life of care. From the first there is a fretful anticipation of loss in various ways to depress and unsettle the mind, nay, to haunt it, till a man finds he can think about nothing else, and is unable to give his mind to religion from the constant whirl of business in which he is involved. It is well this should be understood. You may hear men talk as if the pursuit of wealth was the business of life. They will argue that, by the law of nature, a man is bound to gain a livelihood for his family, and that he finds a reward in doing so—an innocent and honorable satisfaction—as he adds one sum to another, and counts up his gains. And, perhaps, they go on to argue that it is the very duty of man, since Adam's fall, "in the sweat of his face," by effort and anxiety, "to eat bread." How strange it is that they do not remember Christ's gracious promise, repealing that original curse and obviating the necessity of any real pursuit after "the meat that perisheth." In order that we might be delivered from the bondage of corruption, He has expressly told us that the necessaries of life shall never fail His faithful follower any more than the meal and oil the widow woman of Sarepta; that while he is bound to labor for his family, he need not be engrossed by his toil; that while he is busy, his heart may be at leisure for the Lord. "Be not anxious, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; and your Heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

I have now given the main reason why the pursuit of gain, whether in a large or a small way, is prejudicial to our spiritual interests—that it fixes the mind upon an object of this world. Yet others remain behind

Money is a sort of creation, and gives the acquirer even more than the possessor an imagination of his own power, and tends to make him idolize self. Again, what we have hardly won, we are unwilling to part with; so that a man who has himself made his wealth will commonly be penurious, or at least will not part with it except in exchange for what will reflect credit on himself and increase his importance. Even when his conduct is most disinterested and amiable (as in spending for the comfort of those who depend on him), still this indulgence of self, of pride, and worldliness, insinuates itself. Very unlikely, therefore, is it that he should be liberal towards God; for religious offerings are an expenditure without sensible return, and that upon objects for which the very pursuit of wealth has indisposed his mind.

Moreover, if it may be added, there is a considerable tendency in occupations connected with gain to make a man unfair in his dealings; that is, in a subtle way. There are so many conventional deceits and prevarications in the details of the world's business, so much intricacy in the management of accounts, so many perplexed questions about justice and equity, so many plausible subterfuges and fictions of law, so much confusion between the distinct yet approximating outlines of honesty and civil enactment, that it requires a very straightforward mind to keep firm hold of strict conscientiousness, honor, and truth, and to look at matters in which he is engaged as he would have looked on them supposing he now came upon them all at once as a stranger.

And if such be the effect of the pursuit of gain on an individual, doubtless it will be the same on a nation. Only let us consider the fact that we are a money-making people, with our Saviour's declaration before us against wealth, and trust in wealth, and we shall have abundant matter for serious thought.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING (1808-1892)

ROME'S FAMOUS CONVERT

MANNING, a graduate of Oxford, began his ecclesiastical career as a rector in the Episcopal Church of Great Britain, in which he was made Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. Eleven years later he made a decided sensation by going over to the Catholic Church. In 1865 he was appointed Archbishop of Westminster, and ten years later was raised to the high dignity of Cardinal. He took part in the Œcumenical Council at Rome in 1869-70, and in it maintained the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. As an orator Manning ranked high among English pulpit speakers, his sermons being marked by purity of diction, strength of thought and directness of style.

ROME THE ETERNAL

[On the two thousand six hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the founding of Rome Manning delivered an oration on the subject of the Eternal City, especially in its aspect as the capital of the Church, whose sentiments seem to solve the problem of his conversion from Protestantism to Catholicism. His promotion to the Cardinalate is thought to have been influenced by this sermon. We append an extract showing its character.]

I know of no point of view in which the glory of Rome is more conspicuous than in its civil mission to the races of the world. When the seat of empire was translated from Rome to Constantinople, all the culture and civilization of Italy seemed to be carried away to enrich and adorn the East. It seemed as if God had decreed to reveal to the world what His Church could do without the world, and what the world could not do without the Church. A more melancholy history than that of the Byzantine Empire is nowhere to be read. It is one long narrative of the usurpation and insolent dominion of the world over the Church, which, becoming schismatical and isolated, fell easily under its imperial masters.

With all its barbaric splendor and imperial power, what has Constantinople accomplished for the civilization or the Christianity of the East? If the salt had kept its savor, it would not have been cast out and trodden under the feet of the Eastern Antichrist.

While this was accomplishing in the East, in the West a new world was rising, in order, unity, and fruitfulness, under the action of the Pontiffs. Even the hordes which inundated Italy were changed by them from the wildness of nature to the life of Christian civilization. From St. Leo to St. Gregory the Great, Christian Europe may be said not to exist! Rome stood alone under the rule of its pontiffs, while as yet empires and kingdoms had no existence. Thus, little by little, and one by one, the nations which now make up the unity of Christendom were created, trained and formed into political societies. First Lombardy, then Gaul, then Spain, then Germany, then Saxon England; then the first germs of lesser States began to appear. But to whom did they owe the laws, the principles, and the influences which made their existence possible, coherent, and mature? It was to the Roman Pontiffs that they owed the first rudiments of their social and political order. It was the exposition of the Divine law by the lips of the Vicar of Jesus Christ that founded the Christian policy of the world.

Thus, the Church has been able to do without the world, and even in spite of it. Nothing can be conceived more isolated, more feeble, or more encompassed with peril, than the line of the Roman Pontiffs; nevertheless, they have maintained inviolate their independence with their sacred deposit of faith and of jurisdiction, through all ages and through all conflicts, from the beginning to this hour. It seemed as if God willed to remove the first Christian emperor from Rome in the early fervor of his conversion, lest it should seem as if the sovereignty of the Church were in any way the creation of his power. God is jealous of His own kingdom and will not suffer any unconsecrated hand to be laid upon His ark, even for its support.

The "stone cut without hands," which became a great mountain and filled the whole earth, is typical, not only of the expansion and universality of the Church, but of its mysterious and supernatural character. No human hand has accomplished its greatness. The hand of God alone could bring it to pass.

What is there in the history of the world parallel to the Rome of the Christians? The most warlike and imperial people of the world gave place to a people unarmed and without power. The pacific people arose from the Catacombs and entered upon the possession of Rome as their inheritance. The existence of Christian Rome, both in its formation, and

next in its perpetuity, is a miracle of Divine power. God alone could give it to His people; God alone could preserve it to them, and them in it. What more wonderful sight than to see a Franciscan monk leading the Via Crucis in the Flavian Amphitheatre, or the Passionist missionaries conversing peacefully among the ilexes and the vaults where the wild beasts from Africa thirsted for the blood of the Christians? Who has prevailed upon the world for one thousand five hundred years to fall back as Attilla did from Christian Rome? Who has persuaded its will, and paralyzed its ambitions and conflicting interests? Such were my thoughts the other day when the Sovereign Pontiff, surrounded by the princes and pastors of the Church, was celebrating the festival of the Resurrection over the Confession of St. Peter. I thought of the ages past, when, in the amphitheatre of Nero, within which we stood, thousands of martyrs fell beneath the arms of the heathen. And now, the Rex Pacificus, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, there holds his court and offers over the tomb of the Apostle the unbloody sacrifice of our redemption. The legions of Rome have given way before a people who have never lifted a hand in war. They have taken the city of the Cæsars, and hold it to this day. The more than imperial court which surrounded the Vicar of Jesus Christ surpassed the glories of the Empire. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." The noblest spectacle upon earth is an unarmed man whom all the world cannot bend by favor or by fear. Such a man is essentially above all worldly powers. And such, eminent among the inflexible, is he, the Pontiff and King, who, in the midst of the confusions and rebellions of the whole earth, bestowed that day his benediction upon the city and the world.

TWO FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ORATORS

Robespierre the elegant orator is dressed suitably to his time. Danton the fiery orator is addressing the people from the tribune. Both lived in the most exciting times of French History. Their orations are interesting as portraying the underlying principles of the great French Revolution.

ASSASSINATION OF A FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY ORATOR

Jean Paul Marat whose portrait is shown, was a popular leader in the French Revolution. This picture shows his assassination by Charlotte Corday, who in turn suffered death by the guillotine. His career was marked by blood-shed and violence. His oratory was of a type suited to such troublesome times.

ARTHUR PENHRYN STANLEY (1815-1881)

THE ELOQUENT DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

THE life of Dean Stanley we may briefly state. Son of the Bishop of Norwich, he studied at Rugby under the famous Dr. Arnold, whose "Life" he afterward wrote—a work which was very widely read. Graduating later at Oxford, he became chaplain to Prince Albert, and in 1856 Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Two years later he was appointed a Canon of Christ Church, and in 1864 became Dean of Westminster, which position he filled till his death in 1881.

Stanley was a man of the highest spirit of tolerance and widest sympathy, his freedom from prejudice being shown in his charity for the heresies of Bishop Colenso and his willingness to preach in Scotch Presbyterian pulpits. While true religion and morality were to him sacred, for systematic theology he had no respect, and he regarded as utter inanity the controversies of the priesthood about postures, lights, vestments, etc. As a preacher, he exercised a wide influence, and as an author he produced various meritorious works on theological and other subjects.

THE LESSON OF PALMERSTON'S LIFE

[On October 29, 1865, shortly after the death of England's popular Premier, Lord Palmerston, Stanley delivered in Westminster Abbey a notable discourse upon his life and work. There is no better example of his powers as an orator than this eulogistic essay, and we offer from it the following suggestive extract.]

Each human soul gifted above the souls of common men leaves, as it passes away from this lower world, a light peculiar to itself. As in a mountainous country each lofty peak is illumined with a different hue by the setting sun, so also each of the higher summits of human society is lighted up by the sunset of life with a different color. Whether the difference arises from the materials of which it is composed, or from the

relative position it has occupied, a new and separate lesson is taught by it of truth or of duty, of wisdom or of hope. What, then, are the special lessons which we learn from the life and character of the remarkable man who has just been taken away from us, and to whose memory so great a national tribute has just been paid? First, there is this singular peculiarity, that the gifts to which the eminence of the departed statesman was due were gifts far more within the attainment of us all than is commonly supposed. It has been said of Judas Maccabeus, that of all of the military chiefs of his time he was the one who accomplished the greatest results with the smallest amount of external resources. Of our late chief it might no less truly be said, that of all political leaders he achieved great success by the most homely and ordinary means. It was that which made his life in so many respects an example and an encouragement to all. The persevering devotion of his days and nights to the public service, and the toil and endurance of more than half a century in the various high stations in which he was employed; these are qualities which might be imitated by every single person. They, whoever they may be, who are disposed, as so many young men are in the present day, to give themselves up to ease and self-indulgence—avoiding, if they can, everything which costs continued trouble, everything which demands honest, earnest, hard work—must remember that not by much faint-hearted, idle carelessness can either God or man be served to any purpose; or the true end of any human soul be attained for either this life or the life to come.

Let men, whoever they may be, who are working zealously, honestly, and humbly in their several stations, work on the more zealously and faithfully from this day forward, reflecting that in the honors paid to one who was in this respect but a fellow-laborer with themselves, the nation has, in the sight of God, set its seal on the value of work, on the nobleness of toil, on the grandeur of long days of labor, on the dignity of plodding, persevering diligence. Again, the departed statesman won his way not so much by eloquence, or genius, or far-sighted greatness, as by lesser graces of good humor, gaiety and kindness of heart, tact, and readiness—lesser graces, doubtless, of which some of the highest characters have been destitute, but graces which are not the less gifts of God, and which even in the house of God we do well to reverence and admire. They who may think it of little moment to take offense at the slightest affront; who by their presence throw a chill over whatever society they enter; they who make the lives of others miserable by wounding their keenest sensibilities; they who poison discussion and embitter controversy by pushing particular views on to the extremest consequences, and by widening differences between man and man; they who think it their duty to make the

worst of every one from whom they dissent, and enter a never-ending protest against those who may have done them wrong: such as these may have higher pretensions, and, it may be, higher claims to honor and respect, yet they will do well to understand the silent rebuke which arises from the new-made grave, and which God designs for their especial benefit . . . .

If it be true that to follow, not to lead, public opinion must henceforth be the course of our statesmen, then our responsibilities and the responsibility of the nation are deepened further still. Just as in a beleaguered city, where every sentinel knows that on his single fidelity might depend the fate of all, a single resolute mind, loving the truth only, has before now brought the whole mind of a nation around itself; a single pure spirit has, by its own holy aspirations, breathed itself into the corrupt mass of a national literature; and a single voice raised honestly in behalf of truth, justice, and mercy, has blasted forever practices which were once universal. So I would call upon men, in the prospect of the changes and trials, whatsoever they are, which are now before them; in the midst of the memories by which they are surrounded; in the face of that mighty future to which we are all advancing, to forget "those things that are behind;" to forget in him who is gone all that was of the earth earthy, and reach forward to his character in all that is immortal in his freedom from party spirit, and in his self-devotion to the public weal. Let men forget, too, in the past and present generations, all that is behind the best spirit of our age; all that is before in the true spirit of the Gospel; all that is behind in the requirements of the most enlightened and the most Christian conscience; and reach forward, one and all, towards those great things which they trust are still before them—the great problems which our age, if any, might solve; the great tasks which our nation alone can accomplish; the great doctrines of our common faith which they may have opportunities of grasping with a firmer hand than ever they had before; the great reconciliation of things old with things new, of things human with things sacred, of class with class, of man with man, of nation with nation, of Church with Church, of all with God. This, and nothing less than this, is the high calling of the nineteenth century; this is the high calling of England; this is the high calling of every English citizen; and he who answers not to this high call is utterly unworthy of his birthright as a member of this, our kingly commonwealth

CHARLES H. SPURGEON (1834-1892)

LONDON'S FAMOUS PULPIT ORATOR

AMONG the Dissenters* of England, made notable in the past by such famous orators as Wesley and Whitefield, there have been many preachers of great power in recent times, prominent among whom may be named Charles H. Spurgeon, a man of the oratorical type of Talmage in America, and resembling him in the great success of his ministrations. His career as a preacher of the Gospel began in 1854, when he was made pastor of the New Park Street Chapel, London; but his power of attracting an audience was so great that, a few years later, was erected for him the vast Metropolitan Tabernacle, capable of seating 6000 persons. Connected with this were afterward built almshouses, a pastor's college and an orphanage. Spurgeon's sermons were printed weekly from 1855 onward, and had an average issue of 30,000. A member of the Baptist Union, he withdrew from that body in 1887, through dissatisfaction with certain of its actions. As an orator Spurgeon was highly gifted, combining fervor of manner with a quaint humor; while his voice was marvelous in clearness and outreach. He published in all over a hundred volumes of religious literature.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE BIBLE

[From a sermon of Spurgeon's on the subject of the Bible, we select the following characteristic example of his eloquent style and emotional power of expression.]

First, then, concerning this book, who is the author? The text says that it is God. "*I* have written to him the great things of My law." Here lies my Bible; who wrote it? I open it, and I find it consists of a series of tracts. The first five tracts were written by a man called Moses.

* The name given in England to those Protestants who dissented from the discipline or mode of worship of the Established Church, and formed new sects, with doctrinal or other differences.

I turn on and I find others. Sometimes I see David is the penman, at other times, Solomon. Here I read Micah, then Amos, then Hosea. As I turn further on, to the more luminous pages of the New Testament, I see Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Paul, Peter, James, and others; but when I shut up the book, I ask myself who is the author of it? Do these men jointly claim the authorship? Are they the compositors of this massive volume? Do they between themselves divide the honor? Our holy religion answers, "No!" This volume is the writing of the living God; each letter was penned with an Almighty finger; each word in it dropped from the Everlasting lips, each sentence was dictated by the Holy Spirit. Albeit, that Moses was employed to write his histories with his fiery pen, God guided that pen. It may be that David touched his harp and let sweet psalms of melody drop from his fingers, but God moved his hand over the living strings of his golden harp. It may be that Solomon sang canticles of love, or gave forth words of consummate wisdom, but God directed his lips and made the preacher eloquent. If I follow the thundering Nahum when his horses plough the waters, or Habakkuk when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction; if I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven; if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love, or the rugged, fiery chapters of Peter, who speaks of the fire devouring God's enemies; if I turn to Jude, who launches forth anathemas upon the foes of God,—everywhere I find God speaking: it is God's voice, not man's; the words are God's, the words of the Eternal, the Invisible, the Almighty, the Jehovah of this earth. The Bible is God's Bible; and when I see it I seem to hear a voice springing up from it, saying, "I am the book of God; man, read me. I am God's writing; open my leaf, for I was penned by God; read it, for He is my author, and you will see Him visible and manifest everywhere." "I have written to him the great things of my law."

How do you know that God wrote the book? That is just what I shall not try to prove to you. I could, if I pleased, do so to a demonstration, for there are arguments enough, there are reasons enough, did I care to occupy your time to-night in bringing them before you; but I shall do no such thing. I might tell you, if I pleased, that the grandeur of the style is above that of any mortal writing, and that all the poets who ever existed could not, with all their works united, give us such sublime poetry and such mighty language as is to be found in the Scriptures. I might insist upon it that the subjects of which it treats are beyond the human intellect; that man could never have invented the grand doctrine of a Trinity in the Godhead; man could not have told us anything of the creation of the universe; he could never have been the author of the

majestic idea of Providence, that all things are ordered according to the will of one great Supreme Being, and work together for good. I might enlarge upon its honesty, since it tells the faults of its writers; its unity, since it never belies itself; its master simplicity, that he who runs may read it; and I might mention a hundred more things, which would all prove to a demonstration that the book is of God. But I come not here to prove it. I am a Christian minister, and you are Christians, or profess to be so; and there is never any necessity for Christian ministers to make a point of bringing forth infidel arguments in order to answer them.

There may be some one here to-night who has come without faith, a man of reason, a free-thinker. With him I have no argument at all. I profess not to stand here as a controversialist, but as a preacher of the things I know and feel. But I, too, have been like him. There was an evil hour when once I slipped the anchor of my faith; I cut the cable of my belief; I no longer moored myself hard by the coasts of revelation; I allowed myself to drift before the wind; I said to Reason, "Be thou my captain;" I said to my own brain, "Be thou my rudder;" and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God it is all over now; but I will tell you its brief history. It was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free-thought. I went on, and as I went the skies began to darken; but to make up for that deficiency, the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy. I saw sparks flying upwards that pleased me, and I thought, "If this be free-thought, it is a happy thing." My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands. But anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me; they seized the prow of my ship, and dragged me on, while I, in part, gloried at the rapidity of my motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old landmarks of my faith. As I hurried forward with an awful speed, I began to doubt my very existence; I doubted if there were a world, I doubted if there were such a thing as myself. I went to the very verge of the dreary realms of unbelief. I went to the very bottom of the sea of infidelity. I doubted everything.

But here the Devil foiled himself; for the very extravagance of the doubt proved its absurdity. Just when I saw the bottom of that sea, there came a voice which said, "And can this doubt be true?" At this very thought I awoke. I started from that death-dream, which God knows might have damned my soul and ruined this my body, if I had not awoke.

JOSEPH PARKER (1830-1902)

FAMOUS PULPIT ORATOR

FROM stonemason to the most popular pulpit in England is the record of one who was heard and read by more of the world's people than any other man of the Nineteenth Century.

Joseph Parker was the son of a stonemason, born in 1830, educated through his own efforts, with but small assistance from his parents. When scarcely out of his teens he showed great talent as a public speaker in religious meetings. He read and studied at odd moments the works of the great British Orators, which laid the foundation for his future brilliant career. Upon entering the ministry, he rapidly sprang into prominence, and became the pastor of the Temple Church, London, from which his fame spread the world over.

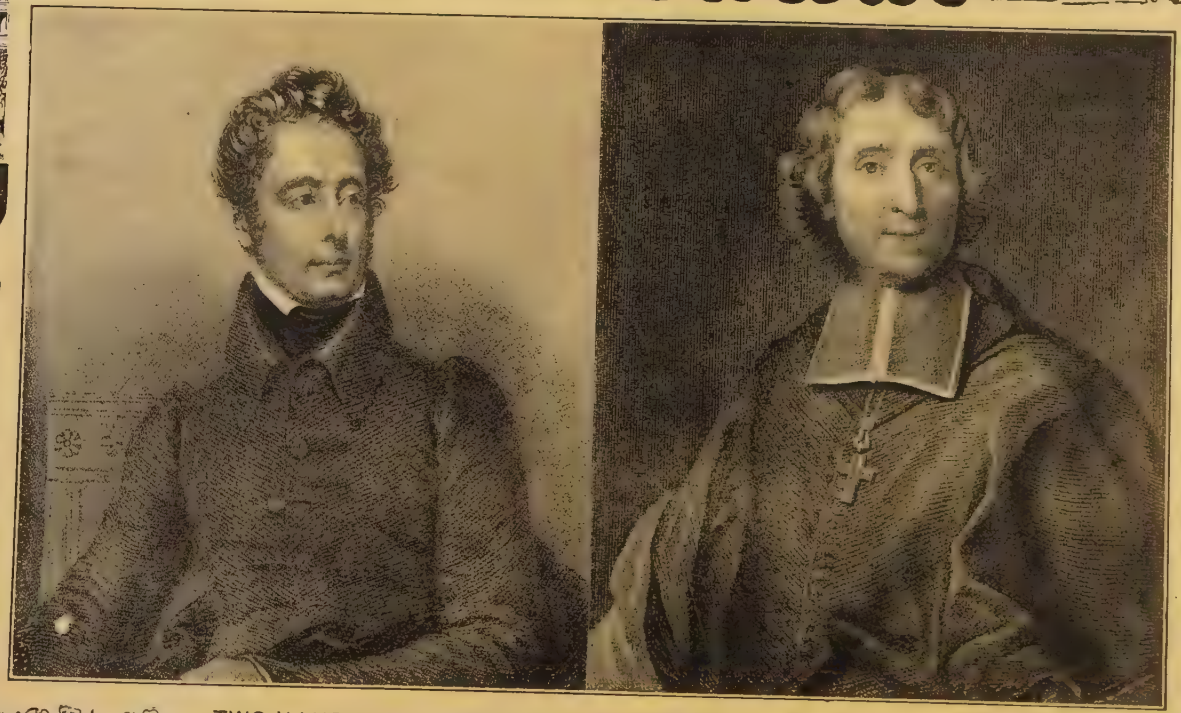
HUMAN FRIVOLITY

[This example of pulpit oratory shows the practical nature of Joseph Parker's sermons. They appealed to the multitude, and his pointed criticism and just indignation against popular errors bore fruit in many lives, in making them better and nobler.]

Frivolousness will ruin any life. No frivolousness succeeds in any great enterprise. No frivolous man succeeds in business of a commercial kind. Business is not a trick or an amusement, it is hard work, hard study, daily consideration, incessant planning, wakefulness that ought never to go to sleep. If so for a corruptible crown, what for an incorruptible? The danger is that we make light of the Gospel because of our disregard for the manner in which it is spoken. Were we anxious about the vital matter, we should not care how it was uttered. All mere study of manner, and way of putting familiar truth, is an accommodation to the frivolity of the age. When we are told to make our services more interesting, our music more lively, our preaching more animated, we are but

told to stoop to the frivolity of the time, that we may entrap a truant attention and arrest a wandering mind. Given an anxious people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, knocking at the church door, saying, "Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will enter in and be glad; this is the day the Lord hath made," we need not study any mechanical arrangements, or urge ourselves to any unusual animation of manner; the urgency of our desire, the purity and nobleness of our sympathy, would supply all the conditions required by the God of the feast, for the pouring out of heaven's best wine and the preparation of all the fatlings of the heavens for the satisfaction of our hunger. God makes all the universe contribute to the soul's growth. "My oxen and my fatlings are killed and ready, therefore come to the marriage." He keeps back nothing from the soul, He plucks the highest grapes in the vineyards of heaven for the soul, He seeks out the goodliest and choicest of His possessions and treasures that the soul may be satisfied; He has kept back nothing; last of all He sent His Son, saying, "They will reverence my Son." In that fact, see the symbol of all that can be crowded into the suggestions that God withholds no good thing that can minister to the soul's development, and the soul's growth in truth and love and grace.

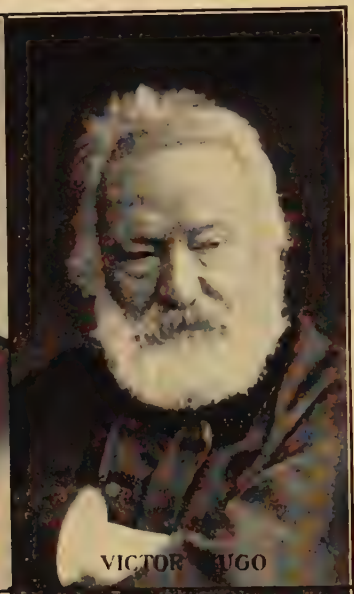
Nor does the human condition in relation to the divine offer conclude itself under the limitation of mere frivolity. Light-mindedness in this matter does not complete itself. "The remnant took his servants and entreated them spitefully, and slew them," This is true frivolity. Frivolity is followed by rebellion, blasphemy, high crime and misdemeanor before the eye of heaven. You who laugh to-day may slay to-morrow, we who do make but gibes and sneers in relation to the Gospel offers now, will by and by sit with the scornful and in deliberate blasphemy mock the King of the feast. Easy is the descent towards this pit of rebellion, hardheartedness, and utter defiance of divine goodness. To defy the good—there might be some courage of a wild kind in defying power, in setting oneself in defiant attitude against thunderbolts, but to defy goodness, to mock an offer of hospitality, to scorn the call to a divine delight—let a man once become frivolous in that direction, and the whole substance of his character will be depleted of everything that can be ennobled, and it will speedily sink to irremediable viciousness and baseness. Call it not a light thing to laugh at sacred words, and religious opportunities and engagements; it may seem at the time to be of small account, but it is an indication of character, it is the beginning of a descent which multiplies its own momentum, and he who but laughs fluently and lightly to-day at the preacher's earnestness, may in an immeasurably short space of time be reckoned with the scorners, and be the chief companion of fools.



TWO ILLUSTRIOUS FRENCH ORATORS LAMARTINE AND FENELON

Lamartine, the 19th Century orator, a man of passionate eloquence could quell a mob, and save his state. Fénelon was an orator of the 17th and beginning of the 18th Century, renowned for his eloquence as a preacher.

VICTOR COUSIN



VICTOR HUGO

FOUR FRENCH ORATORS AND STATESMEN

Victor Cousin and Victor Hugo were distinguished orators and writers, and Louis A. Thiers and Leon Gambetta were distinguished statesmen and orators of France in the 19th Century

BOOK VII.

Orators of the French Revolution

NEVER within the history of mankind has there been a more unbridled outburst of human passion than in the great Revolution that overturned the feudal establishment of France, putting an end to a long era of cruelty and oppression. Terrible as was the Revolution, the sum of misery it occasioned was inconsiderable as compared with that caused by the system of which it was the legitimate termination. The former was dramatically centred within a few years; the latter had pursued its slow course through many centuries. We can well comprehend the fiery vehemence of the oratory to which the Revolution gave rise. In the veins of the orators burned the same intense flame of hatred which was shown in the frightful excesses of the people. First and greatest of them, Mirabeau,—a member of the titled class, but a democrat in grain,—poured forth his thoughts in a torrent of fiery eloquence that has rarely been equaled. Vehemence was his forte, and his verbal blows fell as sudden and swift as the knife of the guillotine upon the necks of its victims. Those who followed him were of the same type. Danton, with his sledge-hammer sentences; Vergniaud, with his more polished but equally implacable speeches; Marat, in whom thirst for blood permeated his very words; Robespierre, uttering platitudes about God and the hereafter while his hands are reeking with the blood of his late friends and associates. The Revolution was a phenomenal event, and its orators were not the least of its phenomena.

GABRIEL HONORE RIQUETTI, COUNT DE MIRABEAU (1749-1791)

THE DEMOSTHENES OF FRANCE

A MAN man of passion, of youthful vices, of disorderly habits, of dangerous intrigues, rebellious at once against father and State, Mirabeau might have died unknown to fame had not the States General of 1789 given him an opportunity for the display of his remarkable eloquence, and the exertion of his gigantic energy against the system of oppression and injustice which had so long afflicted France. It was with difficulty that he obtained an election to that body, but once there, "He trod the tribune with the supreme authority of a master and the imperial air of a king." One of his critics says: "He was a man who, by his qualities no less than by the singularity of his fortune, is destined to take his place in history by the side of the Demosthenes, the Gracchi, and the other kindred spirits of an antiquity whose gigantic characteristics he so frequently reproduced." Vehement and imperious in temper, irresistible in his command over an audience, he swayed the States-General at his will, and had he lived the Revolution might have taken quite another form than that hideous one by which it made itself execrable.

As concerns the oratory of Mirabeau, Carlyle says, "His short and pithy sentences became the watchwords of the Revolution; his gestures were commands, his motions were *coups d'etat.*" Macaulay thus compares him with Chatham, England's most famous orator: "Sudden bursts which seemed to be the effect of inspiration, short sentences which came like lightning, dazzling, burning, striking down everything before them, in these chiefly lay the oratorical power both of Chatham and Mirabeau. . . . There have been far greater speakers and far greater statesmen than either of them; but we doubt

whether any men have, in modern times, exercised such vast personal influence over stormy and divided assemblies." Mirabeau did not live till the whirlwind of the Revolution reached its height. The rein fell from his hands on April 2, 1791, when he lay down in death, his last words a prose poem of the materialistic faith: "Envelop me with perfumes and crown me with flowers, that I may pass away into everlasting sleep."

AND YET YOU DELIBERATE

[Of Mirabeau's orations, one of the most characteristic was that upon a project of Necker, the distinguished financier, for tiding over the financial difficulties which troubled alike the Court and the States-General. We give the peroration of this famous and powerful speech.]

In the midst of this tumultous debate can I not bring you back to the question of the deliberation by a few simple questions. Deign, gentlemen, to hear me and to vouchsafe a reply.

Have we any other plan to substitute for the one he proposes? "Yes," cries some one in the assembly! I conjure the one making this reply of "Yes" to consider that this plan is unknown; that it would take time to develop, examine, and demonstrate it; that even were it at once submitted to our deliberation, its author may be mistaken; were he even free of all error, it might be thought he was wrong, for when the whole world is wrong, the whole world makes wrong right. The author of this other project in being right might be wrong against the world, since without the assent of public opinion the greatest talents could not triumph over such circumstances.

And I—I myself—do not believe the methods of M. Necker the very best possible. But Heaven preserve me in such a critical situation from opposing my views to his! Vainly I might hold them preferable! One does not in a moment rival an immense popularity achieved by brilliant services; a long experience, the reputation of the highest talent as a financier, and, it can be added, a destiny such as has been achieved by no other man!

Let us then return to this plan of M. Necker. But have we the time to examine, to prove its foundation, to verify its calculations? No, no, a thousand times no! Insignificant questions, hazardous conjectures, doubts and gropings, these are all that at this moment are in our power. What shall we accomplish by rejecting this deliberation? Miss our decisive moment, injure our self-esteem by changing something we neither know nor understand, and diminish by our indiscreet intervention the influence of a minister whose financial credit is, and ought to be, much

greater than our own. Gentlemen, there assuredly is in this neither wisdom nor foresight. Does it even show good faith? If no less solemn declarations guarantee our respect for the public faith, our horror of the infamous word "bankruptcy," I might dare to scrutinize the secret motives which make us hesitate to promulgate an act of patriotic devotion which will be inefficacious if not done immediately and with full confidence.

I would say to those who familiarize themselves with the idea of failing to keep the public faith, either by fear of taxes or of excessive sacrifices: What is bankruptcy, if not the most cruel, the most iniquitous, the most unequal, the most disastrous of imposts? My friends, hear but a word—a single word:

Two centuries of depredations and brigandage have made the chasm in which the kingdom is ready to engulf itself. We must close this fearful abyss. Well, here is a list of French proprietors. Choose among the richest, thus sacrificing the least number of citizens. But choose! For must not a small number perish to save the mass of the people? Well, these two thousand notables possess enough to make up the deficit. This will restore order in the finances and bring peace and prosperity to the kingdom.

Strike, immolate without pity these wretched victims, cast them into the abyss until it is closed! You recoil in horror, inconsistent and pusillanimous men! Do you not see that in decreeing bankruptcy, or what is still more odious, in rendering it inevitable, without decreeing it, you do a deed a thousand times more criminal, and—folly inconceivable—gratuitously criminal? For at least this horrible sacrifice would cause the disappearance of the deficit. But do you imagine that in refusing to pay, you will cease to owe? Do you believe that the thousands, the millions of men, who will lose in an instant, by the terrible explosion or its repercussion, all that made the consolation of their lives, and constituted, perhaps, the sole means of their support, would leave you peaceably to enjoy your crime? Stoical contemplators of the incalculable evils, which this catastrophe would disgorge upon France! Impassive egotists who think that these convulsions of despair and misery shall pass like so many others, and the more rapidly as they are the more violent! Are you sure that so many men without bread will leave you tranquilly to the enjoyment of those dainties, the number and delicacy of which you are unwilling to diminish! No! you will perish, and in the universal conflagration you do not hesitate to kindle, the loss of your honor will not save a single one of your detestable enjoyments.

Look where we are going! . . . I hear you speak of patriotism, and the elan of patriotism, of invocations to patriotism. Ah! do not prostitute

the words, "country" and "patriotism"! It is so very magnanimous—the effort to give a portion of one's revenue to save all of one's possessions! This, gentlemen, is only simple arithmetic; and he who hesitates cannot disarm indignation except by the contempt he inspires through his stupidity. Yes, gentlemen, this is the plainest prudence, the commonest wisdom. It is your gross material interest I invoke. I shall not say to you as formerly: Will you be the first to exhibit to the nations the spectacle of a people assembled to make default in their public obligations? I shall not say again: What titles have you to liberty? What means remain to you to preserve it, if in your first act you surpass the turpitude of the most corrupt governments; if the first care of your vigilant co-operation is not for the guarantee of your constitution? I tell you, you will all be dragged into a universal ruin, and you yourselves have the greatest interests in making the sacrifices the Government asks of you. Vote, then, for this extraordinary subsidy; and it may be sufficient. Vote for it,—for if you have any doubts on the means adopted (vague and unenlightened doubts), you have none as to its necessity, or our inability to provide an immediate substitute. Vote, then, because public necessity admits no delay, and we shall be held accountable for any delay that occurs. Beware of asking for time! Misfortune never grants it!

Gentlemen, apropos of a ridiculous disturbance at the Palais Royal, of a laughable insurrection, which never had any importance save in the weak imaginations or perverted designs of a few faith-breakers, you have heard these mad words: "Catiline is at the gates of Rome! And yet you deliberate!"

And certainly there has been about us no Catiline, no peril, no faction, no Rome. But to-day bankruptcy—hideous bankruptcy—is here; it threatens to consume you, your properties, your honor! And yet you deliberate!

THE PRIVILEGED AND THE PEOPLE

[A second brief extract will further serve to show the impetuous and striking character of Mirabeau's oratory.]

In all countries, in all ages, have aristocrats implacably pursued the friends of the people; and when, by I know not what combination of fortune, such a friend has uprisen from the very bosom of the aristocracy, it has been at him pre-eminently that they have struck, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. So perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the Patricians. But, mortally smitten, he flung dust towards heaven calling the avenging gods to witness: and from

that dust sprang Marius;—Marius, less illustrious for having exterminated the Cimbri than for having beaten down the despotism of the nobility in Rome.

But you, Commons, listen to one who, unseduced by your applause, yet cherishes them in his heart. Man is strong only by union; happy only by peace. Be firm, not obstinate; courageous, not turbulent; free, not undisciplined; prompt, not precipitate. Stop not except at difficulties of moment; and be then wholly inflexible. But disdain the contentions of self-love, and never thrust into the balance the individual against the country. . . . .

For myself, who, in my public career, have had no other fear than that of wrong-doing; who, girt with my conscience, and armed with my principles, would brave the universe; whether it shall be my fortune to serve you with my voice and my exertions in the National Assembly, or whether I shall be enabled to aid you there with my prayers only, be sure that the vain clamors, the wrathful menaces, the injurious protestations—all the convulsions, in a word, of expiring prejudices—shall not on me impose! What! shall he now pause in his civic course, who, first among all the men of France, emphatically proclaimed his opinions on national affairs, at a time when circumstances were much less urgent than now, and the task one of much greater peril? Never! No measure of outrages shall bear down my patience. I have been, I am, I shall be, even to the tomb, the man of the Public Liberty, the man of the Constitution. If to be such be to become the man of the people rather than of the nobles, then woe to the privileged orders! For privileges shall have an end, but the people is eternal!

PIERRE VERGNIAUD (1759-1793)

THE ORATOR OF THE GIRONDISTS

THE great orator of the Girondist section of the Revolutionary Assembly of France, Vergniaud, was too indolent and too indifferent to put himself at the head of the party, which he might have done had he chosen. He was quite content to fill the post of its orator. He was the most moderate of the Girondists, but suffered the fate of his fellows. In January, 1793, as President of the Convention, he pronounced the sentence of the king's death. In October he suffered the same fate himself. No man of his time met death more boldly.

"In parliamentary eloquence," says Macaulay, "no Frenchman of his time can be considered equal to Vergniaud. In a foreign country, and after the lapse of half a century, some parts of his speeches are still read with mournful admiration." Lamartine says, "His language had the images and harmony of the most beautiful verses."

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

[We append two brief examples of Vergniaud's oratory, the first calling on the the people to defend themselves against their foes, internal and external, the second denouncing the terrorism of the club of the Jacobins.]

Preparations for war are manifest on our frontiers, and we hear of renewed plots against liberty. Our armies reassemble; mighty movements agitate the empire. Martial law having become necessary, it has seemed to us just. But we have succeeded only in brandishing for a moment the thunderbolt in the eyes of rebellion. The sanction of the king has been refused to our decrees. The princes of Germany make their territory a retreat for the conspirators against you. They favor the plots of the emigrants. They furnish them an asylum; they furnish them gold,

arms, horses and munitions. Is not the patience suicidal which tolerates all this? Doubtless you have renounced all projects of conquest; but you have not promised to endure such insolent provocations. You have shaken off the yoke of your tyrants; but it was not to bend the knee to foreign despots.

But, beware! You are environed by snares. They seek to drive you, by disgust or lassitude, to a state of languor fatal to your courage; or fatal to its right direction. They seek to separate you from us; they pursue a system of calumny against the National Assembly; they incriminate your Revolution in your eyes. O! beware of these attempts at panic! Repel, indignantly, these impostors, who, while they affect a hypocritical zeal for the Constitution, cease not to urge upon you the monarchy! The *monarchy!* With them it is the counter-revolution! The monarchy? It is the *nobility!* The counter-revolution—what is it but taxation, feudality, the Bastille, chains and executioners, to punish the sublime aspirations of liberty? What is it but foreign satellites in the midst of the State? What, but bankruptcy, engulfing, with your assignats, your private fortunes and the national wealth; what, but the furies of fanaticism and of vengeance; assassinations, pillage, and incendiarism; in short, despotism and death, disputing, over rivers of blood and heaps of carcasses, the dominion of your wretched country? The *nobility!* That is to say, two classes of men; the one for grandeur, the other for debasement!—the one for tyranny, the other for servitude! The nobility! Ah! *the very word is an insult to the human race!*

And yet, it is in order to secure the success of these conspiracies that Europe is now put in motion against you. Be it so! By a solemn declaration must these guilty hopes be crushed. Yes, the free representatives of France, unshaken in their attachment to the Constitution, will be buried beneath its ruins, before they consent to a capitulation at once unworthy of them and of you. Rally! Be reassured! They would raise the nations against you; they will raise only princes. The heart of every people is with you. It is their cause which you embrace, in defending your own. Ever abhorred be war! It is the greatest of the crimes of men; it is the most terrible scourge of humanity! But, since you are irresistibly forced to it, yield to the course of your destinies. Who can foresee where will end the punishment of the tyrants who will have driven you to take up arms?

THE DESPOTISM OF THE JACOBINS

The blinded Parisians presume to call themselves free. Alas! it is true, they are no longer the slaves of crowned tyrants; but they are the slaves

of men the most vile, and of wretches the most detestable; men who continue to imagine that the Revolution has been made for themselves alone, and who have sent Louis XVI. to the Temple, in order that *they* may be enthroned at the Tuileries! It is time to break these disgraceful chains—to crush this new despotism. It is time that those who have made honest men tremble should be made to tremble in their turn.

I am not ignorant that they have poniards at their service. On the night of the second of September—that night of proscription!—did they not seek to turn them against several deputies, and myself among the number! Were we not denounced to the people as traitors! Fortunately, it was the people into whose hands we fell. The assassins were elsewhere occupied. The voice of calumny failed of its effect. If *my* voice may yet make itself heard from this place, I call you all to witness it shall not cease to thunder, with all its energy, against tyrants, whether of high or low degree. What to me their ruffians and their poniards? What his own life to the representative of the people, while the safety of the country is at stake?

When William Tell adjusted the arrow which was to pierce the fatal apple that a tyrant had placed on his son's head, he exclaimed, "Perish my name, and perish my memory, provided Switzerland may be free!" And we, also,—*we* will say, "Perish the National Assembly and its memory, provided France may be free."* Ay, perish the National Assembly and its memory, so by its death it may save the Nation from a course of crime that would affix an eternal stigma to the French name; so, by its action, it may show the Nations of Europe that, despite the calumnies by which it is sought to dishonor France, there is still in the very bosom of that momentary anarchy where the brigands have plunged us—there is still in our country some public virtue, some respect for humanity left! Perish the National Assembly and its memory, if upon our ashes our more fortunate successors may establish the edifice of a Constitution, which shall assure the happiness of France, and consolidate the reign of liberty and equality!

* When these words were spoken the deputies rose with intense enthusiasm and repeated the words of the orator, while the audience in the galleries added their cries of approval to the tumult on the floor.

GEORGE JACQUES DANTON (1759-1794)

THE MIRABEAU OF THE SANS-CULOTTES

LARGE of frame, dauntless of spirit, passionate of temperament, powerful in voice, Danton was well adapted for political oratory and revolutionary times. In quiet days he would not have shone, but in the whirlpool of the French Revolution he was at home, while his fervid and splendid oratory made him the favorite of the Parisian populace. "Nothing was wanting to make Danton a great man—except virtue," said Lamartine, and this well describes him. His famous sayings: "To dare, again to dare, always to dare," and "Let France be free, though my name be accursed," speak volumes for the boldness and patriotism of the man. Before men like him, and sentiments like these, the old institutions could not stand. The club founded by him, that of the Cordeliers, was more radical even than that of the Jacobins. For a time, Danton, Marat and Robespierre ruled the Revolution. Then a break took place between them, and while Danton hesitated Robespierre acted. The natural result followed, the guillotine became his fate.

LET FRANCE BE FREE.

[The disasters of the French armies on the frontier called out from Danton in the Convention, March 10, 1793, one of his most impassioned addresses. Of this we give the telling closing portion, in which occurs one of his most famous sentences.]

The general considerations that have been presented to you are true; but at this moment it is less necessary to examine the causes of the disasters that have struck us than to apply their remedy rapidly. When the edifice is on fire, I do not join the rascals who would steal the furniture, I extinguish the flames. I tell you, therefore, you should be convinced by the dispatches of Dumouriez that you have not a moment to spare in saving the Republic.

Dumouriez conceived a plan which did honor to his genius. I would render him greater justice and praise than I did recently. But three months ago he announced to the executive power, your General Committee of Defence, that if we were not audacious enough to invade Holland in the middle of winter, to declare instantly against England the war which actually we had long been making, that we would double the difficulties of our campaign, in giving our enemies the time to deploy their forces. Since we failed to recognize this stroke of his genius, we must now repair our faults.

Dumouriez is not discouraged ; he is in the middle of Holland, where he will find munitions of war. To overthrow all our enemies, he wants but Frenchmen, and France is filled with citizens. Would we be free? If we no longer desire it, let us perish, for we have all sworn it. If we wish it, let all march to defend our independence. Your enemies are making their last efforts. Pitt, recognizing he has all to lose, dares spare nothing. Take Holland, and Carthage is destroyed, and England can no longer exist but for liberty ! . . . .

Expediate, then, your commissioners ; sustain them with your energy; let them leave this very night, this very evening. Let them say to the opulent classes, " The aristocracy of Europe must succumb to our efforts and pay our debt, or you will have to pay it ! " The people have nothing but blood,—they lavish it ! Go, then, ingrates, and lavish your wealth ! See, citizens, the fair destinies that await you. What ! You have a whole nation as a lever, its reason as your fulcrum, and you have not yet upturned the world ! To do this we need firmness and character, and of a truth we lack it. I put to one side all passions. They are all strangers to me save a passion for the public good.

In the most difficult situations, when the enemy was at the gates of Paris, I said to those governing : " Your discussions are shameful, I can see but the enemy. You tire me by squabbling in place of occupying yourselves with the safety of the Republic ! I repudiate you all as traitors to our country ! I place you all in the same line ! " I said to them : " What care I for my reputation ! Let France be free, though my name were accursed ! " What care I that I am called a " blood-drinker " ! Well, let us drink the blood of the enemies of humanity, if needful ; but let us struggle, let us achieve freedom. Some fear the departure of the commissioners may weaken one or the other section of this convention. Vain fears ! Carry your energy everywhere. The pleasantest declaration will be to announce to the people that the terrible debt weighing upon them will be wrested from their enemies or that the rich will shortly have to pay it. The national situation is cruel. The representatives of value

are no longer in equilibrium in the circulation. The day of the working-man is lengthened beyond necessity. A great corrective measure is necessary! The conquerors of Holland will reanimate in England the Republican party; let us advance France and we shall go glorified to posterity. Achieve these grand destinies; no more debates, no more quarrels, and the Farherland is saved.

TO DARE! ALWAYS TO DARE

[With this stirring sentence Danton ended his notable speech in defence of the Republic, on September 2, 1792.]

It seems a satisfaction for the ministers of a free people to announce to them that their country will be saved. All are stirred, all are enthused, all burn to enter the combat. You know that Verdun is not yet in the power of our enemies, and that its garrison swears to immolate the first one who breathes a proposition to surrender.

One portion of our people will guard our frontiers, another will dig and arm the entrenchments, the third with pikes will defend the interior of our cities. Paris will second these great efforts. The commissioners of the Commune will solemnly proclaim to the citizens the invitation to arm and march to the defence of the country. At such a moment you can proclaim that the capital deserves the esteem of all France. At such a moment this National Assembly becomes a veritable committee of war. We ask that you concur with us in directing this sublime movement of the people, by naming commissioners to second and assist all these great measures. We ask that any one refusing to give personal service or to furnish arms, shall meet the punishment of death. We ask that proper instructions be given to the citizens to direct their movements. We ask that carriers be sent to all the departments to notify them of the decrees that you proclaim here. The tocsin we shall sound is not the alarm signal of danger, it orders the charge on the enemies of France. At such a moment this National Assembly becomes a veritable committee of war. We ask that you concur with us in directing this sublime movement of the people, by naming commissioners to second and assist all these great measures. We ask that any one refusing to give personal service or to furnish arms, shall meet the punishment of death. We ask that proper instructions be given to the citizens to direct their movements. We ask that carriers be sent to all the departments to notify them of the decrees that you proclaim here. The tocsin we shall sound is not the alarm signal of danger, it orders the charge on the enemies of France. To conquer we have need *to dare! to dare again! always to dare!* And France will be saved!

JEAN PAUL MARAT (1743–1793)

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE"

PERHAPS no man in all history has won the more universal reprobation of mankind than the bloodthirsty Marat, the ferocious enemy alike of royalists and his political opponents, for whose opinions he had but one cure—the guillotine. In 1789 he stirred up the passions of the mob by his journal, "The Friend of the People," and was long obliged to live in cellars and sewers to escape the officers of the law, charged to arrest him for his incendiary utterances. He was elected to the Convention in 1792, and in conjunction with Danton and Robespierre, inaugurated the "Reign of Terror," he acting as a public accuser of all whom he wished to remove by death. Tried on a charge of outrages against the Convention in May, 1793, he was triumphantly acquitted; but two months afterward the patriotic hand of Charlotte Corday ended the career of this monster in human form. The only charitable view that can be taken of Marat's conduct is that he was the victim of a diseased mind. Certainly his body was so deeply diseased that the knife of the avenger only shortly anticipated his death from natural causes.

A DEFENCE FROM IMPEACHMENT

[Threatened with impeachment for his course, Marat defended himself before the Convention in the following specious words, in which he seemed to indicate that his plan for settling the affairs of the state was to give increased activity to the guillotine.]

I shuddered at the vehement and disorderly movements of the people, when I saw them prolonged beyond the necessary point. In order that these movements should not forever fail, and to avoid the necessity of their recommencement, I proposed that some wise and just citizen should be named, known for his attachment to freedom, to take the direction of

them, and render them conducive to the great ends of public freedom. If the people could have appreciated the wisdom of that proposal, if they had adopted it in all its plenitude, they would have swept off, on the day the Bastille was taken, five hundred heads from the conspirators. Everything, had this been done, would now have been tranquil. For the same reason, I have frequently proposed to give instantaneous authority to a wise man, under the name of tribune, or dictator,—the title signifies nothing; but the proof that I meant to chain him to the public service is, that I insisted that he should have a bullet at his feet, and that he should have no power but to strike off criminal heads. Such was my opinion; I have expressed it freely in private, and given it all the currency possible in my writings; I have affixed my name to these compositions; I am not ashamed of them; if you cannot comprehend them, so much the worse for you. The days of trouble are not yet terminated; already a hundred thousand patriots have been massacred because you would not listen to my voice; a hundred thousand more will suffer, or are menaced with destruction; if the people falter, anarchy will never come to an end. I have diffused these opinions among the public; if they are dangerous, let enlightened men refute them with the proofs in their hands. For my own part, I declare I would be the first to adopt their ideas, and to give a signal proof of my desire for peace, order, and the supremacy of the laws, whenever I am convinced of their justice.

Am I accused of ambitious views? I will not condescend to vindicate myself; examine my conduct; judge my life. If I had chosen to sell my silence for profit, I might have now been the object of favor to the court. What, on the other hand, has been my fate? I have buried myself in dungeons; condemned myself to every species of danger; the sword of twenty thousand assassins is perpetually suspended over me; I preached the truth with my head laid on the block. Let those who are now terrifying you with the shadow of a dictator, unite with me; unite with all true patriots, press the assembly to expedite the great measures which will secure the happiness of the people, and I will cheerfully mount the scaffold any day of my life.

MAXIMILIEN ISIDORE DE ROBESPIERRE
(1758-1794)
THE BLOODHOUND OF THE REVOLUTION

THE character of Robespierre was one of the most extraordinary to be found in all history. He remains an enigma. By some he is regarded as a fanatic, with an honest devotion to his country at the basis of his massacres; by others as a crafty and pitiless demagogue. If we should judge by his utterances, we must believe him sincere and deeply religious; if by his acts, it is difficult to find words to express our abhorrence. The remark of Mirabeau may help to solve the enigma of his life: "He will go far, for he believes all he says." He certainly went far, for he was the inspiring spirit of the frightful Reign of Terror, As an orator Robespierre lacked native powers. He had not the gift of extemporaneous speech, of fine voice, or of commanding personality.

A FINAL APPEAL

[If we could judge from Robespierre's speeches, he was a much maligned individual, a moralist driven to severity by the vices of his enemies. He tells us in his speech on the sentence of the king, "I abhor the punishment of death, inflicted so unsparingly by your laws . . . . but Louis must die, because the country must live." In a later speech, when the guillotine was doing its bloodiest work at his command, he earnestiy, almost pathetically, maintains his belief in a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. In his final speech, made the day before his death, to an assembly thirsting for his blood, he poses still as the patriot and the maligned moralist.]

The enemies of the Republic call me tyrant! Were I such they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold, I should grant them impunity for their crimes, and they would be grateful. Were I such, the kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support. There would be a covenant between them

and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny,—whither does *their* path tend? To the tomb and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what faction do I belong? Yourselves! What faction, since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You—the people, our principles,—are that faction! A faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the Republic has been my object; and I know that the Republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? O! my life I abandon without a regret! I have seen the past; and I foresee the future. What friend of his country would wish to survive the moment he could no longer serve it,—when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most abject, or fears the most absurd, override the sacred interests of humanity?

In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that I have sometimes feared that I should be sullied, in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarcation between themselves and all true men.

Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O, Frenchmen! O, my countrymen! Let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, degrade your souls, and enervate your virtues! No, Chaumette,* no! Death is *not* "an eternal sleep"! Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funeral crape, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth,—"Thou shalt die!"

* Chaumette was a member of the Convention, who was opposed to the public recognition of a God and the future state.

BOOK VIII.

Recent Orators of France

THE history of France in recent times has been unique and highly interesting. Nowhere else in history can be found the record of a country that had four political revolutions, each followed by a transformation in the government, within a century. Such has been the case in France. The unparalleled revolution of 1789 was followed by feebler copies in 1830, 1848 and 1871, a republic following the monarchy in three of these cases, while a change of dynasty took place in the second. Here was abundant political change, uprooting of old institutions, exposure of administrative abuses, radical variations in conditions. In all this there was abundant occasion for oratory, and that of the most strenuous character. The type of eloquence to which the first revolution gave occasion we have already shown. That of the succeeding ones was less vehement. Only one orator of recent France can be named who in any sense compares in character with those of the age of Mirabeau. This is Victor Hugo, whose assaults on "Napoleon the Little" were as cutting and virulent as the most unbridled diatribes of the days of the guillotine. As a rule, however, the nineteenth century oratory of France was in a quieter and more classical vein, some of the most famous and polished orators winning their reputation on non-political issues. As regards the leaders in political oratory—Lamartine, Thiers, Gambetta and others—those, while vigorous and aggressive in tone, were of a far milder type than the fiery orators of the previous century or the indignant and incisive Hugo of their own.

VICTOR COUSIN (1792-1867)

AN EMINENT ORATOR AND PHILOSOPHER

THE Sorbonne, a famous college at Paris of ancient institution, possessed in the early part of the nineteenth century three lecturers of wide fame, Cousin, Guizot and Villemain, the former two in especial having a world-wide reputation. Cousin was appointed to the chair of philosophy in 1815, and for a number of years delivered eloquent and popular lectures to large audiences, his lectures displaying an admirable combination of sensibility, imagination and reason. His popularity was immense, but his liberal opinions caused him to be deprived of his professorship in 1820, though he was replaced in 1828. His lectures, which were prepared with the care of those of Demosthenes and Cicero in the past, of Ruskin, Emerson and others in the present age, were published in book form, one series of them being on "The True, the Beautiful and the Good." He wrote various other works, developing an eclectic system of philosophy of high estimation. After the revolution of 1830, Cousin, like Guizot, entered upon a political career, and for a time, in 1840, was Minister of Public Instruction. His speeches in the Chambers displayed superior powers of oratory. He took no part in public affairs after the Revolution of 1848.

SUPREMACY OF THE ART OF POETRY

[The following eloquent passage, in which the claim of poetry to supremacy over its sister arts is effectively presented, is from one of Cousin's lectures on "The True, the Beautiful and the Good."]

The art *par excellence*, that which surpasses all others, because it is incomparably the most expressive, is poetry.

Speech is the instrument of poetry; poetry fashions it to its use, and idealizes it, in order to make it express ideal beauty. Poetry gives to it the charm and power of measure; is makes of it something intermediary

between the ordinary voice and music—something at once material and immaterial, finite, clear, and precise; like contours and forms, the most definite, living, and animated; like color pathetic, and infinite like sound.

A word in itself, especially a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most energetic and universal symbol. Armed with this talisman, poetry reflects all the images of the sensible world, like sculpture and painting; it reflects sentiment like painting and music, with all its varieties, which music does not attain, and in their rapid succession which painting cannot follow, as precise and immobile as sculpture; and it not only expresses all that, it expresses what is inaccessible to every other art:—I mean thought, entirely distinct from the senses and even from sentiment; thought that has no forms; thought that has no color, that lets no sound escape, that does not manifest itself in any way; thought in its highest flight, in its most refined abstraction.

Think of it! What a world of images, of sentiments, of thoughts at once distinct and confused, are excited within us by this one word—country! and by this other word, brief and immense—God! What is more clear and altogether more profound and vast!

Tell the architect, the sculptor, the painter, even the musician, to call forth also by a single stroke all the powers of nature and the soul. They cannot; and by that they acknowledge the superiority of speech and poetry. They proclaim it themselves, for they take poetry for their own measure; they esteem their own works, and demand that they should be esteemed, in proportion as they approach the poetic ideal. And the human race does as artists do; a beautiful picture, a noble melody, a living and expressive statue, gives rise to the exclamation, How poetical! This is not an arbitrary comparison; it is a natural judgment which makes poetry the type of the perfection of all the arts; the art *par excellence*, which comprises all others, to which they aspire, which none can reach.

When the other arts would imitate the works of poetry, they usually err, losing their own genius without robbing poetry of its genius. But poetry constructs, according to its own taste, palaces and temples, like architecture; it makes them simple or magnificent; all orders, as well as all systems, obey it; the different ages of art are the same to it; it reproduces, if it please, the Classic or the Gothic, the beautiful or the sublime, the measured or the infinite.

Lessing has been able, with the exactest justice, to compare Homer to the most perfect sculptor; with such precision are the forms which that marvelous chisel gives to all things determined. And what a painter, too, is Homer! And, of a different kind, Dante! Music alone has something more penetrating than poetry, but it is vague, limited, and fugitive.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE (1790-1869)

THE ORATOR OF THE 1848 REVOLUTION

ON the 25th of February, 1848, when a seditious and furious mob traversed the streets of Paris, demanding the red flag of anarchy instead of the tricolor of the Republic, Alphonse de Lamartine, a member of the revolutionary government, appeared before them, and in a passionate burst of eloquence calmed their feelings and brought them back to reason. Never before in history had oratory won a triumph like this, and it placed Lamartine high among political orators.

Known before as a poet of splendid powers, and as a historian by his brilliant "History of the Girondists," Lamartine, in 1848, became the master spirit and the moderator of the revolution, repressing the tendency to violence by admirable displays of eloquence, courage and magnanimity, and winning an immense popularity, which, however, was not long lived. His decline in public estimation was shown in the election for President in December, 1848, in which he received only 8000 votes. During the remainder of his life he produced a number of valuable historical works.

WHAT IS THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

[Lamartine's views of the true character of the French Revolution and of the benefits which remained after its reign of terror had passed away, are well shown in the following extract from one of his speeches.]

What, then, is the French Revolution? Is it, as the adorers of the past say, a great sedition of a nation disturbed for no reason, and destroying in their insensate convulsions their church, their monarchy, their classes, their institutions, their nationality, and even rending the map of Europe? No! the Revolution has not been a miserable sedition of

France; for a sedition subsides as it rises, and leaves nothing but corpses and ruins behind it. The Revolution has left scaffolds and ruins, it is true; therein is its remorse; but it has also left a doctrine; it has left a spirit which will be enduring and perpetual so long as human reason shall exist.

We are not inspired by the spirit of faction! No factious idea enters our thoughts. We do not wish to compose a faction—we compose opinion, for it is nobler, stronger, and more invincible. Shall we have, in our first struggles, violence, oppression and death? No, gentlemen! let us give thanks to our fathers; it shall be liberty which they have bequeathed to us, liberty which now has its own arms, its pacific arms, to develop itself without anger and excess. Therefore shall we triumph—be sure of it! and if you ask what is the moral force that shall bend the government beneath the will of the nation, I will answer you; it is the sovereignty of ideas, the royalty of mind, the Republic, the true Republic of intelligence; in one word, opinion—that modern power whose very name was unknown to antiquity. Gentlemen, public opinion was born on the very day when Gutenberg, who has been styled the artificer of a new world, invented, by printing, the multiplication and indefinite communication of thought and human reason. This incomprehensible power of opinion needs not for its sway either the brand of vengeance, the sword of justice, or the scaffold of terror. It holds in its hands the equilibrium between ideas and institutions, the balance of the human mind. In one of the scales of this balance—understand it well—will be for a long time placed mental superstitions, prejudices self-styled useful, the divine right of kings, distinctions of right among classes, international animosities, the spirit of conquest, the venal alliance of Church and state, the censorship of thought, the silence of tribunes, and the ignorance and systematic degradation of the masses. In the other scale, we ourselves, gentlemen, will place the lightest and most impalpable thing of all that God has created—light, a little of that light which the French Revolution evoked at the close of the last century—from a volcano, doubtless, but from a volcano of truth.

SAFETY ONLY IN THE REPUBLIC

[From Lamartine's remarkable speeches of 1848 we select the following eloquent appeal for the Republic, as the only security against the reign of anarchy and bloodshed which was threatened in the temper of the populace.]

For my part, I see too clearly the series of consecutive catastrophes I should be preparing for my country, to attempt to arrest the avalanche of such a Revolution, on a descent where no dynastic force could retain it without increasing its mass, its weight, and the ruin of its fall. There is,

I repeat to you, a single power capable of preserving the people from the danger with which a revolution, under such social conditions, menaces them, and this is the power of the people; it is entire liberty. It is the suffrage, will, reason, interest, the hand and arm of all—the Republic!

Yes, it is the Republic alone which can now save you from anarchy, civil and foreign war, spoliation, the scaffold, the decimation of property, the overthrow of society and foreign invasion. The remedy is heroic, I know, but at crises of times and ideas like these in which we live, there is no effective policy but one as great and audacious as the crisis itself. By giving, to-morrow, the Republic in its own name to the people, you will instantly disarm it of the watchword of agitation. What do I say? You will instantly change its anger into joy, its fury into enthusiasm. All who have the Republican sentiment at heart, all who have had a dream of the Republic in their imaginations, all who regret, all who aspire, all who reason, all who dream in France,—Republicans of the secret societies, Republicans militant, speculative Republicans, the people, the tribunes, the youth, the schools, the journalists, men of hand and men of head—will utter but one cry, will gather round their standard, will arm to defend it, but will rally, confusedly at first, but in order afterwards, to protect the government, and to preserve society itself behind this government of all—a supreme force which may have its agitations, never its dethronements and its ruins; for this government rests on the very foundations of the nation. It alone appeals to all. This government only can maintain itself; this alone can govern itself; this only can unite, in the voices and hands of all, the reason and will, the arms and suffrages; necessary to serve not only the nation from servitude, but society, the family relation, property and morality, which are menaced by the cataclysm of ideas which are fermenting beneath the foundations of this half-crumbled throne.

If anarchy can be subdued, mark it well, it is by the Republic! If communism can be conquered, it is by the Republic! If revolution can be moderated, it is by the Republic! If blood can be spared, it is by the Republic! If universal war, if the invasion it would perhaps bring on as the reaction of Europe upon us, can be avoided, understand it well once more, it is by the Republic. This is why, in reason, and in conscience, as a statesman, before God and before you, as free from illusion as from fanaticism, if the hour in which we deliberate is pregnant with a revolution, I will not conspire for a counter-revolution. I conspire for none—but if we must have one, I will accept it entire, and I will decide for the Republic!

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS (1797–1877)

AN ORATOR OF THE OPPOSITION

THIERS was one of that patriotic band who vigorously opposed the imperial methods of Louis Napoleon, not, like Victor Hugo, in exile, but on the floor of the French Parliament. He was an orator of the opposition in the latter years of Louis Philippe's reign, and when Napoleon seized the empire he ceased to be his partisan and became his persistent foe. In 1867 he made a strong speech against Napoleon's foreign policy, and in 1870 he vigorously opposed the war with Prussia, declaring that Napoleon had committed another blunder. When the French Republic was organized, in 1871, he was elected its President, but resigned in 1873, after having done much to overcome the evil effects of the war. As a historical author he is known for his "History of the Revolution" and "History of the Consulate and Empire," two works that have been very widely read. As a statesman he was a man of indomitable courage and of deep and genuine patriotism.

THE WASTEFULNESS OF THE IMPERIAL FINANCE

[As a favorable example of the oratorical manner of M. Thiers, we offer a selection from his speech in the *Budget* of June 2, 1865, in which he points out, with a critical and sarcastic clearness that must have been very annoying to the administration, the wilful blindness with which the revenues of the empire were being expended.]

Since our new institutions diminished the share which our nation took in managing its own affairs, it was feared that the activity of mind with which I am reproached might be dangerous, unless means should be found to occupy the attention of the country. These means, sometimes dangerous, always odious, have been wars abroad, and enormous expenditure and great speculations at home. After great wars come small ones—small, if we consider the number of men engaged, but large if we consider

their distance and the serious complications they may cause. The war in Mexico has already cost us more than the Italian war, to say nothing of the complications it may entail. The war expenditure, has, of course, been met by loans, and the public debt has consequently been considerably increased. Next come our great public works, an excellent employment for the country's savings in times of peace, as every sensible man will acknowledge; but we ought to proceed prudently.

It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that there need be no limit to the application of our savings to public works; agriculture and manufactures ought to have their share, and if only a portion should be employed by the State in improving roads, canals and other means of communication, still less should be devoted to the mere embellishment of towns. It is certainly necessary to widen the streets and improve the salubrity of cities, but there is no necessity for such vast changes as have been operated in Paris, where, I think, all reasonable limits have been exceeded. The contagion of example is to be feared The proverb says that he who commits one folly is wise. If Paris only were to be rebuilt I should not have much to say against it, but you know what La Fontaine wittily says:

> "Every citizen must build like a lord,
> Every little prince have his ambassadors,
> Every marquis have his pages."

The glory of the Prefect of the Seine has troubled all the prefects. The Prefect of the Seine has rebuilt the Tuileries, and the Prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhône wants to have his Tuileries also.

Last year the Minister of State answered me that only a trifling expenditure was intended, not more than six millions; but it appears from the debates of the Council-General that the expense will be twelve or fourteen millions, and some persons say as much as twenty millions. I know that the Prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhône is a senator; but if it takes twelve millions to build him a residence, that is a large sum. All the other prefects will be eager to follow his example, as the Prefect of Lisle is already. The sub-prefects, also, will want new residences and new furniture. Where would all this lead to? The Minister of Public Works, full of glory, must have more consideration for the cares of the Minister of Finance. But here we have a new Minister of Public Works, with a new glory to make, and demands for millions multiply.

The Minister of Finance defends himself as well as he can, but appears to be conquered; he might resist by resigning, certainly; but that is a means borrowed from past days. A compromise is at least effected. To spare the Treasury, one hundred millions are to be obtained by selling part of the State forests. For this, however, your consent is

necessary; but the matter is settled in principle, and the public domain will supply the funds which the Treasury refuses. By whom is this torrent of expenditure to be arrested? By yourselves, gentlemen! Your wisdom, courage and patriotism can alone achieve the task. Your responsibility is great, especially in financial matters; in politics your powers may be contested to a certain extent, but in questions of finance they are undisputed. In finances you, therefore, are responsible for everything. It is time to halt in this course of expenditure, and not to imitate those sinners who are always talking of reforming and, after all, die in financial impenitence.

We are often told that financial science is obscure, but the assertion is untrue. Sciences are never obscure, except through the dullness of those who expound them, or the charletanism of those who assume a false air of profundity. I will take my examples from private life. Let us suppose two fathers; one methodical, strict and somewhat morose; the other easy and good natured. The former will regulate his expenditure according to his income, and fix limits which he will not pass; during the year this may cause some deprivation to himself and his family, but when settling day comes he has neither anxiety nor embarrassment. The latter takes no such precautions; he passes quietly through the year, restricting neither his own expenditure nor that of his family; but when he settles his accounts he finds he has exceeded his income, and is obliged to encroach on his capital to pay his debts; and thus he goes on from year to year, with ever-increasing embarrassment, until ruin stares him in the face. The stern father, meanwhile, has preserved or even increased his estate, and taught his children that which will be useful to them through life. As in private life, so it is in public affairs. Statesmen have the same passions as other men, and it is only by resisting these passions that they can save the State . . . .

I ask your pardon for speaking so warmly, but it is impossible to treat a graver or more interesting subject. I repeat that you are running toward the double rock, either of failing in your engagements, or of rendering inevitable the imposition of various taxes which may give rise to deplorable divisions. I abjure you to reflect most seriously on this state of affairs. You are on the brink of a financial gulf if you persist in the present course. I ask pardon for distressing you, but it is my duty to tell you the truth, and I tell it, whatever the result may be.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO (1802-1885)

POET, DRAMATIST, NOVELIST, AND ORATOR

FRANCE has produced, among her many brilliant orators, but one Victor Hugo, a man "everything by turns" and always great. As a novelist, many look upon him as the greatest of the century, and regard his "Les Miserables" as a work peerless of its kind. As poet, as dramatist, he stood also in the first rank. And as an orator, no Frenchman has surpassed him but Mirabeau. He was an orator in grain; his prose works read like animated speeches. He was as fearless as he was able. He did not hesitate to attack Louis Napoleon with trenchant bitterness during his climb to power, closing one of his attacks with the stinging words: "What! after Augustus must we have Augustulus? Because we had a Napoleon the Great must we now have Napoleon the Little?"

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE

[When Louis Napoleon seized the throne Victor Hugo went into exile. It was impossible for him to keep still with this small usurper on the throne of his great uncle, and he sought a refuge where he could speak his mind freely. How freely he spoke may be seen from the oration we append. He had the art of making vivid and telling sentences, and of such this outburst of patriotic passion is largely made up.]

I have entered the lists with the actual ruler of Europe, for it is well for the world that I should exhibit the picture. Louis Bonaparte is the intoxication of triumph. He is the incarnation of merry yet savage despotism. He is the mad plentitude of power seeking for limits, but finding them not, neither in men nor facts. Louis Bonaparte holds France—*Urbem Romam habet;* and he who holds France holds the world. He is master of the votes, master of consciences, master of the people; he names his successor, does away with eternity, and places the future in a sealed envelope. His Senate, his Legislative Body, with lowered heads,

creep behind him and lick his heels. He takes up or drops the bishops and cardinals; he tramples upon justice which curses him, and upon judges who worship him. Thirty eager newspaper correspondents inform the world that he has frowned, and every electric wire quivers if he raises his little finger. Around him is heard the clanking of the sabre and the roll of the drum. He is seated in the shadow of eagles, begirt by ramparts and bayonets. Free people tremble and conceal their liberty lest he should rob them of it. The great American Republic even hesitates before him, and dares not withdraw her ambassador. Kings look at him with a smile from the midst of their armies, though their hearts be full of dread. Where will he begin? Belgium, Switzerland, or Piedmont?

Europe awaits his invasion. He is able to do as he wishes, and he dreams of impossibilities. Well, this master, this triumphant conqueror, this vanquisher, this dictator, this emperor, this all-powerful man, one lonely man, robbed and ruined, dares to rise up and attack. Louis Napoleon has ten thousand cannons and five hundred thousand soldiers; I have but a pen and a bottle of ink, I am a mere nothing, a grain of dust, a shadow, an exile without a home, a vagrant without even a passport; but I have at my side two mighty auxiliaries,—God, who is invincible, and Truth, which is immortal.

Certainly, Providence might have chosen a more illustrious champion for this duel to the death; some stronger athlete—but what matters the man when it is the cause that fights? However it may be, it is good for the world to gaze upon this spectacle. For what is it but intelligence striking against brute force? I have but one stone for my sling; but it is a good one, for its name is Justice!

I am attacking Louis Bonaparte when he is at the height and zenith of his power, at the hour when all bend before him. All the better; this is what suits me best.

Yes, I attack Louis Bonaparte; I attack him openly, before all the world. I attack him before God and man. I attack him boldly and recklessly for love of the people and for love of France. He is going to be an emperor. Let him be one; but let him remember that, though you may secure an empire, you cannot secure an easy conscience!

This is the man by whom France is governed! Governed, do I say? —possessed in supreme and sovereign sway! And every day, and every morning, by his decrees, by his messages, by all the incredible drivel which he parades in the *Moniteur*, this emigrant, who knows not France, teaches France her lesson; and this ruffian tells France he has saved her! And from whom? From herself! Before him, Providence committed only follies; God was waiting for him to reduce everything to order; at

last he has come! For thirty-six years there had been in France all sorts of pernicious things,—the tribune, a vociferous thing; the press, an obstreperous thing; thought, an insolent thing; and liberty, the most crying abuse of all. But he came, and for the tribune he has substituted the Senate; for the press, the censorship; for thought, imbecility; and for liberty, the sabre; and by the sabre and the Senate, by imbecility and censorship, France is saved.

Saved, bravo! And from whom, I repeat? From herself. For what has this France of ours, if you please? A herd of marauders and thieves; of anarchists, assassins, and demagogues. She had to be manacled, had this mad woman, France; and it is Monsieur Bonaparte Louis who puts the handcuffs on her. Now she is in a dungeon, on a diet of bread and water, punished, humiliated, garroted, safely cared for. Be not disturbed, Monsieur Bonaparte, a policeman stationed at the Elysee is answerable for her in Europe. He makes it his business to be so; this wretched France is in the strait-jacket, and if she stirs—Ah, what is this spectacle before our eyes? Is it a dream? Is it a nightmare? On one side a nation, the first of nations, and on the other, a man, the last of men; and this is what this man does to this nation. What! he tramples her under his feet, he laughs in her face, he mocks and taunts her, he disowns, insults, and flouts her! What! he says, "I alone am worthy of consideration!" What! in this land of France, where none would dare to slap the face of his fellow, this man can slap the face of the nation? Oh, the abominable shame of it all! Every time that Monsieur Bonaparte spits, every face must be wiped! And this can last! and you tell me it will last! No! No! by every drop in every vein, no! It shall not last! Ah, if this did last, it would be in very truth because there would no longer be a God in heaven, nor a France on earth!

THE HEROISM OF VOLTAIRE

[On the centennial anniversary of Voltaire's death, May 30, 1878, Hugo made at Paris the following eloquent address.]

One hundred years ago to-day a man died! He died immortal, laden with years, with labors, and with the most illustrious and formidable of responsibilities—the responsibility of the human conscience informed and corrected. He departed amid the curses of the past and the blessings of the future—and these are the two superb forms of glory!—dying amid the acclamations of his comtemporaries and of posterity, on the one hand, and on the other with the hootings and hatreds bestowed by the implacable past on those who combat it. He was more than a man—he was an epoch! He had done his work; he had fulfilled his mission evidently

chosen for him by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature. The eighty-four years he had lived bridge over the interval between the apogee of the Monarchy and the dawn of the Revolution. At his birth, Louis XIV. still reigned; at his death Louis XVI. had already mounted the throne; so that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne and his coffin the first beams from the great abyss. . . . .

The court was full of festivities; Versailles was radiant; Paris was ignorant; and meanwhile, through religious ferocity, judges killed an old man on the wheel and tore out a child's tongue for a song. Confronted by this frivolous and dismal society, Voltaire alone, sensible of all the forces marshaled against him—court, nobility, finance; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so oppressive for the subject, so docile for the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling on the people before the king; that clergy, a sinister medley of hypocrisy and fanaticism—Voltaire alone declared war against this coalition of all social iniquities—against that great and formidable world. He accepted battle with it. What was his weapon? That which hath the lightness of the wind and the force of a thunderbolt—a pen. With that weapon Voltaire fought, and with that he conquered! Let us salute that memory! He conquered! He waged a splendid warfare—the war of one alone against all; the grand war of mind against matter, of reason against prejudice; a war for the just against the unjust, for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness! He had the tenderness of a woman and the anger of a hero. His was a great mind and an immense heart. He conquered the old code, the ancient dogma! He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest. He bestowed on the populace the dignity of the people! He taught, pacified, civilized! He fought for the Sirven and Montbailly as for Calas and Labarre. Regardless of menaces, insults, persecutions, calumny, exile, he was indefatigable and imovable. He overcame violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth!

LEON MICHEL GAMBETTA (1838-1882)

THE ADVOCATE OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY

IN October, 1871, Leon Gambetta, one of the makers of the new French Republic, made a most sensational escape from Paris, then closely invested by the German army. He passed not through, but over the lines, sailing through the air in a balloon, and landing far beyond the reach of the foes of France. At his call, all southern France rose in arms, and for five months he was the Dictator of his country. Army after army rose from farm and city and fought the foes of France, and even after Paris had fallen, he demanded that the war should go on to the bitter end. His colleagues failing to support him, he resigned his leadersdip and retired into Spain.

Before the war with Germany, Gambetta had been a member of the Paris bar, and a deputy of advanced liberal opinions, representing the "Irreconcilables" of Marseilles and Belleville. In the new Parliament he became the chief of the advanced Republicans, and later came into determined conflict with those who sought to restore the monarchy. The contest between him and Marshal MacMahon led to his being imprisoned and fined for libel, but it ended in the resignation of MacMahon and the triumph of Gambetta. He subsequently became premier, but resigned in 1882, and soon after died from an accidental wound in the hand from a revolver.

THE REGENERATION OF FRANCE

[Gambetta was an orator of fine powers, and the "ablest French Republican of the nineteenth century." Keeping alive his faith in France and its powers of recuperation, after the terrible losses of the war with Germany, he sought to arouse a like feeling in the people, calling on the peasantry and the educated alike to arouse for the regeneration of their beloved native land. We offer a translation of one of his appeals for this purpose.]

The peasantry is intellectually several centuries behind the enlightened and educated classes of the country. Yes, the distance is immense between them and us, who have received a classical or scientific education—even the imperfect one of our day. We have learned to read our history, to speak our language, while (a cruel thing to say) so many of our countrymen can only babble! Ah! that peasant, bound to the tillage of the soil, who bravely carries the burden of his day, with no other consolation than that of leaving to his children the paternal fields, perhaps increased an acre in extent! All his passions, joys, fears, are concentrated on the fate of his patrimony. Of the external world, of the society in which he lives, he apprehends but legends and rumors; he is the prey of the cunning and the fraudulent. He strikes, without knowing it, the bosom of the Revolution, his benefactress; he gives loyally his taxes and his blood to a society for which he feels fear as much as respect. But there his role ends, and if you speak to him of principles, he knows nothing of them.

It is to the peasantry, then, that we must address ourselves. They are the ones we must raise and instruct. The epithets the parties have bandied of "rurality" and "rural chamber" must not be the cause of injustice. It is to be wished that there were a "rural chamber," in the profound and true sense of the term, for it is not with hobble-de-hoys a "rural chamber" can be made, but with enlightened and free peasants able to represent themselves. And instead of being the cause of raillery, this reproach of a "rural chamber" would be a tribute rendered to the progress of the civilization of the masses. This new social force could be utilized for the general welfare. Unfortunately, we have not yet reached that point, and this progress will be denied us as long as the French democracy fail to demonstrate that if we would remake our country, if we would return her to her grandeur, her power, and her genius, it is the vital interest of her superior classes to elevate, to emancipate this people of workers, who hold in reserve a force still virgin and able to develop inexhaustible treasures of activity and aptitude. We must learn and then teach the peasant what he owes to society and what he has the right to ask of her.

On the day when it will be well understood that we have no grander or more pressing work; that we should put aside and postpone all other reforms; that we have but one task, the instruction of the people, the diffusion of education, the encouragement of science,—on that day a great step will have been taken in your regeneration. But our action needs to be a double one, that it may bear upon the body as well as the mind. To be exact, each man should be intelligent, trained not only to think, read, reason, but able also to act, to fight. Everywhere beside the teacher we

should place the gymnast and the soldier, to the end that our children, our soldiers, our fellow-citizens, should be able to hold a sword, to carry a gun on a long march, to sleep under the canopy of the stars, to support valiantly all the hardships demanded of a patriot. We must push to the front these two educations. Otherwise you make a success of letters, but do not create a bulwark of patriots.

Yes, gentlemen, if they have outclassed us, if you had to submit to the supreme agony of seeing the France of Kléber and of Hoche lose her two most patriotic provinces, those best embodying at once the military, commercial, industrial and democratic spirit, we can blame only our inferior physical and moral condition. To-day, the interests of our country command us to speak no imprudent words, to close our lips, to sink to the bottom of our hearts our resentments, to take up the grand work of national regeneration, to devote to it all the time necessary, that it may be a lasting work. If it need ten years, if it need twenty years, then we must devote to it ten or twenty years. But we must commence at once, that each year may see the advancing life of a new generation, strong, intelligent, as much in love with science as with the Fatherland, having in their hearts the double sentiment that he serves his country well only when he serves it with his reason and his arm.

We have been educated in a rough school. We must therefore cure ourselves of the vanity which has caused us so many disasters. We must also realize conscientiously where our responsibility exists, and seeing the remedy, sacrifice all to the object to be attained—to remake and reconstitute France! For that, nothing should be accounted too good, and we shall ask nothing before this; the first demand must be for an education as complete from base to summit as is known to human intelligence. Naturally, merit must be recognized, aptitude awakened and approved, and honest and impartial judges freely chosen by their fellow-citizens, deciding publicly in such a way that merit alone will open the door. Reject as authors of mischief those who have put words in the place of action; all those who have put favoritism in the place of merit; all those who made the profession of arms not a means for the protection of France, but a means of serving the caprices of a master, and sometimes of becoming the accomplices of his crimes.

BOOK IX.

Orators of Southern and Central Europe

THE countries of Europe aside from Great Britain and France—with which we have so far chiefly dealt—have had their orators; men equipped by nature and education to control the opinions and move the feelings of mankind; but, seemingly, in no great numbers. Certainly the paucity of names of distinguished public speakers leads to the conclusion that oratory of a high order has not flourished in those countries. Greece in modern times has produced no rival of Demosthenes, nor Italy of Cicero, nor even any orators worthy to be compared with those of minor fame in classic times. The same is the case with the remainder of Europe. Take Germany, for instance, that land of thinkers and philosophers—where are its Burkes and Gladstones, its Mirabeaus and Hugos, its Websters and Clays? The fact would seem to be that the long division of Germany into minor kingdoms has checked the growth of forensic or political oratory in that country, there being little opportunity afforded for the cultivation of the art of eloquence. The same may be said of Italy. Moreover, despotic institutions have certainly had a limiting effect upon oratory wherever they have existed, and the fine oratory of the world is limited to the republics of Greece and Rome, the revolutionary periods of England, France and the United States, and the free institutions of these countries in the nineteenth century. As a result, modern Europe, outside of France, has not been rich in oratory, and we are not able to present an extended or very notable list.

LOUIS KOSSUTH (1802-1894)

THE ELOQUENT ADVOCATE OF HUNGARY

NEVER was there a more vigorous effort made for national independence than that of Hungary, under the leadership of her great patriot, Louis Kossuth, in the revolutionary years of 1848 and 1849. The devoted struggle for liberty went down in blood and horror when Russia came to the aid of beaten Austria. The hand of the allied autocrats fell with cruel weight on the crushed nation, and Hungary seemed fallen never to rise again. Yet the Hungarians still undauntedly wrought for their ancient liberty, and the vanquished patriots had the satisfaction of seeing within twenty years their beloved country virtually independent, the equal associate of Austria in the combined kingdom of Austria-Hungary.

Kossuth, though an exile from his native land, wrought earnestly to win for it the sympathy of foreign countries, and aided to his utmost in keeping up its unyielding demand for home rule. Taking refuge in Turkey, he was released from prison there in 1851 by the united effort of England and the United States, and afterward traversed those countries, making speeches in the English language.

THE HAVEN OF THE OPPRESSED

[Never has a visit by a refugee from the tyranny of Europe excited so much sympathy in the United States as when Louis Kossuth visited its shores and eloquently pictured the wrongs and sufferings of his native land. Everywhere he was received with enthusiastic popular demonstrations and excited the warmest sentiment. The following selection is from his address at a Congressional banquet in his honor at Washington on January 11, 1852.]

Sir, as once Cyneas, the Epirote, stood among the Senators of Rome, who, with an earnest word of self-conscious majesty, controlled the condition of the world and arrested mighty kings in their ambitious marching,

thus, full of admiration and of reverence, I stand before you, legislators of the new capitol—that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it and come over to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands a mournful monument of the fragility of human things; yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights. The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night; yours beams with freedom's bright ray. The old absorbed the world by its own centralized glory; yours protects your own nation against absorption, even by itself. The old was awful with irresistible power; yours is glorious with having restricted it. At the view of the old, nations trembled; at the view of yours, humanity hopes. To the old, misfortune was only introduced with fettered hands to kneel at the triumphant conqueror's heels; to yours, the triumph of introduction is granted to unfortunate exiles, invited to the honor of a seat, and where kings and Cæsars will never be hailed for their powers, might and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed as your great Republic's guest, precisely because he is persecuted, helpless and poor. In the old, the terrible *væ victis* was the rule; in yours, protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause. And while out of the old a conquered world was ruled, you in yours provide for the common confederative interests of a territory larger than the conquered world of the old. There sat men boasting their will to be sovereign of the world; here sit men whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of nature and of nature's God, and to do what their sovereign, the people, wills.

Sir, there is history in these parallels. History of past ages and history of future centuries may be often recorded in a few words. The small particulars to which the passions of living men cling with fervent zeal—as if the fragile figure of men could arrest the rotation of destiny's wheel,—these particulars die away. It is the issue which makes history, and that issue is always logical. There is a necessity of consequences wherever the necessity of position exists. Principles are the Alpha; they must finish with the Omega; and they will. Thus history may be told often in a few words. Before yet the heroic struggle of Greece first engaged your country's sympathy for the fate of freedom in Europe, then so far distant, and now so near, Chateaubriand happened to be in Athens, and he heard from a minaret raised upon the Propylæan ruins a Turkish priest in Arabic language announcing the lapse of hours to the Christians of Minerva's town. What immense history in the small fact of a Turkish Imaum crying out: "Pray, man, the hour is running fast, and the judgment draws near."

Sir, there is equally a history of future ages written in the honor bestowed by you to my humble self. The first governor of independent Hungary, driven from his native land by Russian violence; an exile on Turkish soil protected by a Mohammedan Sultan against the blood-thirst of Christian tyrants; cast back a prisoner to far Asia by diplomacy; rescued from his Asiatic prison by America; crossing the Atlantic, charged with the hopes of Europe's oppressed nations; pleading, a poor exile, before the people of this great Republic, his down-trodden country's wrongs, and its intimate connection with the fate of the European continent; and with the boldness of a just cause claiming the principles of the Christian religion to be raised to a law of nations;—and to see, not only the boldness of the poor exile forgiven, but to see him consoled by the sympathy of millions, encouraged by individuals, meetings, cities and States, supported by operative aid and greeted by Congress and by the Government as the nation's guest, honored out of generosity with that honor which only one man before him received—and that man received it out of gratitude,—with honors such as no potentate can ever receive, and this banquet here, and the toast which I have to thank you for—oh, indeed, sir, there is a history of future ages in all these facts. . . . .

I dare confidently affirm, that in your great country there exists not a single man through whose brains has ever passed the thought that he would wish to raise the seat of his ambition upon the ruins of your country's liberty. If he could, such a wish is impossible in the United States. Institutions react upon the character of nations. He who sows the wind will reap the storm. History is the revelation of Providence. The Almighty rules by eternal laws, not only the material but the moral world; and every law is a principle, and every principle is a law. Men, as well as nations, are endowed with free will to choose a principle; but that once chosen, the consequences must be abided. With self-goverment is freedom, and with freedom is justice and patriotism. With centralization is ambition, and with ambition dwells despotism. Happy your great country, sir, for being so warmly addicted to that great principle of self-government. Upon this foundation your fathers raised a home to freedom more glorious than the world has ever seen. Upon this foundation you have developed it to a living wonder of the world. Happy your great country, sir, that it was selected by the blessing of the Lord to prove the glorious practicability of a federated Union of many sovereign States, all conserving their State rights and their self-government, and yet united in one. Every star beaming with its own lustre; but all together one constellation on mankind's canopy!

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI (1808-1872)

THE PIONEER OF UNITED ITALY

AMONG those to whose labors was due the revolutionary movement that made Italy a united nation, Mazzini played a leading part. He joined to some extent in military movements, as when he, as master spirit of the Republicans, defended Rome against the French in 1849, and took part in Garibaldi's victorious invasion of Sicily in 1860. But his work was done more largely with the pen than with the sword. In exile during the greater part of his life, he organized the "Young Italy" association in 1831, and for many years unceasingly supported the cause by his writings. Mazzini has been characterized as "One of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr-souls." For fifty years he worked for the great object of his life, and lived to see Italy a united kingdom, laying down his life only after Rome had become the capital of United Italy.

THE MARTYRS OF COSENZA

[Mazzini's power of oratory and loftiness of spirit are best shown in his oration at Milan on July 25, 1848, to the young men of Italy, its inspiring subject being the "Martyrs of Cosenza," fellow-patriots who were deprived of their lives by the oppressors of their country.]

When I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words sacred to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some of those who heard me might exclaim with noble indignation: "Wherefore lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt by foreign foes. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save words of war."

But another thought arose: Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, while we are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months, with the slow uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle: had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every action a thought, and of our every thought an action; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that Liberty and Independence are one, that God and the People, the Fatherland and Humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can have no true life till she be One, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe,—we should now have had, not war, but victory; Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, gathered here together, might gladly invoke their sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and say to those precursor souls: "Rejoice! for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you."

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity upon your banner. The sublime program which they, dying, bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours; but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines, which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge among us. I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and unworthy repose; of shouts for freedom and of formulæ of servitude, throughout all parts of our peninsula; but the soul of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement? Where is the Word which should dominate the hundred diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear phrases usurping the national omnipotence—"The Italy of the North—the league of the States—Federative compacts between Princes," but Italy, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice Initiatrix of a new era of European civilization?

Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffered; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars that lead Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life, and a people arises from the cradle of the tomb,—evangelist or prophet . . . .

Love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the Word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience or suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and, while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ with you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you; and here, where it may be that, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; storms which, with the names of our martyrs on your lips and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

COUNT CAMILLO DI CAVOUR (1810-1861)

THE REGENERATOR OF ITALY

IT is not as an orator that Cavour ranks high, but as a statesman, an able and energetic controller of national affairs. Yet, though not looked on as an eloquent speaker, he could, on occasion, deliver himself pointedly and effectively. As a leader in the movement for the unification of Italy, Cavour was one of the great statesmen of modern times. While the king reigned, the minister ruled—a dictator in position and the power of bending all to his will. The first important step taken by Cavour was to commit Sardinia to the Crimean war. By his management of this he greatly increased the power and prestige of the Sardinian kingdom. The revolutionary work of Garibaldi was encouraged by him, and by taking part in it at the critical moment, he brought about the unity of Italy and the crowning of Victor Emmanuel as the king of the whole country. Then, worn out by the strain, he died, a few months only after his life work was completed.

ROME THE CAPITAL OF ITALY

[Cavour's natural inclination would have been to make his native Turin the capital of united Italy. But he felt that, for historic and sentimental reasons, Rome was the only capital to be considered. This conviction he clearly conveyed in the following remarks.]

Rome should be the capital of Italy. There can be no solution of the Roman question without the acceptance of this premise by Italy and by all Europe. If any one could conceive of a united Italy with any degree of stability, and without Rome for its capital, I would declare the Roman question difficult, if not impossible, of solution. And why have we the right, the duty, of insisting that Rome shall be united to Italy? Because without Rome as the capital of Italy, Italy cannot exist.

This truth being felt instinctively by all Italians, being asserted abroad by all who judge Italian affairs impartially, needs no demonstration, but is upheld by the judgment of the nation.

And yet, gentlemen, this truth is susceptible to a very simple proof. Italy has still much to do before it will rest upon a stable basis; much to do in solving the grave problems raised by her unification; much to do in overcoming all the obstacles which time-honored traditions oppose to this great undertaking. And if this end must be compassed, it is essential that there be no cause of dissidence, of failure. Until the question of the capital of Italy is determined, there will be endless discords among the different provinces.

It is easy to understand how persons of good faith, cultured and talented, are now suggesting, some on historical, some on artistic grounds, and also for many other reasons, the advisability of establishing the capital in some other city of Italy. Such a discussion is quite comprehensible now, but if Italy already had her capital in Rome do you think this question would be even possible? Assuredly not. Even those who are now opposed to transferring the capital to Rome, if it were once established there would not dream of removing it. Therefore it is only by proclaiming Rome the capital of Italy that we can put an end to these dissensions among ourselves.

I am grieved that men of eminence, men of genius, men who have rendered glorious service to the cause of Italian unity, should drag this question into the field of debate, and there discuss it with (shall I say it) with puerile arguments. The question of the capital, gentlemen, is not determined by climate, by topography, nor even by strategical considerations. If these things affected the selection, I think I may safely say that London would not be the capital of England, nor, perhaps, Paris of France. The selection of the capital is determined by great moral reasons. It is the will of the people that decides this question touching them so closely.

In Rome, gentlemen, are united all the circumstances, whether historical, intellectual or moral, that should determine the site of the capital of a great State. Rome is the only city with traditions not purely local. The entire history of Rome from the time of Cæsar to the present day is the history of a city whose importance reaches far beyond her confines; of a city destined to be one of the capitals of the world. Convinced, profoundly convinced, of this truth, I feel constrained to declare it solemnly to you and to the nation, and I feel bound to appeal this matter to the patriotism of every citizen of Italy, and to the representatives of her most eminent cities, that discussions may cease, and that he who represents the

nation before other powers may be able to proclaim that the necessity of having Rome as the capital is recognized by all the nation. I think I am justified in making this appeal even to those who, for reasons which I respect, differ with me on this point. Yet more; I can assume no Spartan indifference in the matter. I say frankly that it will be a deep grief to me to tell my native city that she must renounce resolutely and definitely all hope of being the seat of government.

Yes, gentlemen, as far as I am personally concerned, it is no pleasure to go to Rome. Having little artistic taste, I feel sure that in the midst of the splendid monuments of ancient and modern Rome I will lament the plain and unpoetic streets of my native town. But one thing I can say with confidence: knowing the character of my fellow-citizens; knowing from actual facts how ready they have always been to make the greatest sacrifices for the sacred cause of Italy; knowing their willingness to make sacrifices when their city was invaded by the enemy, and their promptness and energy in its defence; knowing all this, I have no fear that they will uphold me when, in their name and as their deputy, I say that Turin is ready to make this great sacrifice in the interests of united Italy.

I am comforted by the hope—I may even say the certainty—that when Italy shall have established the seat of government in the eternal city, she will not be ungrateful to this land which was the cradle of liberty; to this land in which was sown that germ of independence which, maturing rapidly and branching out, has now reached forth its tendrils from Sicily to the Alps.

I have said and I repeat: Rome, and Rome only, should be the capital of Italy.

PRINCE OTTO VON BISMARCK (1815-1898)

THE MAN OF BLOOD AND IRON

NEVER has Europe had a political magnate of more dictatorial disposition, indomitable persistence, and devotion to one idea, than the great German Chancellor, Otto Edward Leopold, Prince Von Bismarck-Schönhausen. We give his full title, but Bismarck alone is the name by which he is and is destined to be known. His one idea was to revive the German Empire, under the leadership of Prussia. The Holy Roman Empire, once a very powerful organization, under German supremacy, had passed from existence during the Napoleonic period. Bismarck did not wish to revive this, but to form an empire confined to the German States. Appointed Prime-minister in 1862, he brought about the war with Denmark in 1864, and with Austria in 1866, followed by alliances between Prussia and the other large German States, and the North German Confederation, composed of twenty-two States. Then, in 1870, came the war with France, followed by the union of all the German States under King William of Prussia, who was crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles in 1871. Such was the great work of Bismarck's life. Created Prince and Chancellor in 1866, he remained Chancellor of the Empire till 1890. But the new Emperor, William II., was not the man to submit to a dictator, and Bismarck resigned, to dwell in private life for a number of years, a caustic critic of the imperial measures. A formal reconciliation between the Emperor and the "Man of Blood and Iron" took place in 1894.

LOYALTY TO PRUSSIA

[The Imperial crown had been offered to the King of Prussia at an earlier date, but declined. This was after the revolution of 1848, when a German parliament was established and a feeble form of union formed. In the following year the crown

was offered to Frederick William IV., then the Prussian King. Bismarck, then a member of the Prussian Chambers, opposed the project, nnless Prussia, as a kingdom, should benefit by it. We append a characteristic extract from his speech.]

I am more inclined to believe that Frederick II. would have turned, for a solution of the question, to the most prominent characteristic of the Prussian nation,—its warlike element,—and not without success. For he would have known that now, too, as in the days of our fathers, the sound of the trumpet summoning all to the standard of their sovereign lord has not yet lost its charm for the Prussian ear, be it for the defence of our own frontiers or for the glory and greatness of Prussia. After the rupture with Frankfort he would have had the choice of allying himself with Austria, his old comrade-in-arms, and of assuming the brilliant *role* played by the Emperor of Russia in assisting Austria to annihilate the common foe, revolution; or it would have been open to him, after rejection of the Imperial Frankfort crown, by the same right as that by which he had conquered Silesia, to decide for the Germans in the matter of their Constitution at the risk of his casting the sword into the scale. That would have been a national Prussian policy. In the former case community with Austria, in the latter her own exertions, would have given Prussia the proper position for helping Germany to be the Power in Europe which it ought to be. But the draft Constitution annihilates specific Prussianism, which has saved the country from the revolution and almost alone survived it. . . . . It was a Prussian regiment which on the 18th of September, 1848, saved us from the Frankfort Parliament conjured up against us. . . . . It was the attachment of the Prussian people to their ruling house—it was the old Prussian virtues of honor, loyalty, obedience and bravery, which permeate the army from its framework, the corps of officers, to the youngest recruit. This army cherishes no Tricolor enthusiasm. In it, as among the rest of the people, you will not find any longing for national regeneration. It is content with the name of Prussian, and proud of it, too. These hosts will follow the black and white banner, but not the Tricolor, and under the former gladly die for their country. Nay, since the 18th March, they have come to regard the Tricolor as the badge of their opponents. Familiar to and beloved by them are the strains of the "Prussian Air," the "Old Dessauer" and the "Hohenfriedberg" marches, but I have never yet heard a Prussian soldier sing "What is the German's Fatherland?" The people from whom this army is drawn, and who are most truly represented by it, have no desire to see their Prussian kingdom melt away in the putrifying ferment of South German anarchy. Their loyalty does not cleave to an imperial paper presidency, nor to a princely board of six, but rather to a free and living King of Prussia, the

heir of his forefathers; and what this people wills we also wish with it. We all desire to behold the Prussian eagle spread its protecting and controlling pinions from the Memel to the Donnersberg; but free we wish to see it, not fettered by a new Diet of Ratisbon, and not clipped in the wings by that equalizing hedgehook whereof we well remember that it was first at Gotha converted into an instrument of peace, while but a few weeks previously in Frankfort it was brandished as a threatening weapon against Prussianism and the ordinances of our King. Prussians we are, and Prussians we will remain. I know that in these words I but express the creed of the Prussian army and of the majority of my countrymen; and I hope to God that we shall also remain Prussians long after this bit of paper [the German Constitution] has moldered away like a withered autumn leaf.

PRUSSIA AND THE NEW CONSTITUTION

[The Constitution adopted by the revolutionary German Parliament was by no means satisfactory to Bismarck, who did not hesitate to express his opinion of it in plain words.]

Gentlemen, it has pained me to see Prussians here, and not only nominal Prussians, who adhere to this Constitution and warmly defend it; it has been humiliating to me, as it would have been to thousands and thousands of my countrymen, to see the representatives of Princes, whom I honor in their lawful sphere, but who are not my sovereign lords, to see them invested with supreme power; and the bitterness of this feeling was not softened at the opening of this Assembly by my seeing the seats on which we sit adorned with colors which were never the colors of the German Empire, but, for the last two years, rather the badge of rebellion and barricades—colors which, in my native country, apart from the democrats, are only worn in sorrowful obedience by the soldier. Gentlemen, if you do not make more concessions to the Prussian, to the old Prussian spirit,—call it what you will,—than you have hitherto done in this Constitution, then I do not believe in its realization; and if you attempt to impose this Constitution on this Prussian spirit, you will find in it a Bucephalus* who carries his accustomed lord and rider with daring joy, but will fling to the earth the presuming Cockney horseman, with all his trappings of sable, red and gold. But I am comforted in my fear of these eventualities by the firm belief that it will not be long before the parties come to regard this Constitution as the two doctors in Lafontaine's fable did the patient whose corpse they had just left. "He is dead;" said one, "I said he would die all along." "Had he taken my advice," quoth the other, "he would be still alive."

* The war horse of Alexander the Great, which none but he could mount or ride.

FRANCESCO CRISPI (1819–1901)

AN ITALIAN STATESMAN AND PREMIER

FRANCESCO CRISPI filled the double role of statesman and soldier. In 1848 he was concerned in the revolution at Palermo and had to flee for his life. In 1859 he organized a new and successful movement, and went as major under Garibaldi in his invasion of Sicily. In the new Italian kingdom he became deputy and minister, and was prime minister of the kingdom 1887–91 and 1894–96; the Italian disasters in Abyssinia finally forcing him to resign. His powers as a statesman and his talent in oratory gave him great weight in the Italian governmental affairs.

THE RELATION OF THE POPE TO THE STATE

[At the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument at Rome during the fetes of 1895, Crispi delivered the principal oration. In his remarks he diverged from the main subject to define the relation of the Pope to the State.]

The enemies of Italian unity have endeavored to prove that the present celebration is an insult to the head of the Catholic Church. Their object is to excite conscientious scruples against our country. But the common sense of the people is proof against such tricks, because we all know that Christianity is a divine institution, which is not dependent upon earthly weapons for its existence. The religion of Christ preached by Paul and Chrysostom was able to subdue the world without the aid of temporal arms, and we cannot conceive that the Vatican should persist in wishing for temporal sovereignty to exercise its spiritual mission. The Gospel, as we all believe, is truth. If it has been disseminated by apostolic teachings, such teachings are sufficient for its existence.

It is not really for the protection and prestige of religion that our adversaries demand the restoration of the temporal power of the Holy See, but for worldly reasons, from lust of power and from earthly covetousness.

They do not consider that temporal sovereignty cannot be saintly and above sin; that it cannot aspire to celestial perfection in this world. Material weapons and legal violence, justified by reasons of State, should not belong to the Vicar of Christ on earth, who is to preach peace, to pray and to pardon. Religion is not, and it cannot be, an affair of State. Its mission is to console believers with the hope of everlasting life and to uphold the spirit of faith. . . . .

The Italians, by promulgating the law of May, 1871, have solved a problem which seemed incapable of solution. In this country, where freedom of thought and of conscience is acknowledged, unlimited liberty has been granted to the Head of the Church with reference to his sacred office and his irresponsibility and inviolability. In regard to his acts, the Pope is subject only to God, and no human potentate can reach him. He exercises a sovereign authority over all those who believe in him—and they are many millions—while he is surrounded by all the honors and privileges of royalty without the drawbacks of civil power, without the hatred, the resentment, and the penalties inseparable from such power. No earthly prince is in a similar position or on the same level. His position is unique. He has no territory to govern. Indeed, any extent of territory would be inadequate for his position, and yet all the world is subject to his spiritual power. Were he a temporal prince his authority would be diminished, because it would be equal to that of other rulers, and he would cease to be pre-eminent. He would be exposed to continual struggles, as he has struggled for centuries to the detriment of the faith and of his spiritual authority. We have made him an independent sovereign, and as such he is superior to all other princes. In this lies his power. He exercises the office by virtue of authority; he corresponds with all the world; he prays; he protects, without needing protection, because the Italian kingdom is his shield. Consequently, no earthly weapon can reach him; and the outrages inflicted upon Boniface VIII. cannot be repeated.

Catholics should be grateful to Italy for the services which we have rendered to the Roman pontiff. Before September 20, 1870, he was obliged to bow before the princes of the earth, and concordats were concessions of divine right made to the prejudice of the Church. It was only when relieved of his temporal dominion that Pius IX. could cope with Bismarck and make that man feel the power of spiritual arms. All this is our handiwork, the work of our Parliament and our king. I will say more; it was the will of God, because the Almighty willed that Italy should gather her provinces together and become an equal of other nations.

EMILIO CASTELAR (1832-1899)

THE ORATOR OF THE CORTES OF SPAIN

THE life of Castelar was one of adventure and diversity. In 1856, a professor of history and philosophy at Madrid; in 1864, editor of *La Democracia*—a newspaper whose title tells its character—in 1866, condemned to death as a revolutionist, and fleeing for life; back again in the successful revolution of 1868; speaking earnestly against the crowning of King Amadeus, and bringing about his downfall in 1873; then made President by the short-lived republic—which was soon overthrown by the opposing elements in the State. In 1874 he was forced to resign and again seek exile, but in 1876 he was back in the Cortes once more, and continued to speak there with all his old fire and eloquence till his withdrawal from public life in 1893.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Instead of giving an extract from Castelar's political speeches, we prefer to present his graceful and enthusiastic eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, a man after his own heart, and whose lofty character he could fully appreciate. With a few strokes Castelar succeeds in painting a large picture, presenting Lincoln to us as one of those marvels in human history that the centuries rarely bring forth.]

The Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty; they opened a new world on the earth; they opened a new path for the human conscience; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the republic triumphed and slavery remained. Washington could only emancipate his own slaves. Franklin said that Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to Heaven for the preservation of liberty while slavery continued were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of slavery should be stayed

Nevertheless, slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of slavery. Ah! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears, so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to Heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later a woodman, with axe and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible,* the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples he fought for the country and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their warcry, and the slaves their groans of despair—the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him; England favoring the South; France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two million men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery twelve hundred miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated three million slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory—like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benediction!

* An error due to imperfect information on the part of the speaker. Lincoln read almost every book that came in his way.

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